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THE NEW YORKER

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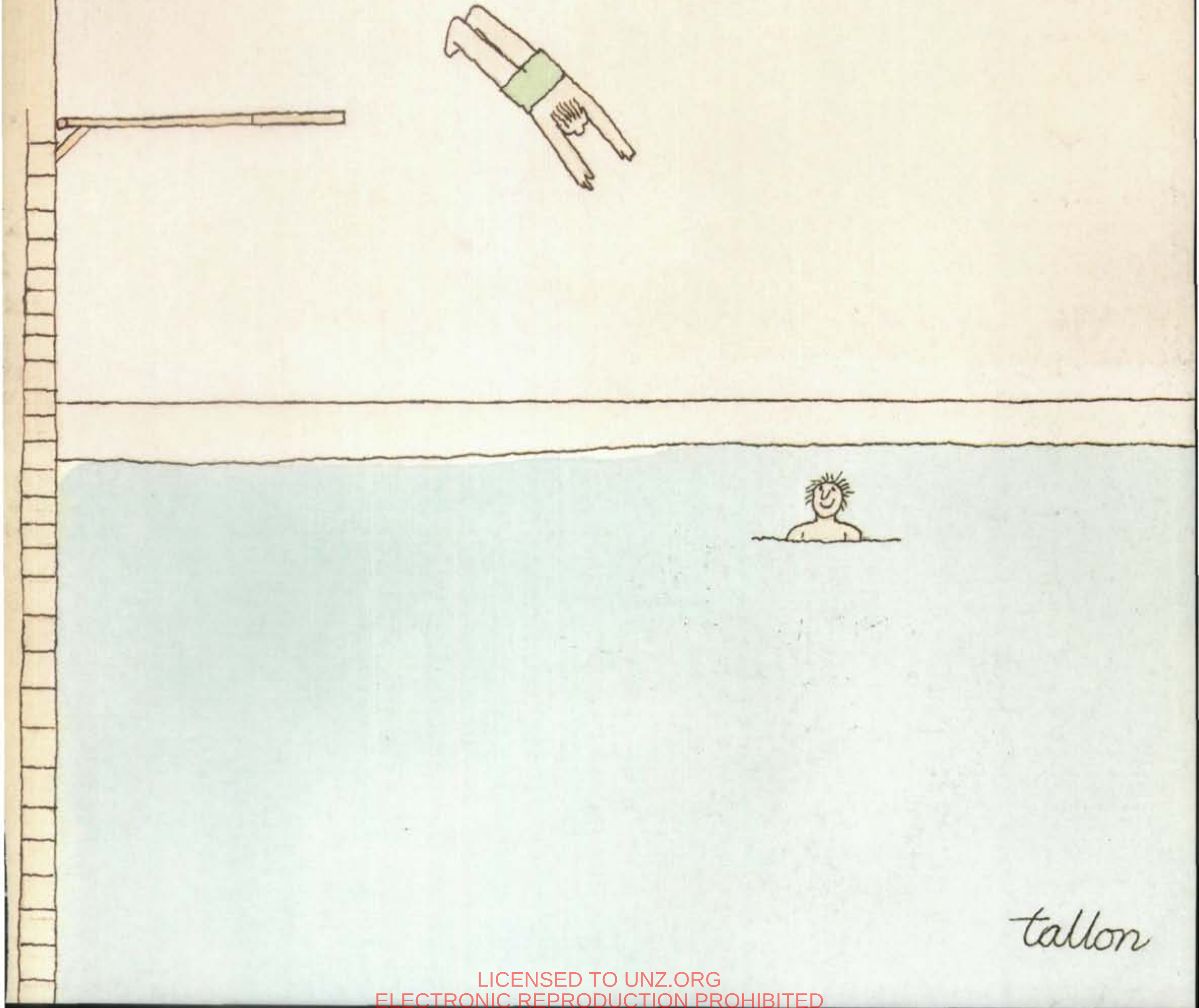

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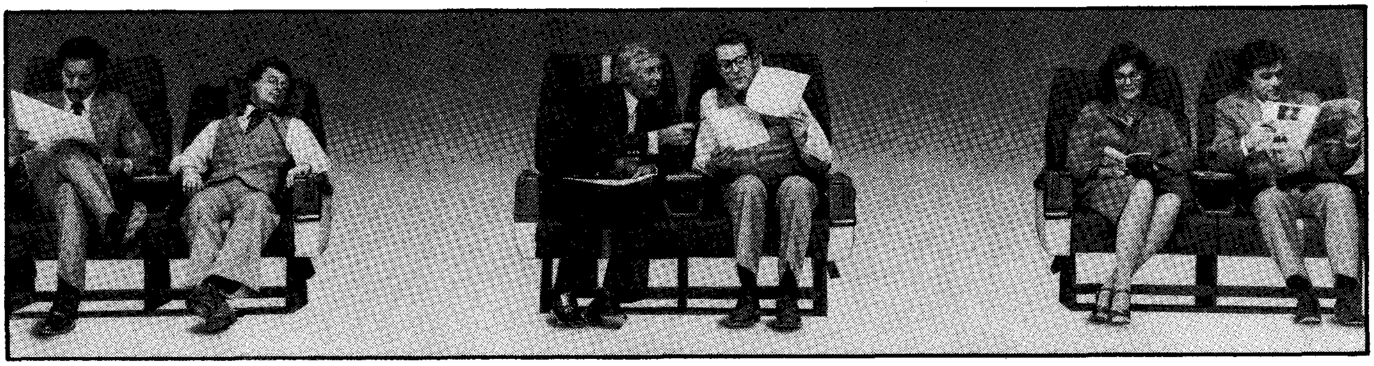

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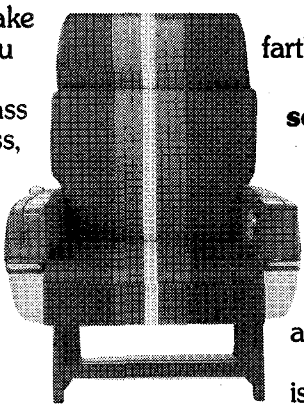

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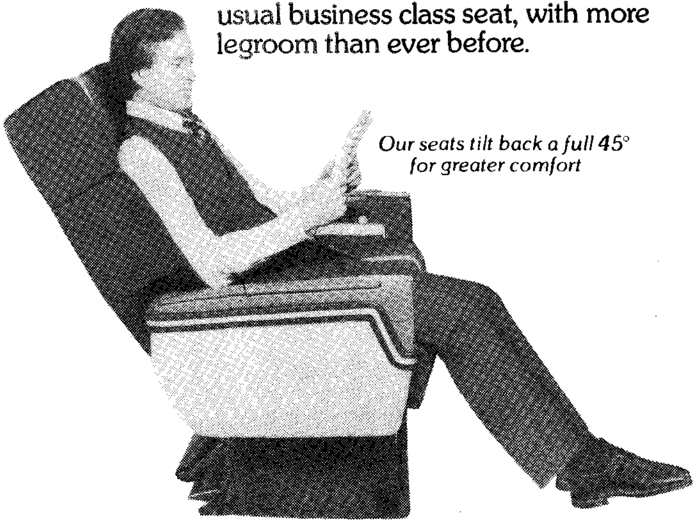

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. Thomas Waites and Clifton James are very good as his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

El Bravo!—A musical about a Puerto Rican Robin Hood in New York's Barrio. The book is by Jose Fernandez and Thom Schiera, and the music and lyrics are by John Clifton. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova in a limited engagement of a revival of the Stein-Bock-Harnick musical. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 4.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Richard Thomas and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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The Heebie Jeebies—A musical about the career and the songs of the Boswell Sisters, by Mark Hampton and Stuart Ross. With Memrie Innerarity, Audrey Lavine, and Nancy McCall as the Sisters. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal non-musical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—A couple of dozen cherished standards (Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) Reopens, after a brief hiatus, on Friday, July 17. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 19: The Mikado. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 22: The Sorcerer. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—Lillian Hellman's pitiless melodrama of 1939 has survived to become a stunning vehicle for Elizabeth Taylor. Also on hand are Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Misalliance—Bernard Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco and Patricia Elliott at the head of the cast. Previews Wednesday, July 15. Opens officially on Thursday, July 16. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of Zooman and the Sign, a strong, accom-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing upon her shattered, courageous family. The production has been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Oscar Remembered—A one-man play, written and performed by Maxim Mazumdar, which draws on the friendship between Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scenes and Revelations—A literary exercise that tiptoes in a gingerly fashion around the possibility of ever becoming a real play. The author is Elan Garonzik, the setting is Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and the time is the eighteen-nineties. (7/6/81) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 19.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

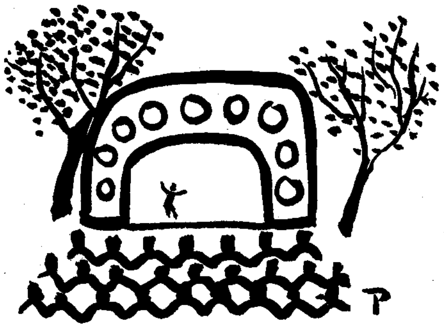
Steal Away—A play by Ramona King. Opens Thursday, July 16, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 2. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of a revival of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of stripteasers. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zora and **When the Chickens Came Home to Roost**—Two one-acters by Laurence Holder. The first is a monologue, spoken by Phylicia Ayers-Allen, in which Zora Neale Hurston, broken in spirit, waits for the bus that will take her back to the South and reminisces about past joy in Harlem. The second is a dramatization of the crucial breach between Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X, with Kirk Kirksey as crusty, irascible Muhammad, and Denzel Washington (fine performance) as the idealistic Malcolm. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 19.)



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Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,824 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 20, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Diana Canova and Ted Wass. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall— A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

La Scala Opera Ballet—With guest artists Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, Carla Fracci, and Paolo Bortoluzzi, in a three-week engagement. Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 15-16: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 17: "Le Sacre du Printemps," "La Luna," "Adagio," "Incontro," and "Miraculous Mandarin." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 18: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Monday through Wednesday evenings, July 20-22: "Le Sacre du Printemps," "La Luna," "Adagio," "Incontro," and "Miraculous Mandarin." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 23-24, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 25: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Eve-

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nings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, leads a trio Friday and Saturday, July 17-18. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. The jazz musician currently sequestered here is **MARY OSBORNE,** a fine, swinging Charlie Christian-inspired guitarist who worked with Joe Venuti, Mary Lou Williams, Coleman Hawkins, Wynonie Harris, and many others over the years. She's performing with a trio Tuesdays through Sundays. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, July 15-16, trumpeter **DONALD BYRD;** Friday, July 17, borscht-belt comics Betty Walker and Gene Baylos, by now a middle-aged angry young man; Saturday, July 18, Carl Wilson, the youngest Beach Boy; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 21-22, singer-songwriter **JANIS IAN;** Thursday, July 23, Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** and soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** Friday, July 24, **DOC & MERLE WATSON,** those stunning flat-pickers and singers from North Carolina; and Saturday, July 25, Beaver Brown, a rock band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** is at the piano and **CECIL MC BEE** is at his bass through Saturday, July 18; on Monday, July 20, pianist **HANK JONES** will move in to gig with a bassist. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** the always lively pianist and the star of a running National Public Radio show in which she interviews and performs with other pianists, leads her trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. Pianist and composer **EDDIE HEYWOOD** lives on Martha's Vineyard, but he's summering in New York. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place, which has become about as respectable as a navy-blue silk tie with tennis racquets on it, still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on rock-and-roll futures. The schedule: Wednesday, July 15, the Coup, Chris Moffa & the Competition, the Looters, and the Crazies; Thursday, July 16, Swollen Monkeys, the Coolies, and Public Servants; Friday, July 17, Helen Wheels, Excalibur, and the Decoys; and Saturday, July 18, Marshall Crenshaw, Ex-Husbands, and Afraid of the Dark. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

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City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**RUTH BROWN** is here singing her R. & B. biggies—"Teardrops from My Eyes" (1951), "5-10-15 Hours" (1952), and "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean" (1953)—in addition to creditable versions of standards like "Skylark" and "Here's That Rainy Day." She's accompanied by a trio and by her own polyrhythmic hip-bashing tambourine playing. Mondays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Sundays, **DARDANELLE,** a singer-pianist who has no faults, performs at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, July 15, British folkie Charlie O'Hegarty; Saturday, July 18, Winchester, with Stacy Phillips; Sunday, July 19, guitarists Peter Spencer, Ken Perlman, and Joe Ravo; Wednesday, July 22, Irish music by Matt Cranitch & Mick Daly; and Saturday, July 25, the Chicken Chokers String Band, a Boston outfit. Music from about eight-thirty on Wednesdays, eight-fifteen on Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, July 19, trombonist Tom Artin's quintet will perform from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled downstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Drummer-headmaster **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '81 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** finish up on Sunday, July 19; on Tuesday, July 21, flutist Bobbi Humphrey's quartet will move in. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, July 15, Neva Small; Thursday through Saturday, July 16-18, Miles Jaye; Monday, July 21, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will jam with trumpeter Greg Bobulinski and saxophonist Bill Cody; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 21-22, West Indian singer and guitarist Wendel Stuart; Thursday, July 23, Steinettes; and Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, Marilyn Redfield and Harry Whittaker. On Sundays, **DENISE DELAPENHA** sings Brazilian-jazz tunes with a supporting combo. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Sundays, singer Stephanie Nakasian is accompanied by Mr. O'Brien from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. A succession of fine pianists will be passing through: **DICK WELLSTOOD** through Saturday, July 18; **RED RICHARDS** on Sunday and Monday, July 19-20; and **RAY BRYANT** starting Tuesday, July 21. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one; Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. On Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, **DENISE DELAPENHA,** who sings Brazilian jazz, will be present with her backup crew; and on Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** will appear with his ten-piece Brazilian-jazz band, **AMAZON,** which features trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI.** Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays, there is dancing to recorded jazz from eight until midnight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The piano-bass duos: **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, July 18, and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** beginning Tuesday, July 21. The Sunday and Monday slots are filled by singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The schedule: Wednesday, July 15, Tex-Mex crooner **FREDDY FENDER;** Thursday, July 16, singer **BILLY JOE SHAVER;** Sunday, July 19, and

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Wednesday, July 22, Kinky Friedman; Monday and Tuesday, July 20-21, the Pousette-Dart Band; and Thursday, July 23, the high-energy Chicago-blues singer and harmonica wizard **JAMES COTTON.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden. The singer on view is **MARLENE VER PLANCK,** a good singer who is heard much more often than she is seen—she does commercials for Amtrak, Coke, Campbell's Soup, and lovable New York State. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, July 15, Nationals, Berlin, and Decades; Thursday, July 16, Offals, Mental Notes, and Band of Outsiders; Friday, July 17, Bad Brains; and Saturday, July 18, the Senders and Knots. Music from well after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** are seated at twin pianos, taking turns soloing and playing duets Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a sextet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, July 15, Keith Barrow; Thursday, July 16, Tanya Willoughby; Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA;** Wednesday, July 22, bassist **MICKEY BASS;** and Thursday, July 23, Doc Powell. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Thursday, July 16, Lightnin' Harry Dee band and Shade; Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, Jah Malla; Thursday, July 23, the Frank Weber band; and Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, Michael Brewer and Christine Lavin. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. The ten-to-two shift belongs to singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who does songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** is guiding a dance band through Sunday, July 19; on Tuesday, July 21, **PANAMA FRANCIS,** who in his forty-odd-year career as a drummer has played swing, bebop, rhythm and blues, and rock and roll, will bring in his **SAVOY SULTANS.** Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, July 15, singer **DAVID JOHANSEN** and the Lenny Kaye Connection; Thursday, July 16, Wishbone Ash and Alan Harris; Saturday through Monday, July 18-20, Joe Jackson; Tuesday, July 21, **CONWAY TWITTY,** at eight and eleven; and Thursday, July 23, the **CURE.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Ron Holgate, Martin Vidnovic, Laura Waterbury, and Susan Bigelow are singing in the King Cole Room in the tribute of the month, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

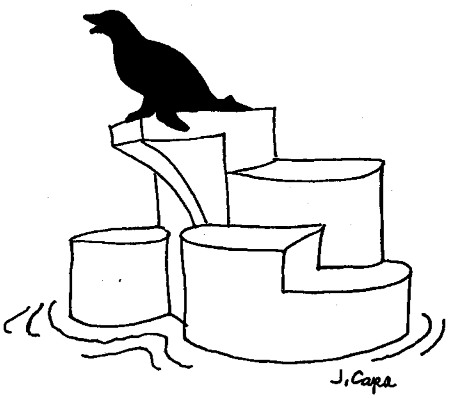
SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, July 15, Tomorrow, a rock band; Thursday through Sunday, July 16-19, trumpeter **JON FADDIS** and his quintet; Monday, July 20, saxophonist and arranger Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 21-22, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD'S** trio, with **STEVE SWALLOW** on bass; Thursday and Friday, July 23-24, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and a quintet; and Saturday and Sunday, July 25-26, drummer **BOB MOSES** and his group. Music from ten.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will perform on Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, and on Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, the pianist will be **PATTI BOWN.** Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Lots of good jazz in a knotty-pine room: **NAT ADDERLEY,** an entertaining raconteur and an earthy cornettist who uses a mute a whole lot—his solos are smooth, terse, and energetic—leads a quintet through Saturday, July 18. On Tuesday, July 21, saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** will arrive with a quartet. Sundays and Mondays are claimed by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA.** Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). Wednesday, July 15, Wareika; Thursday, July 16, Johnny Copeland; Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, Chicago bluesman **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG;** and Friday, July 24, Chicago-blues guitarist Matt Murphy & the Shaboo All-Stars. Tuesdays are lift-off-session nights for an impressive local soul-shake octet called the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest (but *not* unrehearsed) music around. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, July 15, Screentest and Patty Scialfa; Thursday, July 16, Bernie Shanahan and American Passions; Friday, July 17, Sic F*cks and Nitecaps; Saturday, July 18, the Individuals and Busta Jones, Chris Stedding & Dave Van Tieghem; Wednesday, July 22, Gentz and New Models; and Friday, July 24, the Speedies. Music every night but Sunday, usually after eleven. Dancing.



VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine, and on Mondays in the big downstairs room, salsa bands perform at nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** heads up a quartet that features **JOHN HICKS** on piano through Sunday, July 19; on Tuesday, July 21, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** and pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will begin co-piloting a quartet. The Monday-night big-band niche, usually the property of Mel Lewis's band, will be filled by drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** and his Superband on July 20. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM,** a first-generation bebopper—he was known as Argonne Thornton then—has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Wednesday through Saturday, July 15-18, will be devoted to bebopper-pianist **JOE ALBANY** and his New Yorkers; on Sunday, July 19, guitarist Mike Peters will head a combo called String Fever; on Monday, July 20, saxophonist Percy France's group will be on the bandstand; and on Wednesday, July 22, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will take charge with his saxophone-heavy band, Two Tenor Boogie. Tuesday nights belong to the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JIMMY BUFFETT—With the Coral Reefer band. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 16, at 8.)

WARREN CHIASSON QUARTET—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, July 17, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.

JUDAS PRIEST—With Iron Maiden. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

PAT METHENY GROUP—With Nana Vasconcelos. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, July 23, at 8 and 11:30, and Friday, July 24, at 8.)

FANIA ALL-STARS—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 25, at 8.

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, July 17: Slits. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: Grandmothers, Swollen Monkeys, and Elixir. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25: Dictators. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows after 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, July 15-16, at 10: Frank Gordon quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 10: Mickey Bass quartet, with Steve Nelson. . . . ¶ Sundays at 10: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, at 10: John Marshall quintet, featuring Gary Pribeck. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 10: Chin Suzuki quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Thursday, July 16, at 9: Stanley Clarke

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& George Duke Project. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: Humble Pie and Modo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 9: New England and Charlie Midnight. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, July 20-21, at 9: Toots & the Maytals. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, at 9: Pointer Sisters. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 9: Soul Clan. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30 and 11:30, and Monday through Wednesday, July 27-29, at 9: Al Jarreau. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Luis Benedit—Drawings and plastic sculptures by an Argentine artist. Through Aug. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—About twenty of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dan Flavin—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Louis I. Kahn (1901-74)—Drawings. Through July 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Shari Urquhart—Large tapestries that tell vivid stories: "Rape" is the title of one, and "Fantasy, or Splash to Quell the Heat" is another. The artist teaches at Rikers Island. Through July 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Art on the Beach—Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (fabric pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—At the **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and H. C. Westermann. Through Sept. 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY**, 22 E. 80th St.: A carved-stone figure by William Edmondson, a painted-steel abstraction by David Smith, and a bronze nude by Aristide Maillol are among the pieces by Americans and Europeans. Through July 31.

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER**, 37 W. 57th St.: New paintings, constructions, photographs, and prints by gallery artists, among them Sarah Canright, Ira Joel Haber, and Jeff Way. Through Sept. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ART LATITUDE**, 29 E. 73rd St.: Cityscapes and landscapes by Ellen Phelan, Bill Sullivan, and others. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The twentieth annual Old Master Print Exhibition features more than twenty etchings by Rembrandt and ten engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. The total number of works is more than three hundred. Through Aug. 21. . . . **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on canvas, works on paper, works on the wall by seven artists, including Po Kim, Grace Knowlton, and Sylvia Wald. Through Aug. 14. . . . **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings by Craig Kauffman, Edda Renouf, Bruce Robbins, and Hap Tivey. Through Friday, July 24. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans (Ernest Haskell, Robert Henri, Maurice Prendergast) and Britons (David Cox, Lucian Freud, Gwen John). Through July 31. . . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: One work apiece—paintings, drawings, and sculptural reliefs—by more than two dozen artists. Through Friday, July 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by thirteen emerging young artists: colored pen-and-ink scenes of New Wave night clubs by Marc Lida, pastels of beach chairs by Nancy Ring, and figures by, among others, Baldo Diodato, Nachume Miller, and John Germain. Through Aug. 12. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Six drawings and other works by Rafael Ferrer, three paintings by Ron Gorchov, and three large abstract oils by Richard Hennessy. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACOBSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11. . . . **NARDIN**, 25 E. 73rd St.: New York City scenes of the past fifty years by Marsh, Sloan, Marin, and numerous others (including, unexpectedly, Alice Neel), plus contemporary works, among them collages by Loreen Matsushima and spooky sculpture in a shadow box by Jack Gavin. Through July 31. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **ODYSSIA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Figurative oils by Michael Berg, Marjorie Portnow, and Sandra Rubin. Through July 31. . . . **TATISTCHEFF**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such realists as James Childs, William Clutz, John Stuart Ingle, John Gordon, Irene Buszko, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: A show of thirty works (paintings, drawings, mobiles) by Sheeler, Calder, Demuth, and other artists who are represented in the A. E. Gallatin Collection, at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Through July 31. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A group exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Chagall, Renoir, Moore, and others; also a solo show of works in several mediums by Fritz Scholder. Through Sept. 4.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the contents from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St. . . . **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **BROMM**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **COWLES**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE**, 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD**, 41 W. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

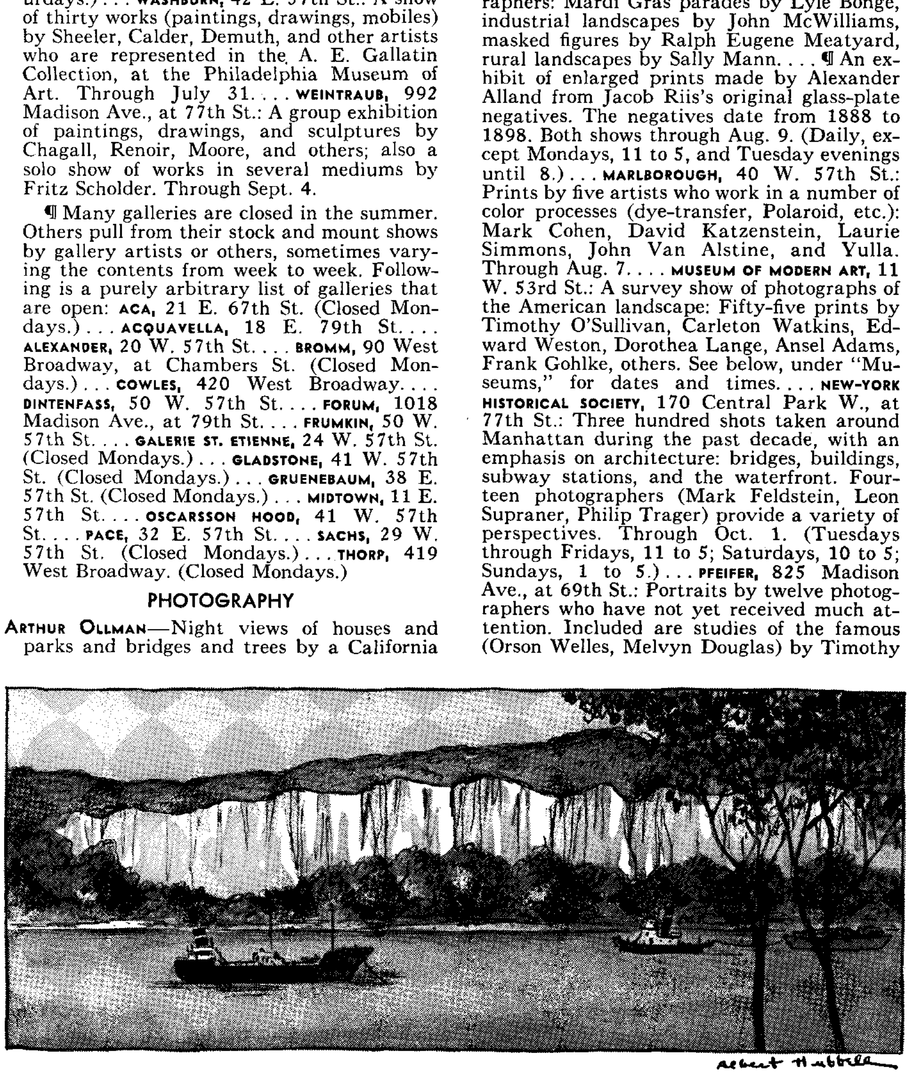
Arthur Ollman—Night views of houses and parks and bridges and trees by a California photographer. Through Friday, July 17. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Karen Tweedy-Holmes / Sam Haskins—Black-and-white studies of nudes. / Figure studies, mainly, plus still-lifes and landscapes, all bordering on the surreal. Through Friday, July 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Doris Ulmann (1884-1934)—Soft-focus photographs of the Gullah people who lived and worked on the Lang Syne plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina, in the early part of the century. Through Aug. 14. (Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A hundred and twenty-five photographs—nudes, landscapes, portraits, still-lifes—the majority printed by the artist's son Cole. Through Aug. 21. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: A show called "Love Is Blind." It includes Magritte's "L'Amour" (1928) and the work of sixty-five other artists, Duane Michals, Barbara Kruger, and Eileen Cowin among them. Through July 31. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: "The Photography of Space Exploration," a show of close to two hundred photographs of outer space, gathered by astronauts and computers and arranged by planet. Also, in thoughtful contrast, a small exhibit of photographs by nineteenth-century surveyors—O'Sullivan, Watkins, Muybridge, others. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Nearly ninety black-and-white photographs of the South by eleven contemporary photographers: Mardi Gras parades by Lyle Bongé, industrial landscapes by John McWilliams, masked figures by Ralph Eugene Meatyard, rural landscapes by Sally Mann. . . . ¶ An exhibit of enlarged prints made by Alexander Alland from Jacob Riis's original glass-plate negatives. The negatives date from 1888 to 1898. Both shows through Aug. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Prints by five artists who work in a number of color processes (dye-transfer, Polaroid, etc.): Mark Cohen, David Katzenstein, Laurie Simmons, John Van Alstine, and Yulla. Through Aug. 7. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Portraits by twelve photographers who have not yet received much attention. Included are studies of the famous (Orson Welles, Melvyn Douglas) by Timothy



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Greenfield-Sanders and Rosamond Purcell, and the not-so-famous by Mark Berghash, Wendy MacNeil, Toba Tucker. Through July 31. . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Josef Albers, Constantin Brancusi, Walter Gropius, and other painters, sculptors, and architects meet on common ground in a show of their photographs. Most date from the twenties and thirties. Through Aug. 14. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Mondays.) . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by thirty-five contemporary photographers. Through Aug. 7. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: "France Since the War: Photographs 1945-80" is the title of a show of a hundred prints by such French photographers as Brassaï, Cartier-Bresson, and Boubat. Through Sept. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ New acquisitions: nearly fifty examples of medieval craftsmanship, including stained-glass panels, an ivory statuette of the Virgin and Child, a silver-gilt-and-enamel diptych. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ One hundred and twenty-five nineteenth-century French drawings and prints, taken from the museum's collection; Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, Manet, and Gauguin are among the artists. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-two mid-nineteenth-century Baltimore album quilts (commemorating local people or events), in a show put together by that city's Museum of Art. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of prints by Pierre Alechinsky. Through Aug. 11. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows through Sunday, July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork in a setting—dark walls and silvery lighting—appropriate to such stars as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Bambi. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibit of contemporary Korean drawings. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A small show of Japanese prints and paintings of the nineteenth-century Shijō School. Through Sept. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets*, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Animated films are the subject of an exhibit of about a hundred pieces of artwork related to that craft, ranging from what are called concept drawings to the final cels, which are photographed. Both obscure (Winsor McCay's 1918 "The Sinking of the Lusitania") and perennial ("Fantasia") films are represented. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Samples of earthenware and stoneware (that is, pottery exclusive of porcelains) in a display taken from the museum's own cupboards. The decorative and utilitarian items range from ancient Greek and Egyptian terra-cottas to Wedgwood basaltware to Rookwood vases of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Eight portrait busts by the eighteenth-century French sculptor Jean-Antoine Houdon. One, of Thomas Jefferson, must have pleased the subject enormously—he regarded Houdon as "perhaps the foremost artist in the world." Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—In an exhibit of music scores from Japan—mainly the notations of contemporary Japanese composers—is a Buddhist chant, dated 1472, said to be the oldest printed score extant. Also, occasional brief performances of some of the compositions; for information about schedules, call 832-1155. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . . . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) All three through July 31.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum: Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the Fashion Institute of Technology: Sixty

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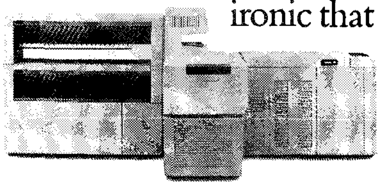

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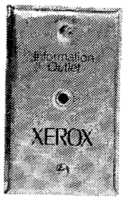

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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quilts. Through Aug. 22. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. *Through Aug. 16. (Open daily,* except Mondays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Three artists—Jorge Rodriguez, Charles Abramson, and David Hammons—are exhibiting the works, primarily sculptures, they did as part of the museum's artists-in-residence program. In addition to individual shows of their works, they have jointly concocted a room installation that incorporates paint, old furniture, colored tiles, feathers, and string. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 29. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 15: Leonard Slatkin conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16: Emanuel Ax, piano; Young-Uck Kim, violin; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, *July 17-18: Leonard Slatkin conducting* the orchestra, with Mr. Ax, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, July 20, and Wednesday, July 22: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the orchestra, with Miss de Larrocha. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 21: Jorge Mester conducting the Aspen Chamber Symphony in an all-Mozart program, with Lilian Kallir, piano, and Schlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: The Cleveland Quartet in an all-Mozart program, with Richard Goode, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 24-25: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

NEW CALLIOPE SINGERS—Peter Schubert directing two performances of a Carissimi-Bach program. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 19, at 4:30, and at St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave., the same day at 8. For information about tickets to either concert, call 864-6765.)

NOTE—Hermann Baumann, horn, and Samuel Sanders, piano, will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, July 29, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, July 20, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Wednesday, July 15, at 8:30: Mirella Freni, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program, with Jocelyne Taillon, mezzo-soprano, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing scenes from Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," *with* Nicolai Ghiaurov, Ara Berberian, and Aage Haugland, basses; Kenneth Riegel, Jacque Trussel, and Michel Sénéchal, tenors; Miss Taillon; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 2:30: Andrew Davis conducting a Milhaud-Mozart-Schubert program, with Pierre-Laurent Aimard, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 8:30: Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Charles Reiner, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Beethoven-Moussorgsky-Ravel program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 2:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 2:30: Andrew Davis conducting a Rossini-Brahms-Prokofieff program, with Mr. Szeryng, violin. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 16, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Kun-Woo Paik, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Renaissance music from Spain. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Martha Toney, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting a Mozart-Haydn-Mendelssohn program, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 23. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 25. **REPERTORY:** Wednesday, July 15, at 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "The Four Temperaments," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco,", "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3 Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "In G Major," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:15: "Lille Suite," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Agon." . . . [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by the Doobie Brothers on Sunday, July 19, at 7.] . . . **TCHAIKOVSKY FESTIVAL:** Tuesday, July 21, at 8:15: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22, at 8:15: "Capriccio Italien," "Allegro Brillante," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," and "Symphony No. 1." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Piano Concerto No. 1," "Scherzo Opus 42," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 8:15: "Allegro con Grazia," "Meditation," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8:15: "Capriccio Italien," "Allegro Brillante," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," and "Symphony No. 1." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 2: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:15: "Allegro con Grazia," "Meditation," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Suite No. 3." (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SUMMERFARE '81—A six-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un soupçon:* **THURSDAY, JULY 16, AT 8:** The Abbey Theatre production of Sean O'Casey's play "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 17, AT 8:** Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 18, AT 3:** "Shadow of a Gunman" and the Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:** Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 19, AT 3:** "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . **AT 7:30:** Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:** "Shadow of a Gunman." . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 23, AT 8:** "Sally and Marsha," a play by Sybille Pearson. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 24, AT 8:** "Dramadance," with Martine van Hamel, Kevin McKenzie, John Butler, and the Kathryn Posin Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 10:30:** Max Roach and the J. C. White Singers. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 25, AT 3:** "Dramadance" and "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 8:** "Dramadance." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 10:30:** Max Roach and the String Reunion. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 26, AT 3:** "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 7:30:** "Dramadance." . . . **AT 8:** "Sally and Marsha." (Through Sunday, Aug. 9. For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 18: Dance Plus. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 21-25: The Boston Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 18; the Tom Fool, Sunday, July 19; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 22; and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 18, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, July 18 (for this day only, post time will be 5), and the United Nations Handicap, Friday, July 24.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Three games in the Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup series. Wednesday, July 15, at 9:

Cosmos vs. England. . . . Sunday, July 19, at 5: Scotland vs. England and Cosmos vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ The regular season resumes on Wednesday, July 22, at 9: Cosmos vs. Montreal. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 18, through Saturday, July 25.)

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, July 15, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 10:15: Modern and contemporary paintings and sculptures. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Friday, July 17, at 2: English and Continental furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22, at 2, and Thursday, July 23, at 10:15 and 2: Victorian porcelain, sculptures, decorations, and furniture, together with Art Nouveau and Art Deco works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, July 17. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Final sales of the season. Wednesday, July 15, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 10: Paintings and furniture. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, July 15, from 10 to 2. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening, July 16, until 7:30.) Tuesday, July 21, at 10:30: Ethnographic works of art; American, English, and Continental furniture and decorations; and Oriental rugs. Exhibition starts Thursday, July 16. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, July 22, at 2: Books. Exhibition starts Monday, July 20.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **THE TEMPEST,** with Raul Julia as Prospero. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

BATTERY PARK LANDFILL CITY—Music on sand-covered landfill (it may be advisable to wear sneakers). Sunday, July 19, at 6:30: Sun Ra & the Omniverse Arkestra. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. For information about tickets, call 825-1494.)

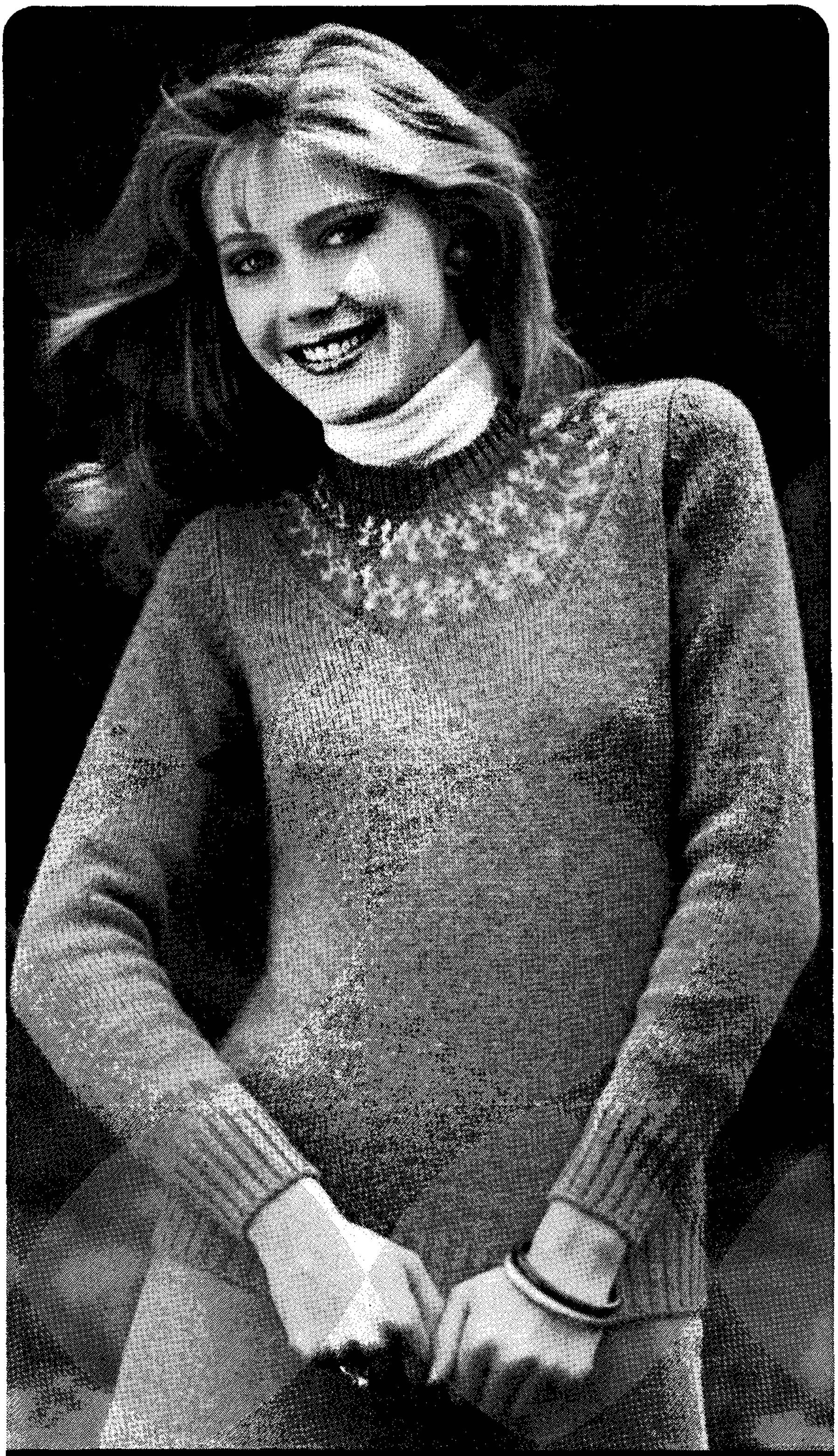
CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the last two in a series of four productions. Thursday, July 16, at 8:30: Puccini's "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 8:30: Verdi's Requiem.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale in an all-Bernstein program. (Saturday, July 18, at 8.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Wednesday, July 15: The Stanley Clarke & George Duke Project, with the Jeff Lorber Fusion. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: The Pointer Sisters. (Evenings at 6:30; through Friday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, July 16, at 8: Backwoods band. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 8: Transatlantic Bluegrass. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . **JAZZ:** Benefit concert—Sunday, July 19, at 8: The Average White band. (For information about tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . Free concerts—Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 8: Billy Taylor trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 8: Marion Brown quartet.

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **DAMN YANKEES,** with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)



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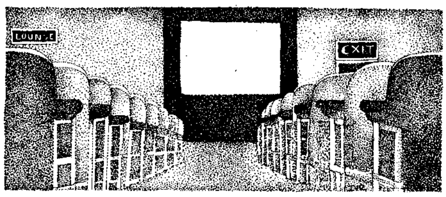
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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19	20	21	22	23	24	25

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 15: "Slap Shot" (†) and "North Dallas Forty." (†)
July 16-17: "The Dogs of War" (†) and "Who'll Stop the Rain." (†)
July 18-19: "1941." (†)
July 20: Theatre closed.
July 21-22: "Going in Style" (†) and "Serial." (†)
July 23-24: "The Warriors" (†) and "The Wanderers." (†)
From July 25: "Bronco Billy" (1980; directed by Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Sondra Locke.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 16: "The Pirate" (†) and "Kiss Me Kate." (†)
July 17-18: "Silk Stockings" (†) and "High Society." (†)
July 19-20: "The Band Wagon" (†) and "Thank Your Lucky Stars." (†)
July 21-22: "Whoopee!" (1930; Thornton Freeland), with Eddie Cantor; and "Kid Millions" (1934; Roy Del Ruth), with Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, and Ethel Merman.
July 23-25: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (†) and "Best Foot Forward." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 16: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker; and "Barbarella." (†)
From July 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Tess." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman II." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 2: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 16: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
From July 17: "Endless Love" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"History of the World—Part I." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through July 16: "Alien." (†)
From July 17: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Superman II." (†) From July 24: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 23: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)
From July 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Theatre 2: Through July 23: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From July 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "For Your Eyes Only." (†) From July 17: "Endless Love" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt.
Theatre 2: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 16: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
From July 17: "Arthur" (Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 2: "Dragonslayer." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 16: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)
July 17-23: "Outland." (†)
From July 24: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 23: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.
From July 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"For Your Eyes Only." (†)

R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From July 24: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse). From July 17: "Arthur" (Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through July 23: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†)
From July 24: "Wolfen" (directed by Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From July 17: "Arthur" (Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian). From July 17: "Arthur" (Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Atlantic City." (†) From July 24 (tentative): "Blow Out" (Brian De Palma), with John Travolta and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 2: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 3: Through July 16: "Outland." (†) From July 17: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (Penelope Spheeris), a documentary film on punk rock.
Theatre 4: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 16: "Yellow Submarine" (†); and "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles.
July 17-18: "Pink Floyd" (†); and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.
July 19: "Fillmore" (1972; Richard T. Heffron), a record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco.
July 20-21: "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin; and "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary film.
July 22-23: "Journey Through the Past" (1974; Neil Young), a documentary film; and "FM" (1978; John A. Alonzo), with Michael Brandon, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras, and Cleavon Little.
From July 24: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through July 23: "Stripes." (†)
From July 24: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through July 23: "Dragonslayer." (†)
From July 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through July 21: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
From July 22: "The Inheritance" (1976; Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Dominique Sanda and Anthony Quinn.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni. From July 22: "New York, New York." (†)
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin. From July 22: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 3: "Heart to Heart" (Pascal Thomas; in French), with Anne Caudry.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.
Theatre 2: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles). From July 17: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman.
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Atlantic City." (†) From July 24: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through July 23: "Superman II." (†) From July 24: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 16: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From July 17: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 16: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios. From July 17: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through July 23: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†) From July 24: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: July 15: "The Music Room" (†) and "The Big City." (†) July 16: "Pather Panchali" (†) and "The World of Apu." (†) From July 17: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter. From July 17: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (Penelope Spheeris), a documentary film on punk rock.
Theatre 3: Through July 16: "Outland." (†) From July 17 (tentative): "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 23: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From July 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through July 16: "Outland." (†) From July 17: "Arthur" (directed by Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli.
Theatre 2: Through July 23: "History of the World—Part I." (†) From July 24: "Zorro, the Gay Blade" (Peter Medak), with George Hamilton and Lauren Hutton.
Theatre 3: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 4: Through July 16: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter. From July 17: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse).
Theatre 5: Through July 23: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From July 24: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 6: Through July 16: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" (1980; Thomas Chong); and "The Blues Brothers." (†) From July 17: "Outland." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
Through July 23: "Dragonslayer." (†)
From July 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through July 23: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios. From July 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.
Theatre 3: Through July 16: "Return of the Dragon" (1974), "The Chinese Connection" (1972), and "Game of Death" (1979), all with Bruce Lee. July 17-23: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore. From July 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.
Theatre 4: Through July 23: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From July 24: "The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
Through July 16: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.
From July 17: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
Theatre 2: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stripes." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through July 16: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse).
From July 17: "Endless Love" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt.

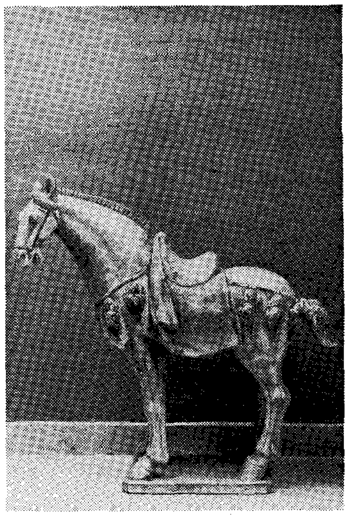
R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From July 24: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 15: "The Last Wave" (1978; directed by Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "The Man Who Lies" (1970; Alain Robbe-Grillet; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant.
July 16: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
July 17: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with the Band; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).
July 18: "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.
July 19: "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
July 20: "Stavisky" (1974; Alain Resnais; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer.
July 21: "Samurai, Part II" (1956) and "Rise Against the Sword" (1966), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
July 22-23: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
July 24: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "How I Won the War" (1967; Richard Lester), with Michael Crawford and John Lennon.
July 25: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 15: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
July 16: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffee.
July 17: "Annie Hall" (1977) and "Sleeper" (1973), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
July 18: "To Forget Venice" (1979; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Erland Josephson and Mariangela Melato.
July 19: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
July 20: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
July 21: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
July 22: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.
July 23: "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
July 24: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.
July 25: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 16: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957;



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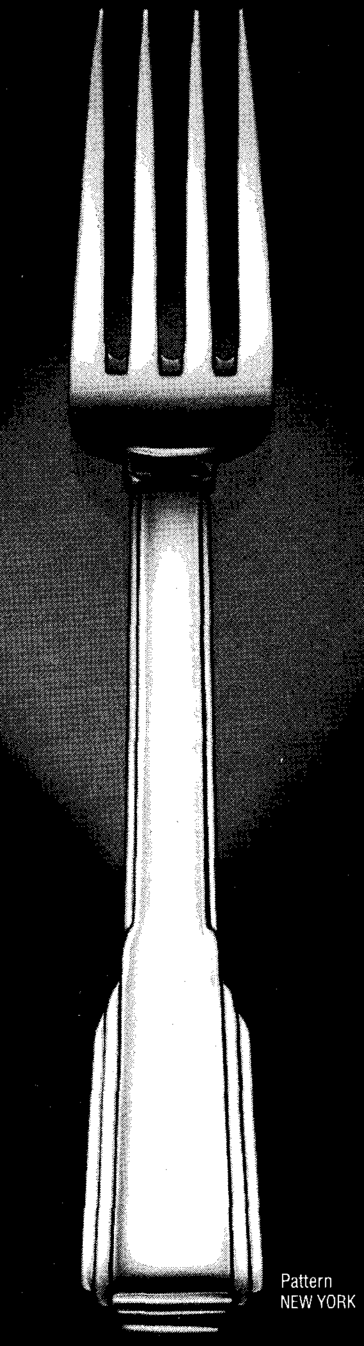

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

July 17-18: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

July 19-21: "Bilitis" (1977; David Hamilton; in French); and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

July 22-23: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

July 24-25: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 16: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush; and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams. Both in 3-D.

July 17-23: "Lollypop Girls in Hard Candy" (1981) and "Manhold" (1981). Both films in 3-D and X-rated.

From July 24: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 18: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.

July 19-21: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

July 22-25: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 18: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; and "Lenny" (1974; Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine.

July 19-21: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.

July 22-25: "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe; and "Norma Rae" (1979; Martin Ritt), with Sally Field, Ron Liebman, and Beau Bridges.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

July 15: "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Demon Seed" (1977; Donald Cammell), with Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver.

July 16-18: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Michel Auclair, and Kay Thompson.

July 19-21: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (†); and "Bombshell" ("Blonde Bombshell;" 1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.

July 22-24: "The Touch" (†); and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

From July 25: To be announced.

Olympia Quad 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through July 16: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

July 17-18: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

July 19-21: "Top Hat" (†) and "Swing Time." (†)

July 22-23: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

July 24-25: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 15: "The Deadly Affair" (1967; Sidney Lumet), with James Mason, Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Kenneth Haigh, Lynn Redgrave, Harriet Andersson, and Harry Andrews; and "Three Days of the Condor" (1975; Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, Cliff Robertson, Max von Sydow, and John Houseman.

July 16-18: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; John A. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, and Ray Collins; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.

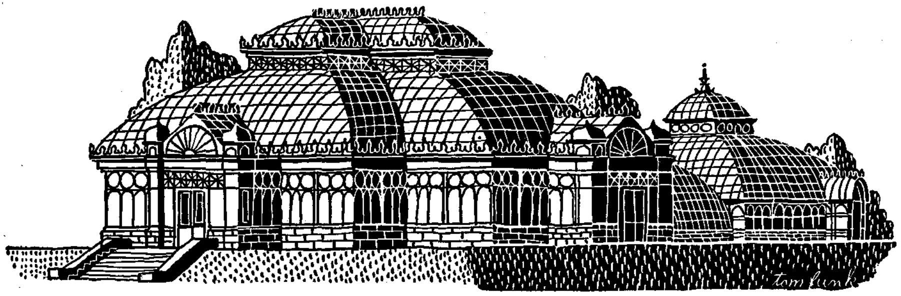
July 19-20: "The Murder Man" (1935; Tim Whelan), with Spencer Tracy, Virginia Bruce, James Stewart, and Lionel Atwill; and "After Office Hours" (1935; Robert Z. Leonard), with Clark Gable, Constance Bennett, Harvey Stevens, and Billie Burke.

July 21-22: "Scared Stiff" (1953; George Marshall), with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Lizabeth Scott, and Carmen Miranda; and "My Favorite Spy" (1951; Norman Z. McLeod), with Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr, and Francis L. Sullivan.

July 23-25: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 15: "A Nous la Liberté" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Raymond Cordy and Henri Marchand; "Le Million" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Annabella; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French).



July 16: "Housewife" (1934; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Ann Dvorak, and Ruth Donnelly; and "Female" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent.

July 17-18: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "Femmes Fatales" (1976; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, Bernard Blier, and Brigitte Fossey.

July 19: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (†) and "I Am Curious—Blue." (†)

July 20: "A Boy Named Charlie Brown" (†); and animated comic strips, such as Little Nemo and Li'l Abner.

July 21: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Laughter in the Dark." (†)

July 22: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.

July 23: "They Won't Forget" (1937; Mervyn LeRoy), with Claude Rains, Gloria Dickson, Edward Norris, and Otto Kruger; and "Lawyer Man" (1932; William Dieterle), with William Powell, Joan Blondell, and Helen Vinson.

July 24-25: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Kiss Me, Stupid." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 15: "Dangerous" (1936; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, Franchot Tone, Margaret Lindsay, and Alison Skipworth; and "Front Page Woman" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Roscoe Karns.

July 16: "Charlie Chan in Egypt" (1935; Louis King) and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde), both with Warner Oland as Chan.

July 17: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Louis Jouvet, and Robert Le Vigan.

July 18-19: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten.

July 20: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "The Ghost Breakers" (1940; George Marshall), with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, Paul Lukas, and Richard Carlson.

July 21: "The Pink Panther" (1964; Blake Edwards), with David Niven, Peter Sellers, Robert Wagner, and Capucine; and "A Shot in the Dark" (1964; Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer.

July 22: "The Painted Veil" (1934; Richard Boleslavsky), with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, and George Brent; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

July 23: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

July 24: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion." (†)

From July 25: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The final programs in a series of films directed by Satyajit Ray, in Bengali, with English subtitles: July 16 at 2:30: "The Adversary" (1970). . . . July 16 at 6: "Company Limited/The Target" (1971). . . . July 16 at 8:30: "Days and Nights in the Forest" (1970). . . . July 17 at 2:30: "Company Limited/The Target." . . . July 17 at 6: "The Adversary." . . . July 18 at 2:30: "Distant Thunder" (1973). . . . July 18 at 5: "The Golden Fortress" (1974). . . . July 19 at 2:30: "The Elephant God" (1978). . . . July 20 at 2:30: "Distant Thunder." . . . July 20 at 6: "The Middleman" (1975). . . . July 21 at 6: "The Chess Players" (1977; in Urdu and English). . . . July 23 at 2:30: "Sikkim" (1971; in English) and "Pikoo" (1980). . . . July 23 at 6: "The Middleman." . . . July 23 at 8:30: "The Golden Fortress." . . . July 24 at 2:30: "The Elephant God." . . . July 24 at 6: "The Chess Players." . . . ¶ Other, non-Ray, films scheduled during this period: July 17 at noon: Two films about Pierre Alechinsky: "Encre" (1963; no dialogue) and "Alechinsky" (1970; Luc de Heusch). . . . July 18-19 at noon: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930; D. W. Griffith), with Walter Huston. . . . July 19 at 5: "Chicago" (1928; Frank Urson; a silent film), with Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi. . . . July 20-21 at noon: "Iran" (Claude Lelouch), "Rendezvous" (Claude Lelouch), "Radiance: The Experience of Light" (Dorothy Fadiman and Michael Wiese), and "Seashore" (Fred Hudson). . . . July 21 at 2:30: "Chicago." . . . July 24 at noon: "Encre" and "Alechinsky." . . . July 25 at noon: "The Golem" (1920; Paul Wegener; a German silent film, with English titles). . . . July 25 at 2:30: "D. G. Phalke: The First Indian Film Director" (1965), "Fifty Years of Aryan Cinema" (1965), and some early newsreels from India. . . . July 25 at 5: "Cinema, Cinema" (1979; Krishna Shah; in Hindi, with English subtitles), a history of Indian cinema. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through July 19: Two sets of short films. "Personalities: Animation Objects" is showing daily at 1 and "Personalities: Variations on Mickey" is showing daily at 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting July 21: Two sets of short films. "Nature: The Four Elements" will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesday at 6:15) and "Nature: Perspective" will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALIEN (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Gotham Cinema; through July 16.)

ATLANTIC CITY—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/81.) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 23.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there have been few screen musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. Actually, Buchanan's dancing and his rosy-ripe way with his lines (satirical cant about the theatuh) have such style and flourish that he steals the picture. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for a series of urbane revue numbers, which includes "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "That's Entertainment," "Triplets" (featuring Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray), and culminates in the "Girl Hunt" dance sequence—a parody of Mickey Spillane's bloody boudoir fiction, with Astaire as the detective and Charisse as the good-bad women in his life. When the bespangled Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in one of his best movie roles (he and Fabray play at being Comden and Green), and James Mitchell. Directed by Vincente Minnelli; the choreography is by Michael Kidd; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. Based on a 1931 Broadway show; Cyd Charisse's songs were dubbed by India Adams. (Art; July 19-20.)

BARBARELLA (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 16.)

BEST FOOT FORWARD (1943)—No one who saw it is likely to have forgotten "Buckle Down Winsocki"—the best of all the school songs in all the cheery-silly, hip-hip-hoorah musicals. The women excel in this one, an M-G-M picture with a cast that includes Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, and Nancy Walker. William Gaxton and Harry James and his orchestra are also in it, and Eddie Buzzell directed. (Art; July 23-25.)

THE BIG CITY (1964; "Mahanagar")—The city is Calcutta, and Satyajit Ray's heroine, a young married woman, takes a job in order to supplement her husband's income (which must support them, their child, his teen-age sister, and his parents). The movie deals with the wife's discovery of life outside the home, and her changed relations with each member of the family. Madhabi Mukherjee is lovely as the gentle but strong wife, and there are telling portraits of her coarse, hustling boss, and of an Anglo-Indian girl (Vicky Redwood) who is the victim of his discrimination. The film does what it sets out to do, and it's perceptive and revealing; it stays with one. Yet it is very quiet and rather thin; it lacks the depth and richness and creative imagery of the best of Satyajit Ray. In Bengali and English. (New Yorker; July 15.)

THE BLUES BROTHERS (1980)—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (Criterion Theatres; through July 16.)

A Boy Named Charlie Brown (1969)—A very sad excuse for a children's picture—a pathetically limp animation feature that barely taps the verbal *wit or the great charm of the* comic strip it's derived from. (Thalia; July 20.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (72nd Street East; through July 16.)

The Dogs of War—A crisp, tough-minded action film about an international group of mercenaries who stage a coup in a small, decaying West African country run by an Idi Amin-Papa Doc-style despot. The casting of Christopher Walken as Shannon, the leader of the group, gives the film the fuse it needs. Walken, with his pale, flat-faced mask of pain, his glaring eyes and lithe movements, suggests a restless anger. We aren't asked to like the mercenaries, and Shannon kills a spy (set on him by his own employer, who doesn't trust him) in such a horrifying way that we really couldn't like him. But we do want to watch him. This is the first feature film by John Irvin, an English documentarian and TV director ("Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy"); he has studied a master—during the actual raid, some of the most feral images are almost direct quotations from Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch." With Colin Blakely as a TV journalist who's tenacious about following a story, and Tom Berenger, Paul Freeman, and Jean-François Stevenin. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff; freely adapted from Frederick Forsyth's best-seller by Gary DeVore and George Malko. (3/23/81) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 16-17.)

Dragonslayer—It's like reading a fairy tale that has the mixture of happiness and trauma to set your imagination whirling, but the fire-breathing dragon—scaly, winged, huge—is more mysterious, probably, than any we could have imagined for ourselves. The setting is Britain during the Dark Ages. Ralph Richardson is Ulrich the Sorcerer, who receives a delegation from the remote Kingdom of Urland, which has been ravaged by the monster. The sorcerer's apprentice (Peter MacNicol) goes forth to face the dragon, but he's just a kid who's in over his head. Ulrich and the dragon are the two great antagonists in this movie—probably the only movie in which Richardson shows the full, magnificent balminess that has marked his recent stage appearances. In the terms this film sets, it's almost completely successful. The producer, Hal Barwood, and the director, Matthew Robbins, wrote the script. With Caitlin Clarke as Valerian, Peter Eyre as the King, Chloe Salaman as the princess, John Hallam as Tyrian, and Sydney Bromley as Old Hodge. (7/13/81) (Loews New York. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie, and Embassy 1; through July 23.)

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Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (Waverly, and New Yorker; through July 23.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. It has got to the point where if the machines do something they haven't done before, we've seen it before anyway. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; his idea of Bond's imperturbable cool is the same as playing dead. And the producers have erred in deciding on a simpler, more realistic package, without dazzling sets or a big, mad, supervillain. The heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero; the only jazziness in the movie comes from Lynn-Holly Johnson, playing a teen-age trollop who's a champion ice skater. With Topol, Julian Glover, Jill Bennett, Cassandra Harris, and Janet Brown as the Prime Minister. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, 86th St. East, and Loews State.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary, edited by Allan Miller and devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (D. W. Griffith; through July 23.)

Going in Style (1979)—George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are three old geezers in Brooklyn who decide to hold up a bank instead of dying of boredom and infirmity, and Burns and Carney then move along to Las Vegas to score a killing at the craps tables. Only the ending of this mild, sentimental little comedy is surprising, but the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest) keep things moving at the proper quiet pace, and the elegant old troupers provide us and themselves with a good deal of pleasure along the way. With Charles Hallahan and Anthony D. Call. (12/31/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 21-22.)

La Grande Illusion (1937)—In form, "La Grande Illusion" is an escape story; yet who would think of it in this way? It's like saying that "Oedipus Rex" is a detective story. Among other things, this film is a study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. The two aristocrats—the German prison commander, von Rauffenstein (Erich von Stroheim), and his prisoner, the French officer de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay)—share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes that produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige *and serve a nationalism they do not believe* in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he does not really approve of—the plebeian Maréchal (Jean Gabin) and the Jew Rosenthal (Marcel Dalio). Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. Von Rauffenstein and de Boeldieu are in a great romantic tradition; Cyrano has his plume, they draw on their white gloves. Maréchal, the mechanic who has become an officer, is uneasy in the presence of urbanity and polish, but he has natural gallantry, and he's the one with survival power. The performances of von Stroheim, Fresnay, and Gabin are in three different styles of acting, and they illuminate one another. With Gabin, you're not aware of any performance; with von Stroheim and Fresnay, you *are*—and you should be: they represent a way of life that is dedicated to superbly controlled outer appearance. With Dita Parlo, Gaston Modot, Julien Carette, Jean Dasté, Georges Péclet, and Jacques Becker (who was the assistant director). Written by Charles Spaak and Renoir; the music is by Kosma; the camerawork is by Christian Matras and Claude Renoir. In French, with the German and English characters speaking in their own languages. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24.)

High Society (1956)—Musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story," with Grace Kelly in the Hepburn role, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, and Louis Armstrong, who, at the opening, does a fine scat-patter number explaining the plot. Everything that follows is a letdown. Charles Walters directed; the songs are by Cole Porter. (Art; July 17-18.)

History of the World—Part I—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks's staging is often flaccid and disorderly, and even when he and the dozens of other comics in the cast are racing about the movie feels static. It's powered by its performers, though, and their way with a joke; some of the routines are golden shtick. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through July 16. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through July 21. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 17, tentative.)

I Am Curious–Yellow (1969)—In her search for political commitment, the heroine, Lena Nyman, goes around as an inquiring reporter questioning people about nonviolence, the labor movement, socialism, and so on. The picture improves when sex and politics mix; there are some free—and very funny—sequences of simulated copulation. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 19.)

I Am Curious–Blue (1970)—This is the second of two films that Vilgot Sjöman made out of material he amassed about an angry young girl's loves and hates. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 19.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—A backstage farce set during the staging of a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel as the warring stars. Grayson's trilling is something to contend with, and so is her busy, amateurish performance, and there's a lot of badly paced rambunctious comedy from just about everybody. But there's also a marvellous Cole Porter score, with such songs as "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?," "Why Can't You Behave?," "Too Darn Hot," "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua," and "Always True to You in My Fashion." And there is Howard

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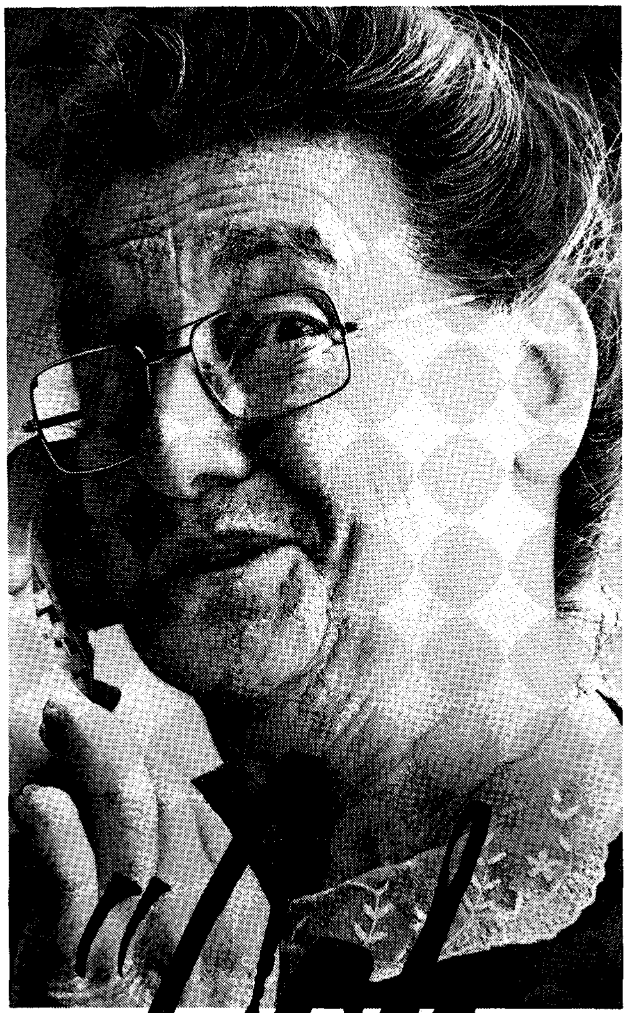
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Keel, with his strong baritone and his good-hearted leering; a dark goatee gives him more chin, and, with his great height, he looks hilarious in Petruchio's striped pants. And there is the dancing of Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and Bobby Van—their "From This Moment On" number, choreographed by Fosse, is one of the high points of movie-musical history; in its speed and showmanship one can see the Fosse style in its earliest film realization. This sequence more than balances out the grossly embarrassing moments, such as the one when Keel tells Grayson, who is about to quit acting and go off with a Texan (Willard Parker), that she belongs in the theatre. Maybe because Grayson looks so uncomfortable—so aware of her shortcomings as an actress—Ann Miller, who obviously enjoys performing, comes off as lively and amusing; she doesn't just do her usual ticktock tapping, because she's working with those three leaping male dancers, and with Carol Haney, too. Produced by Jack Cummings and directed by George Sidney, with dances staged by Hermes Pan. The cast includes Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, who try (and fail) to be delightful clowns, and Jeanne Coyne, Ron Randell, Kurt Kasznar, Claude Allister, and Dave O'Brien. The Cole Porter Broadway show, with a book by Samuel and Bella Spewack, was adapted to M-G-M's requirements by Dorothy Kingsley—i.e., it was tidied up and sanitized. (Art; through July 16.)

Kiss Me, Stupid (1964)—This Billy Wilder box-office failure isn't more grating than some of his hits—it's just more insecure. Essentially, it's an old-fashioned boulevard farce, but it was generally panned as "coarse and smutty" and "repellent," and it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency (the first such condemnation of a major-studio production since "Baby Doll," in 1956). United Artists, uneasy about public criticism, sent it out under the label of Lopert Pictures, a subsidiary that usually distributed foreign films. Bad luck plagued this marital-mixup comedy from the start: Peter Sellers, who had been cast as the central character (a composer who is stuck teaching piano in the desert town of Climax, Nevada), had a heart attack a few weeks into shooting and was replaced by Ray Walston, who is singularly charmless in the role. The plot has the composer attempting to sell his songs to a lecherous star, Dino (Dean Martin), who happens to be passing through town, but he's so fearful that Dino will seduce his wife (Felicia Farr) that he sends her away overnight and brings in the local B-girl, Polly the Pistol (Kim Novak), to pose as his wife. The central miscasting is compounded by the chortling tone, the overemphatic double-entendres, and the drab look of the film, but there's something going on in it. Maybe because of all the dumb leering, Kim Novak is touching in her dreamy-floozy, Marilyn Monroe-like role. Her clothes are so tight she seems to be wearing her dresses under her skin; she seems exposed, humiliated. Her lostness holds the film together. With Henry Gibson, Cliff Osmond, Alice Pearce, Doro Merande, Barbara Pepper, and Mel Blanc. Script by Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, based on a play by Anna Bonacci. (Thalia; July 24-25.)

Laughter in the Dark (1969)—The great Nicol Williamson plays the blinded rich man of Nabokov's novel, plagued by an evilly prankish couple (Anna Karina and Jean-Claude Drouot). Directed by Tony Richardson. A witty, fluid, harrowing film, with a moving hero. (Thalia; July 21.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Art; July 23-25.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (New Yorker; July 15.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Lincoln Plaza; starting July 22.)

1941 (1979)—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor. It has a few good sight gags in it (including the sight of a Japanese submarine shooting down a Ferris wheel), but most of the picture's energy is devoted to careering vehicles and crashing planes and kick-in-the-groin humor. The movie is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 18-19.)

North Dallas Forty (1979)—A funny, lazy satire about the kind of professional football that turns its players into pieces of equipment. Nick Nolte, as a veteran with a Bad Attitude and the best hands in the game, turns in a virtuoso performance based on respiratory noises, and shows a flair for comedy. He's so cool that the movie uses him as a ready-made moral choice. Mac Davis plays the flashy quarterback. Good football, good supporting cast. Based on the novel by former Dallas Cowboy Peter Gent, and directed by Ted Kotcheff. (8/13/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 15.)

Outland—Science fiction set in a morally grimy future that is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space. Sean Connery is the new federal district marshal on Io (a volcanic moon of Jupiter), who learns that Peter Boyle, the boss of the mines on Io, is selling the workers amphetamines that keep them speeding for ten or eleven months, until they go berserk and kill themselves or attack others. When Connery destroys a shipment of the drug, Boyle sends for hired killers, and, just as in "High Noon," the one lone good man finds he has to fight by himself. The sets are great—the industrial-nightmare city on Io is like the offspring of a gigantic pipe organ and an oil rig. And Peter Hyams, who directed, knows how to stage chases and fights. But he also wrote the script, which deadens everything and doesn't even make sense. (It's insane that the miners refuse to help Connery—that they don't mind being exploited, going crazy, and destroying themselves.) It's a noisy, somber film, with an element of the repugnant (the high spots are the horrible deaths), but with good performances by Connery, Frances Sternhagen as a sour, snappish doctor, and James B. Sikking as Connery's sergeant. (6/29/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through July 16. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; July 17-23.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (New Yorker; July 16.)

Pink Floyd (1974)—A concert-*cum*-puff by the famous London rock group, playing in Pompeii in quadrophonically recorded sound. The young men are adept musicians but are even more adept at technology. They can make a Steinway piano sound like demonic stomach rumblings. (Harold Clurman; July 17-18.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Art; through July 16.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Serial (1980)—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 21-22.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—A paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Art; July 17-18.)

Slap Shot (1977)—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul

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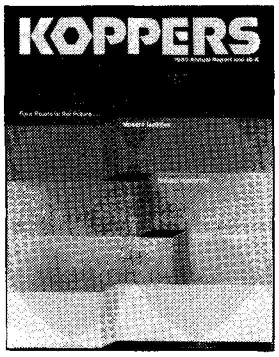

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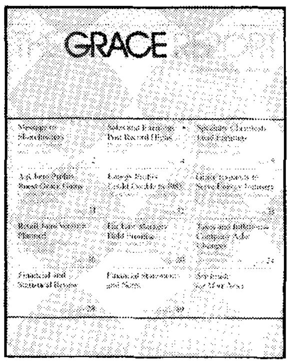

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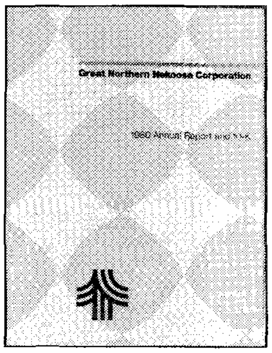

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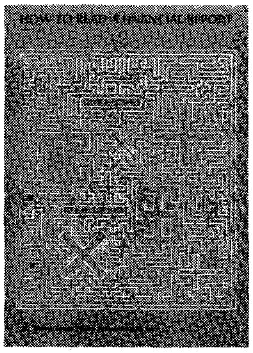

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Newman as Reggie, a player-coach. With Michael Ontkean, Lindsay Crouse, Jennifer Warren, Jerry Houser, Strother Martin, and Melinda Dillon. Screenplay by Nancy Dowd; cinematography by Victor Kemper. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 15.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. The story comes to a natural end with the recruits' commencement exercises; afterward, when the platoon is whipping around Europe, the action is standard farce. Yet even when the plot goes all over the place some funny lines turn up. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, and National. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through July 23.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Waverly, and New Yorker; through July 23.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the movie. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up—you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three archfiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. This Ursa has the kind of face cameras worship, and she does her dirty deeds with blasé nonchalance and the merest flick of a malicious smile. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (The special effects are highly variable in quality, and the film is visually very disappointing.) (7/13/81) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, Loews Orpheum, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 23.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Olympia Quad 1; July 19-21.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Gramercy.)

Thank Your Lucky Stars (1943)—Wartime patriotic musical, featuring the Warners stable—somewhat livelier than the others of its ilk. The high point is Bette Davis complaining of the lack of civilian males in the song "They're Either Too Young or Too Old." With Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield, Dinah Shore, Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan, Errol Flynn, Hattie McDaniel, Dennis Morgan, Spike Jones and His City Slickers, Eddie Cantor, and many others. David Butler directed, from a not too constricting script by Norman Panama, Melvin Frank, and James V. Kern. (Art; July 19-20.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's hardboiled nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance contest is turned into a macabre allegory, with the paranoid, apocalyptic vision of American rottenness that was typical of movies in the Vietnam era. Though the picture staggers under its heavy load of symbolism and is marred by flash-forwards, and even flash-backs triggered by flash-forwards, it's still striking, with vestiges of the hard sarcasm of thirties lower-depths humor—those acrid sick jokes that make one wince and laugh simultaneously. As the defiantly self-destructive, sharp-tongued Gloria, the girl who is so afraid of being gullible that she can't live, Jane Fonda gives a startling, strong performance. She shows the true star's gift of drawing one to her emotionally even when the character she plays is repellent; her Gloria, like Bogart's Fred C. Dobbs, is one of those creations who live on as part of our shared moviegoing experience. The screenwriters, James Poe and Robert E. Thompson, wrote a good role for Gig Young as the promoter-m.c.; he's a crude barker who, in his pitches on the microphone, cheapens every human emotion, but he's also sensitive and empathic. He knows how to handle people in crises—partly, one gathers, because he has been among people in ugly messes all his seamy life. The director, Sydney Pollack, isn't particularly inventive, but he has tight control of the actors. They work well for him, and he keeps the grisly central situation going with energy and drive. With Michael Sarrazin (his role—that of a man who commits murder as an *acte gratuit*—is the adapters' worst failure, and he just looks weak, calf-eyed, and vaguely benumbed), Susannah York, Bonnie Bedelia, Bruce Dern, Red Buttons, Allyn Ann McLerie, and Severn Darden. (Mini Cinema; July 19-21.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Olympia Quad 1; July 19-21.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period. The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best that Bergman has ever made about certain kinds of love—exact and very affecting. (Mini Cinema; July 22-24.)

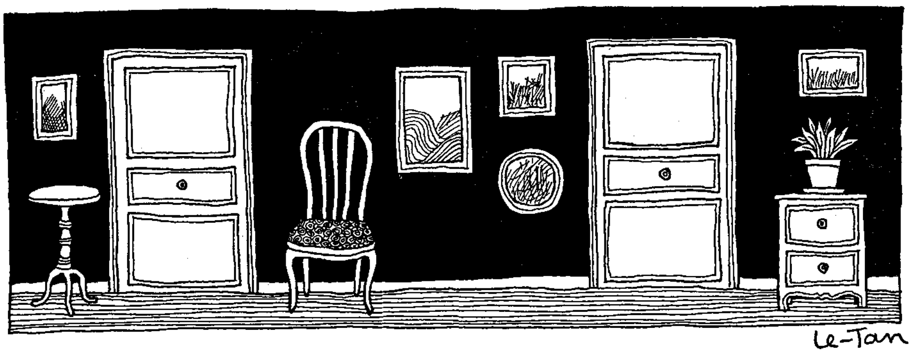
The Wanderers (1979)—The Bronx, 1963: dead-end kids vs. adolescent nightmares, to the music of Dion, the Shirelles, etc. A good adaptation, somewhat more upbeat, of the lurid novel by Richard Price. Directed by Philip Kaufman, who wrote the screenplay with Rose Kaufman. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 23-24.)

The Warriors (1979)—Walter Hill's spectacle that takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. (3/5/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 23-24.)

Who'll Stop the Rain (1978)—A pursuit melodrama with a stodgy start and a big finish, catching the period of disillusionment with the Vietnam War by way of its reflections in the counterculture. A journalist in Vietnam (Michael Moriarty) involves his pill-freak wife (Tuesday Weld) and an old Marine buddy (Nick Nolte) in smuggling heroin back to the States. They're all hounded by paranoia and bad karma. The gallows-humor dialogue is good (the screenplay, by Robert Stone and Judith Rascoe, is based on Stone's novel "Dog Soldiers"), and Nolte turns himself into the metaphor this too-literal movie needs. He's marvellous—a hero without a trace of narcissism. Directed by Karel Reisz. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 16-17.)

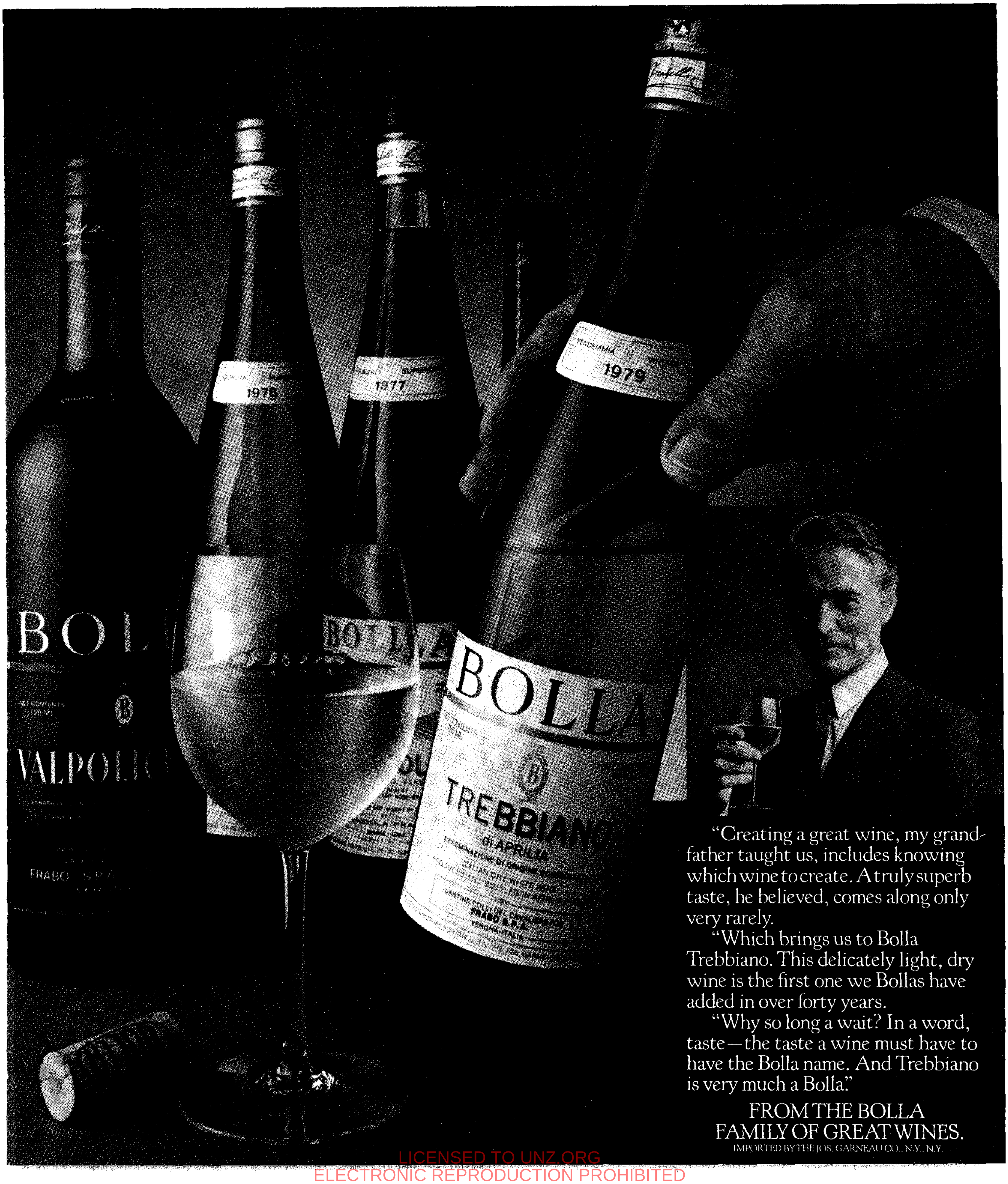
The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (New Yorker; July 16.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's a beguiling catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. Directed by George Dunning. (Harold Clurman; through July 16.)



"BOLLA TREBBIANO, WELCOME TO THE FAMILY."

—Franco Bolla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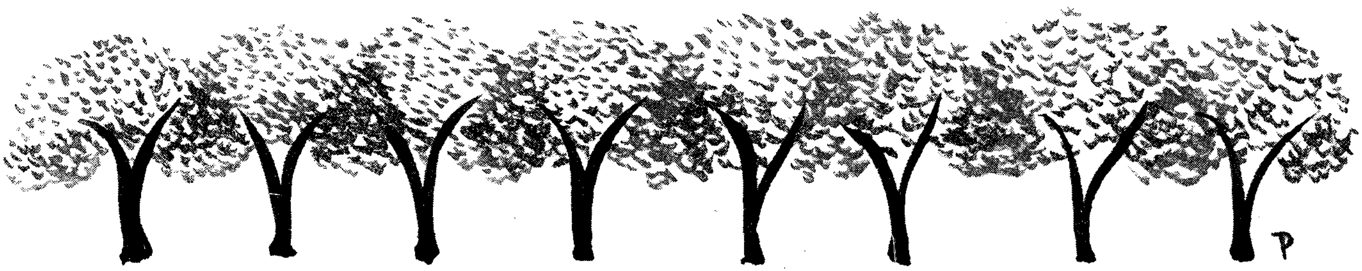
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE State Department let it be known recently that, following the rejection by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of Mr. Ernest Lefever as the Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs, it may simply leave that post unfilled. This apparent decision sheds light on the Administration's nomination of Lefever in the first place and on its attitude toward human rights in general. In the course of the debate over the nomination, the Administration argued that "quiet diplomacy" should be substituted for the Carter Administration's often public displays of disapproval of human-rights abuses in other countries, and that Mr. Lefever was the right man to effect the change. But in leaving the post vacant the Administration has now unmistakably signalled that all diplomacy, whether of the quiet or the outspoken kind, in favor of human rights is, at the very least, being sharply downgraded. In a way, though, having the post vacant will hardly be different from having Mr. Lefever in it, for on many occasions before he was nominated he had assailed the wisdom of including in American foreign policy human-rights considerations in any form. It is thus no reflection on his ability to say that having nobody serve instead of him in the post is quite fitting. His subsequent appointment as a consultant to the State Department on terrorism brings the whole story to a neat conclusion, since Secretary of State Alexander Haig has said that in the Administration concern about terrorism will "take the place of" concern about human rights. In his new post, Mr. Lefever will at least be able to address himself to something that both he and the Administration are unquestionably worried about.

The Administration's human-rights policy has lately been further clarified by some remarks by Edwin Meese, the counsellor to the President, in an interview with Meg Greenfield, of the Washington *Post*, in which he defends an earlier allegation of his that the American Civil Liberties Union is a "criminals' lobby." In the interview, he describes himself as a strong believer in the Bill of Rights but goes on to reveal an apparent serious misconception of what political rights are and what role they play in our democracy. Describing the A.C.L.U. and a few other organizations as being "opposed to law enforcement," he proposes the establishment of "a comparable citizen group that represents the law-abiding citizens," which would oppose the A.C.L.U. "on the basis of the rights of the law-abiding citizen to be free from criminal activity." In a country that includes a Bill of Rights in its Constitution, however, rights *are* laws, and their enforcement is just as much law enforcement—and just as much in the interest of the law-abiding citizen—as the statutes against murder, burglary, assault, and other crimes. The difference is that the Bill of Rights was designed to protect citizens, on the whole, against the power of the government, whereas the criminal laws largely protect them against one another. (It is much easier for the government to silence a newspaper or prevent an individual from speaking than for another individual to do so.) The protection of the citizens from the power of government is an essential part of the idea of democracy, which places the government under the over-all scrutiny and supervision of the people. On the other hand, the citizens' need to be "free from criminal activity" (that is, from non-governmental criminal activity) is not, in the legal sense, a "right" at all (and thus is nowhere mentioned in the Bill of Rights) but, rather, an essential social good, like fire prevention, or adequate medical care, or the prevention of famine. Mr. Meese's devotion to what he thinks human rights to be is no doubt strong, but his definition of them is at odds with what the Constitution defines as rights. However, his views are of a piece with the views that other members of the Administration hold on human rights in foreign policy. An Administration that regards a citizens' lobby for human rights in the United States as a "criminals' lobby" could not be expected to fight for the establishment of a similar "criminals' lobby" in Argentina or El Salvador. Only confusion



could result were it to champion abroad that which it does not favor at home.

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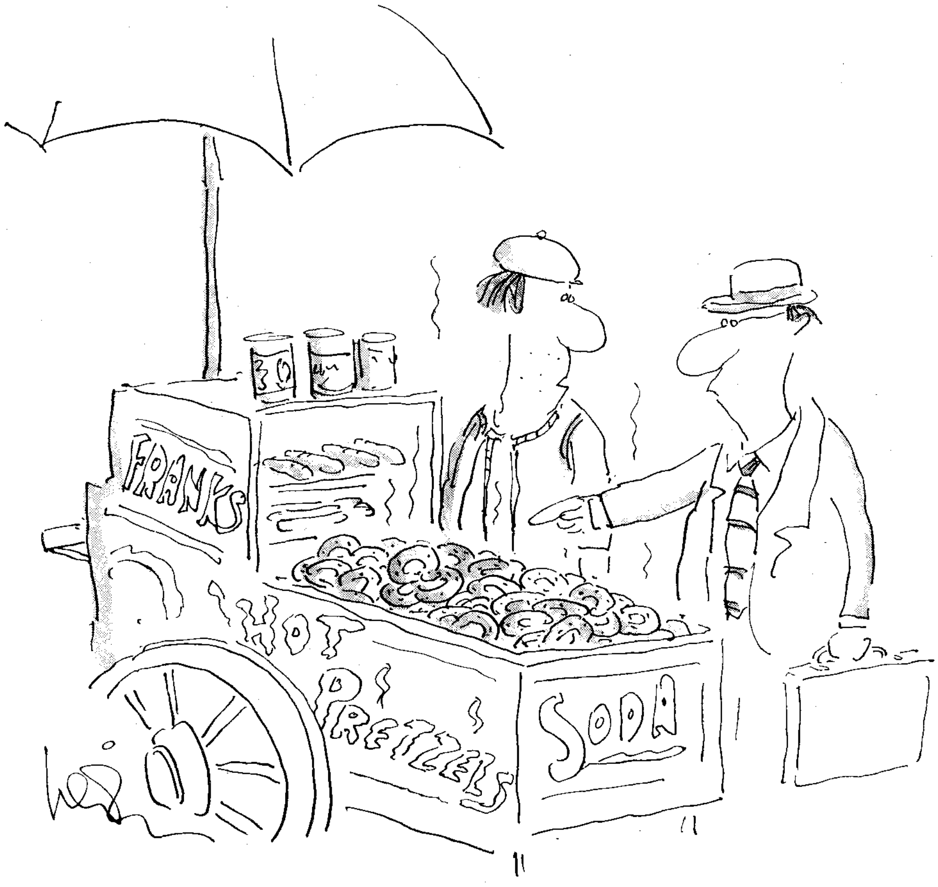
Books Without Writers

WE hung around the Womrath's Book Store on Madison Avenue near Eighty-sixth Street last week for a couple of hours—one just after the 9 A.M. opening and the other just before the 6 P.M. closing—and we can report that the book business never stopped during our visits. This Womrath's, which was acquired in 1945 by Walter Bergman, a friendly, gray-haired, gray-bearded gentleman who usually dresses in a dark suit and necktie, is now owned and run jointly by him and his twenty-nine-year-old son, Jeff, who is brown-haired and clean-shaven but otherwise echoes his father in appearance and dress, and chumminess of manner, and enthusiasm for books. The Bergmans like books, but their affection for them is clearly detached and unsentimental. In their store, we felt very strongly that books came not from writers but from publishers, and that writers were a bunch of interchangeable names that got attached, as a kind of second thought, to the products being offered.

As bookstores go these days, Womrath's isn't bad to look at. A couple of years ago, the Bergmans took over the store next door to the original shop, thereby increasing their space from four hundred and eighty square feet to two thousand, and doubling their window space; they now have two large windows displaying their wares. Scanning one window, from right to left, we saw "Outside Over There," by Maurice Sendak (three copies); "The Shock of the New," by Robert Hughes (two copies); "Saint-Simon at Versailles," edited by Lucy Norton (one copy); "Trade Wind," by M. M. Kaye (five copies); "How to Save Your Own Street," by Raquel Ramati (one copy); "The Hite Report on Male Sexuality," by Shere Hite (six copies); "Miss Piggy's Guide to Life," by Miss Piggy (one copy); "The Audubon Society Encyclopedia of North American Birds," by John K. Terres (one copy); "Prince Charles," by Michèle Brown (one copy); "The Clowns of God," by Morris West (a big poster and six copies); "Starving to Death in a Sea of Objects," by John A. Sours, M.D. (five copies); "Noble House," by James Clavell (three copies); "To the Lighthouse," by Virginia Woolf (one copy); "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell (one copy); "The Big Book of Sailing," by Grube and Richter (one copy); "Chester Cricket's Pigeon Ride," by George Selden (one copy); and "The Last Laugh," by S. J. Perelman (one copy). The other window had "July's People," by Nadine Gordimer (a blowup of the *Times Book Review's* front-page review and six copies), and one copy each of "Still Missing," by Beth Gutcheon; "Goodbye, Janette," by Harold Robbins; "Styling Your Face," by Way Bandy; "Designing Your Face," by Way Bandy; "Twins on Twins," by Kathryn McLaughlin Abbe and Frances McLaughlin Gill; "Never Complain, Never Explain," by Victor Lasky; "The Enigma of Stonehenge," by John Fowles; "In China," by Eve Arnold; and "La Presidenta," by Lois Gould. Also "Infiltration—How Heinrich Himmler Schemed to Build an S. S. Industrial Empire," by Albert Speer (eight copies), and "Strictly for Laughs," by Joey Adams (fifteen copies, along with a display of photographs showing Joey Adams with Ronald Reagan, Joey Adams with Mayor Koch, and Joey Adams with Dolly Parton and his wife, Cindy Adams).

A sign on the door to the shop read "Help Wanted (Experienced)."

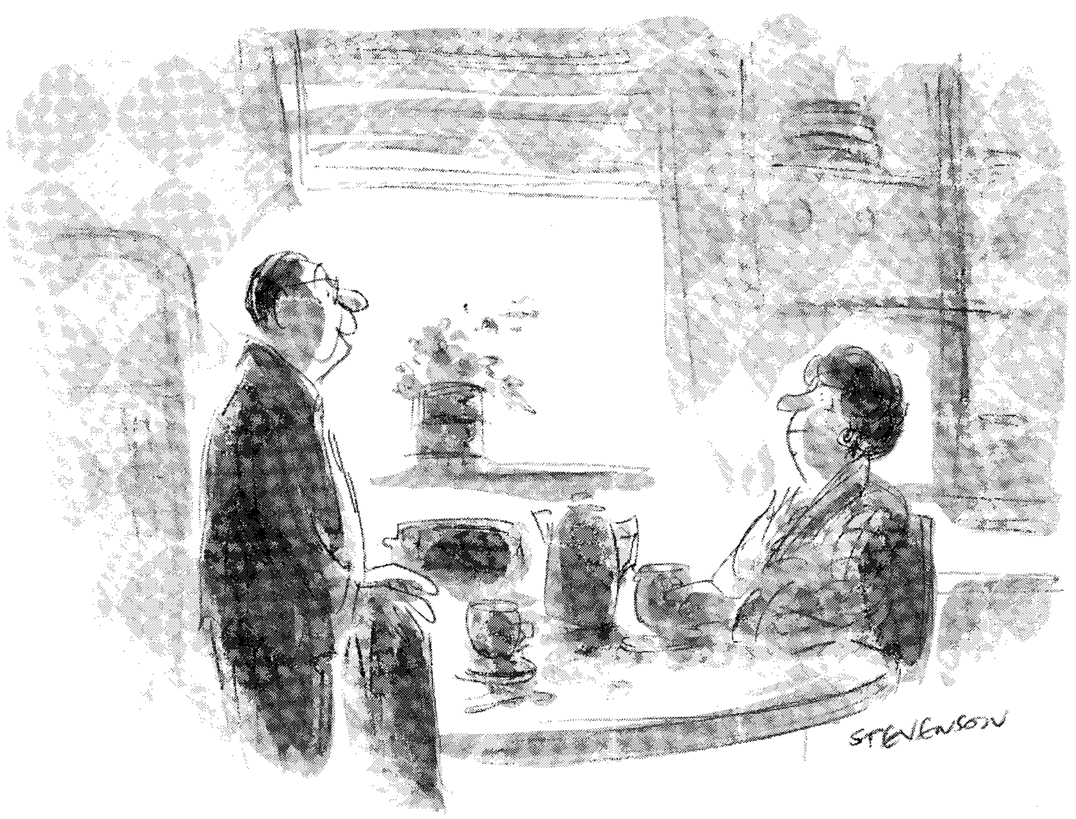
"I try to get college graduates, or, at least, they've got to know literature," Walter Bergman told us when we inquired about the sign. "I ask them, 'Who wrote "Dracula"? Who wrote "Tom Sawyer"? Who was Samuel Clemens? What did Virginia Woolf write?' If they give 'Mrs. Dalloway' and 'To the Lighthouse' as answers, I hire them. If they majored in lit, I hire them. They stay a few weeks, then they go to Europe, they go to camp, they go to California. They make a few hundred dollars and they run. That's not the way I was. I went to Brooklyn College for one year, and then I couldn't afford it. At fifteen dollars a semester. So I went into the Army Air Forces, before Pearl Harbor. I was an aerial gunner, stationed in North Africa and then in Italy. When I came home, with a Purple Heart and a hundred dollars in severance pay, I saw a newspaper ad about this Womrath's shop being for sale. I had always liked handling books. As a little kid in Coney Island, I used to deliver books for



"I'm sorry, sir, that one's not for sale."

stores in Brooklyn. I bought the store with three thousand dollars my mother lent me and a fifteen-thousand-dollar mortgage. We've always been, and are to this day, open seven days a week—except for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day. We've always had a rental library. That's how Womrath's began. When I took the store over, it was one dollar to open an account, and ten cents a day. Now it costs three dollars to open and thirty-five cents a day. We still have a big turnover in rentals."

The day's first potential customer was a young woman wearing bluejeans and a bright-green T-shirt and carrying a big khaki parachute-cloth shoulder bag. Without saying anything, she quickly headed for the near corner of the store, bypassing paperback bins—the correct term for which, Mr. Bergman informed us, is "dumps." The walls of the store held hardcover and paperback books under these headings: Art, Photography, Architecture, Poetry, Language, Reference & Dictionary, Travel, Library, Child Care, Gardening, Sports & Games, Cookbooks, Decorating, Pets & Wildlife, Religion, Drama, Music, Children's Cove, Penguins, Psychology, Health, Non-Fiction, Biography, Fiction, New Releases—Fiction, and New Releases—Non-Fiction. The young woman stationed herself in front of Poetry and stared at the books in that section.



"Good morning, my dear. Could that look mean I'm not on your hit list?"

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First sale: A tall, bony, gray-haired woman accompanied by a slim teen-ager with long blond hair bought a copy of "The Insider's Guide to the Colleges 1981-1982," compiled and edited by the staff of the Yale *Daily News*. Price: $5.95; with tax, $6.43.

Another teen-ager came in and asked for the "Mobil Travel Guide 1981: Northeastern States."

"Sold out," Mr. Bergman said. "I'll have more late this afternoon, if you want to stop back."

The young woman who had been studying the Poetry books turned abruptly and, looking cross about something, left the store without buying anything.

A fat woman wearing yellow shorts, a yellow T-shirt, and yellow running shoes ran in and asked for "The Drinking Man's Diet."

"That was popular ten, fifteen years ago," Mr. Bergman told her. "We wouldn't have it. The big one now is 'The Beverly Hills Diet.' It was on 'The Merv Griffin Show.' "

Second sale: A man in a dark suit, with a splendid silver-and-red tie and black Gucci loafers, asked, "How about Flashmaps? Of New York?"

Mr. Bergman showed him the Flashmap. "But this is better," he said, showing him "Michelin New York City." "This is the greatest invention in the world."

The man chose the Flashmap—$3.19, including tax.

Jeff Bergman arrived, just in time to take a question from a frantic-looking woman in painters' pants: "Do you have empty journals?"

"We're not allowed to sell them," Jeff Bergman said.

The next paying customer was a swarthy, heavyset man, wearing a chocolate-brown gabardine suit, a chocolate-brown shirt, and a beige silk tie, who had a large black mustache and had dark glasses pushed up on top of a heap of black hair on his head. We watched him make a survey of practically everything in the shop, starting with everything at the sales counter—the microfiche machine, the cash register, the telephone, the lending-library file, and these books: "The One in the Middle Is the Green Kangaroo," by Judy Blume; "The Original Peter Rabbit Books," by Beatrix Potter; "The Restaurants of New York," by Seymour Britchky; "Raiders of the Lost Ark: The Storybook Based on the Movie," by Les Martin; and "101 Uses for a Dead Cat," by Simon Bond. The chocolate-suited man then looked over the paperbacks on the wall shelves: fiction, from Renata Adler to Herman Wouk; non-fiction, from Joy Adamson to Richard Wright; classics, from Louisa May Alcott to Oscar Wilde; social science, from Hannah Arendt to Jude Wanniski; mystery, from Catherine Aird to Joel Zoss. He next surveyed the "dumps": "No Love Lost," by Helen Van Slyke (thirty-six copies); "Garfield Gains Weight" and "Garfield at Large," both by Jim Davis (twelve copies each); "Murder in the White House," by Margaret Truman (thirty copies); "God's Other Son," by Don Imus (nine copies); "Rage of Angels," by Sidney Sheldon (thirty-six copies); and "The New York Times 60-Minute Gourmet," by Pierre Franey (eighteen copies). His purchase: "Garfield Gains Weight" (about a cat). Price: $5.35, including tax.

Next: An unhappy-looking middle-aged woman in too tight designer jeans returned a rental book—"Hoodwink," by Bill Pronzini—and paid for three days of it ($1.08), and then asked to rent "Goodbye, Janette," by Harold Robbins. Jeff said that the rental copy was out, so the woman bought a copy: $13.95, plus $1.12 tax.

"Did you know a Harold Robbins book is sold every twenty seconds, every day, around the world?" Jeff said to the woman, giving her change for a twenty-dollar bill.

"I heard that on television," the woman said, still looking unhappy.

Next: A young woman, this one wearing khaki knee socks, a khaki cotton skirt, and a matching blouse with puffed sleeves, returned "The Glitter Dome," by Joseph Wambaugh, to the rental library and gave Jeff $1.08.

Next sale: "I want a gift for a woman, for summer reading, for twenty, twenty-five dollars," said a young woman smartly attired in the latest-style blue-and-white striped seersucker pantaloons and matching top.

Jeff quickly reached for "Noble House," by James Clavell, and handed it to the woman, who tested its weight with one hand. "Whew!" the woman said. "Heavy."

"It's $19.95, plus $1.60 tax," Jeff said. "Just right."

"Heavy," said the woman, looking inside the book. "My God! A thousand two hundred and six pages!"

Jeff reached for "How to Make Love to a Man." "Ten dollars, plus eighty cents tax," he said. "It's been on television."

"I'll take that one for myself," the woman said. "You sure the other one isn't too heavy?"

"It's over before you think about it," Jeff said. "It goes fast, and you're never stopped by the words."

Sale concluded.

"The average person who picks up a book doesn't want to be stopped by the words," Jeff told us. "The average person wants a book to go fast."

Walter Bergman was picking out paperbacks in response to titles that a fourteen-year-old girl, accompanied by her mother, was reading off from a school reading list: "Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis; "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens; "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens; "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Franny and Zooey," by J. D. Salinger; "The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger. Total sale: $15.34, including tax.

"Only twenty per cent of the people in this country read," Jeff said to us dispassionately. "None of my friends read books. Nobody I know wants to read."

"The life of a book is three months," Mr. Bergman said. "Most of this stuff around here goes back after that, even if it's autographed by the author. Morris West came in here and autographed fifty, sixty copies. If they don't sell, *they* go back."

"Do you read books?" we asked Jeff.

"Since I was eleven years old, my father has had me come in here to help with books," Jeff answered. "Now I collect first editions—of Hemingway and Fitzgerald—for myself."

We took our breather at that point and returned just in time to see the teen-ager who wanted the Mobil travel guide to the Northeast come in for her book. Price: $6.95, or $7.51, including tax.

Next: Two white-haired women, both short and plump, asked for "How You Can Use Inflation to Beat the I.R.S.," by B. Ray Anderson. One of them said, "He's been on television," and shelled out $16.15 for the book and the tax, and the other said, "We're going home to get rich."

Next: A neighborhood doctor and his twelve-year-old daughter bought "Mad Libs," by Roger Price and Leonard Stern, for $1.75, plus fourteen cents tax.

Next: A girl resembling Brooke Shields bought a paperback of "Funerals Are Fatal," by Agatha Christie. It was $2.25, plus eighteen cents tax.

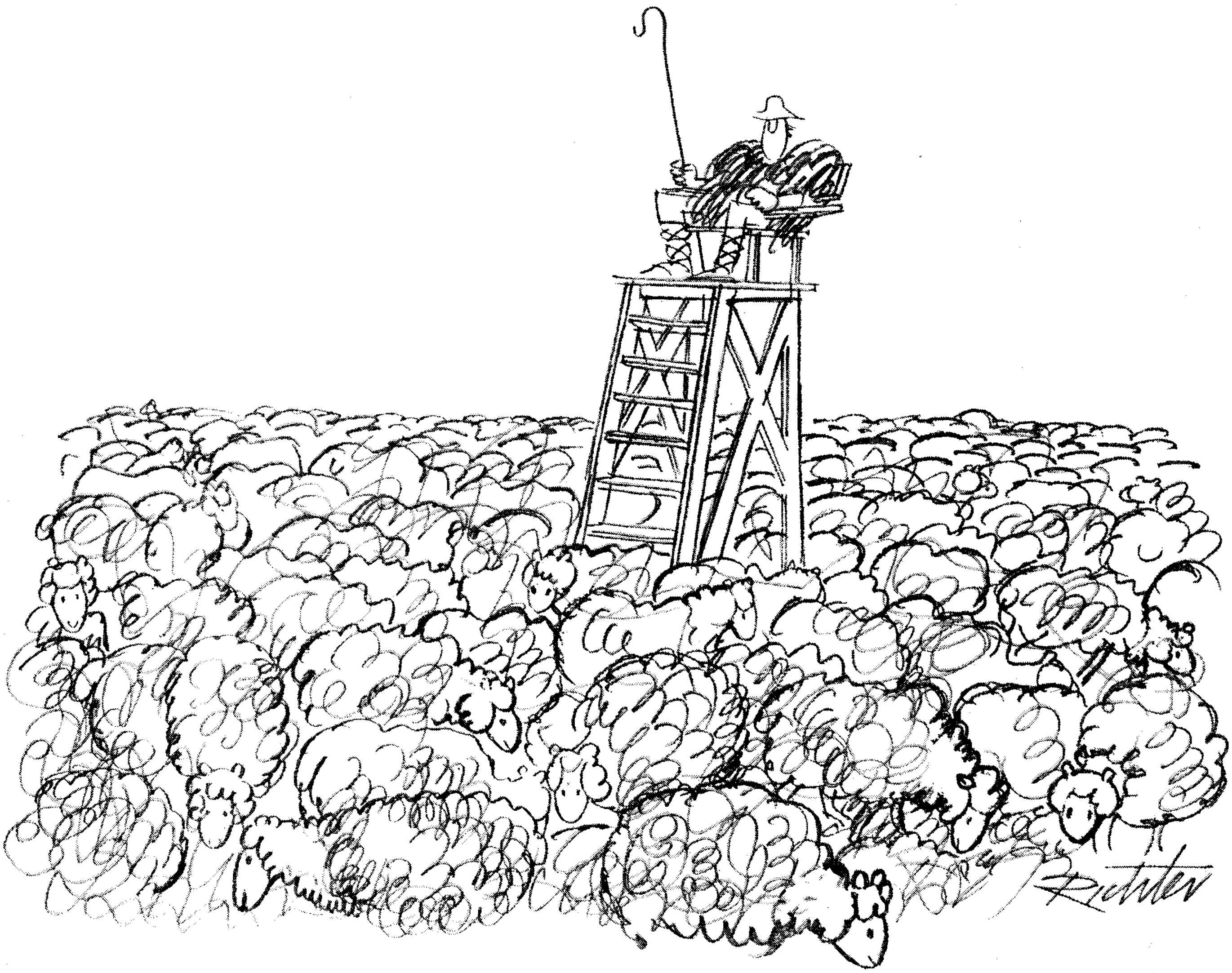
Next: A woman with a whining four-year-old girl bought "How to Organize Your Closet," by Crislynne Evatt, and "Jane Brody's Nutrition Book," for a total, including tax, of $22.09.

Next: Another neighborhood doctor bought "England and Scotland on $20 a Day," by Stanley Haggart and Darwin Porter; a Michelin map of Great Britain and Ireland; "The Complete Sherlock Holmes," by Arthur Conan Doyle (two volumes); and "Jane Brody's Nutrition Book." Total: $47.30.

We plucked "The Inner Game of Tennis," by W. Timothy Gallwey, from the non-fiction paperbacks ($2.14, including tax) and made a beeline for the courts in Central Park, because we felt like hitting something.

Jiří Kylián

WHEN the Netherlands Dance Theatre paid a brief visit to the Metropolitan Opera recently, we found the collective intensity displayed by the company so impressive that we arranged to chat with Jiří Kylián, its director and choreographer, who has given it its present shape. Mr. Kylián, a tall, thin, bearded man of thirty-four, is thought by some people to be the most gifted and original choreographer of his generation. The company he heads is small (thirty-two dancers) and international in makeup (two-thirds of the dancers are non-Dutch), and is securely financed on a yearly basis by the city of The Hague. The Kylián style, which has been developing over the past ten years, is a highly personal and expressive amalgam of ballet, folk, and modern-dance movements which surprises and delights the eye with unexpected arrangements of heads, arms, legs, and whole groups of bodies. His works range in character from searing dramatic statements ("Soldiers Mass," a work that deals with the death of young men in battle), through metaphysical speculation ("Symphony of Psalms," a soaring abstract ballet about the gift of faith), to outrageous satire ("Symphony in D," a send-up of practically every choreographer from Balanchine to Twyla Tharp). His dancers regard him as the head of an extended family. We caught up with Mr. Kylián in the Metropolitan auditorium during a rehearsal that took



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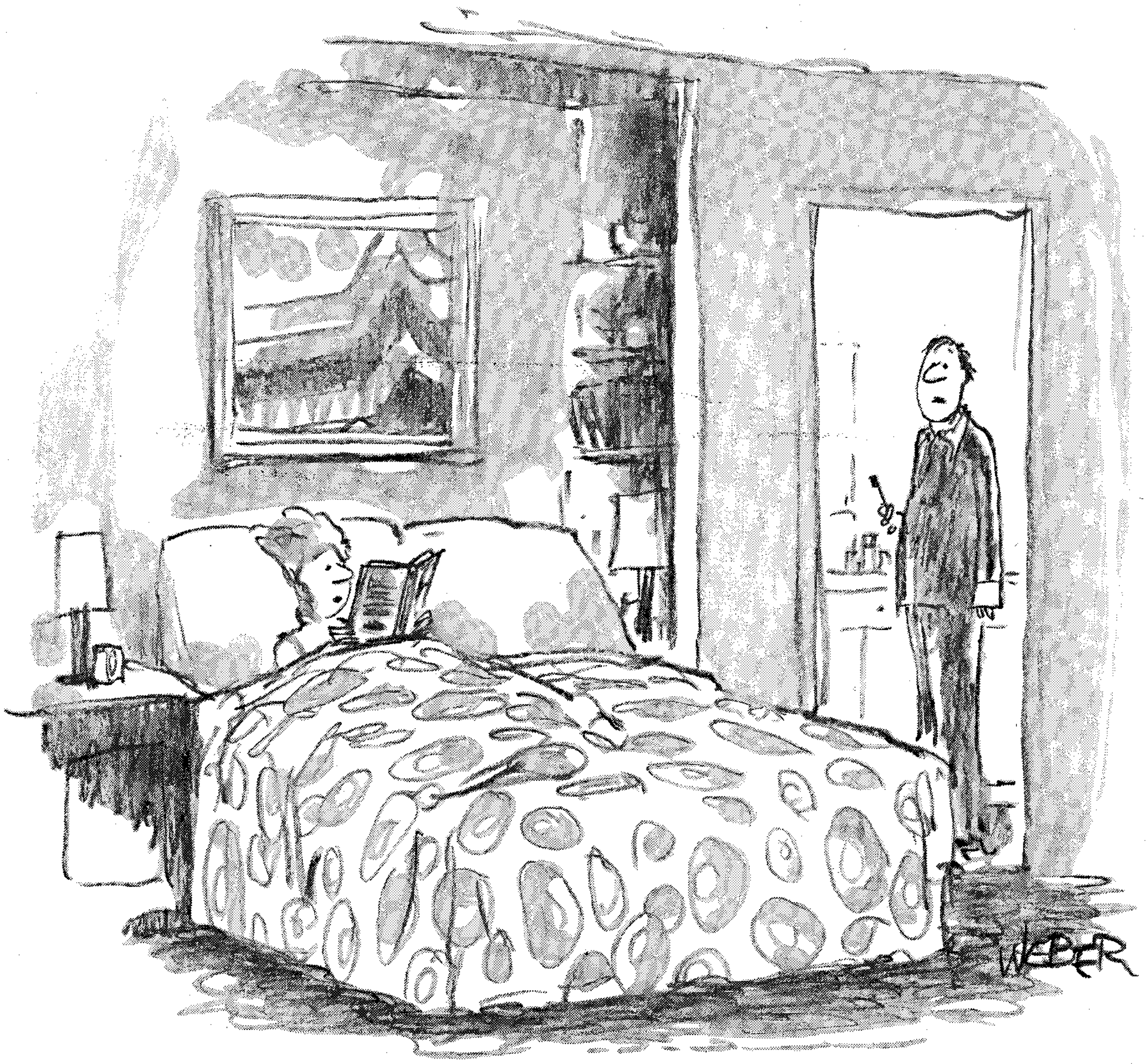
place a few hours before opening night. The dancers, having just come from a tiny theatre in Spoleto, Italy, were having difficulty re-spacing themselves across the vast expanses of the Metropolitan stage. The lighting technicians were setting cues, and the orchestra conductor was polishing a few phrases from Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms."

We asked Mr. Kylián for a brief biography, and he told us that he was born in Prague and had started studying ballet at the age of nine. "My mother was a ballerina and my father was the director of a bank, and I grew up in a theatrical environment," he said. After five years at the Prague Conservatory ("We received very simple, Russian-style training and Graham technique and folk dancing"), he studied for a year at the Royal Ballet School in London ("There the emphasis was on purity of line") and decided to stay in the West. "In 1968, I was hired by John Cranko for the Stuttgart Ballet, where I danced character roles and choreographed eight ballets," he said. "Then, in 1973, I created my first ballet for the N.D.T., and a few years later I became the artistic director of the company."

Mr. Kylián went on to say, "We are a small, very closely knit group of dancers, and the fact that we are together twenty-four hours a day gives a very personal feeling to our relationships onstage. We are so comfortable with one another that I've hired hardly any new dancers in the past five years. We dance a great deal—a hundred and fifty times a year—and one of our big problems is how to keep the performances fresh. As a rule, one of my ballets starts to look exactly the way I want it to look about a year after I've choreographed it. But in the long run dancers sometimes begin to dance *copies* of their previous performances. This is very dangerous, because you can lose the emotional content that goes along with the dancing. So I pull the whole ballet apart and change a few things, to remind the dancers of what we originally wanted."

"What are you working on at the moment?" we asked.

Mr. Kylián smiled, and told us that he had recently commissioned an evening-length ballet score from three contemporary composers. "Toru Takemitsu will do the first act, Luciano Berio will do the second, and Arne Nordheim will do the third," he said. "Last summer, I took a television crew to Australia, and, with the help of the Australian government, we organized and photographed a dance festival of twenty-two aboriginal tribes, who spoke about as many different languages. They have an extraordinary Stone Age culture—it hasn't developed in fifty thousand years. The thing that interests



"Have you ever noticed that everything in this household is 'extra-strength'?"

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me is that they don't *want* to develop this culture to fit in with the modern world. My understanding is that the aborigines divide time into three parts: dream time, which is the time of the gods before the human race was born; first sunrise, the period representing the birth of humankind; and the end of time, an apocalyptic vision of everything disappearing, even time itself. These will be the three major themes of my ballet, to which the composers will respond in their own ways. Aboriginal music is rather monotonous and does not give the composers much inspiration, but aboriginal dancing is absolutely phenomenal and can be an endless source of ideas for a choreographer. What makes it different from any other kind of ethnic dancing is the fact that the aborigines 'dream' their dances. And when a dance is performed it becomes a material possession that belongs to the creator—dancing is the most important thing they *possess*. For the aborigines, the difference between dreaming and being awake is not so clear. They consider that they exist in a big dream, and I will try to look for steps, movements, and feelings that will help us express this idea through the medium of dance."

History

READING up on royalty and nobility in anticipation of the Prince Charles-Lady Diana nuptials, we learned: Louis VII tried to break up his marriage to Eleanor of Aquitaine on the ground that he was the fifth in descent from Hugh Capet, who had married a sister of Eleanor's great-great-grandfather. Philip II of Spain never laughed; loved desk work and roses. Nicephorus II, Byzantine emperor (963-69), was murdered by friends on the advice of his wife. Maria Theresa (1717-80) had sixteen children, including two emperors and Marie-Antoinette. Murad III (1546-95) had a hundred and two children. The second Duke of Guise seized Calais. Sigismund I of Poland married a Sforza. Count Baldwin VI of Hainaut wedded Countess Marie of Champagne when she was twelve, he was fourteen. Akbar, sixteenth-century founder of the Mogul Empire, had fresh fruit delivered daily from Turkestan and ice from the Himalaya. Among the French Charleses were Charles le Grand (Charlemagne), Charles le Chauve, C. le Simple, C. le Bel, C. le Sage, C. le Bien-Aimé, and C. le Victorieux, plus VIII, IX, and X (no nicknames). The all-time highest Charles was a XV (Swedish; followed by Oscar II). Frederick the Great played the flute. Harun-ar-Rashid (Aaron the Upright) became fifth Caliph in 786 with the aid of Yahya the Barmecide. The Hohenzollern-Hechingens and the Hohenzollern-Sigmaringens were of the Swabian line. Waldemar II conquered Skane. The Mahmud of Ghazni (971-1030) founded the Ghaznavid dynasty. Hywel Dda was ruler of Wales in the tenth century. Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales (1707-51) and father of George III, was a coarse, unhappy, dissolute man. Suleiman I's favorite wife was a Russian named Roxelana. Suleiman II was slain at Slankamen. Dagobert I (c. 612-639) was the son of King Clotaire II, who put Queen Brunhilda to a horrible death in 613; Brunhilda was the wife of Sigebert I and principal instigator of the war against Neustria. King Lear was either a Celtic myth or a descendant of Aeneas of Troy. Diane de Poitiers was a mistress of Henry II, who was married to Catherine de Médicis. Diana (Artemis in the Greek) was the daughter of Jupiter; she was surprised by Actaeon while bathing. King Oedipus of Thebes married Jocasta, unfortunately. King Oliver (1885-1938) played cornet.

INVASION OF THE BOOK ENVELOPES

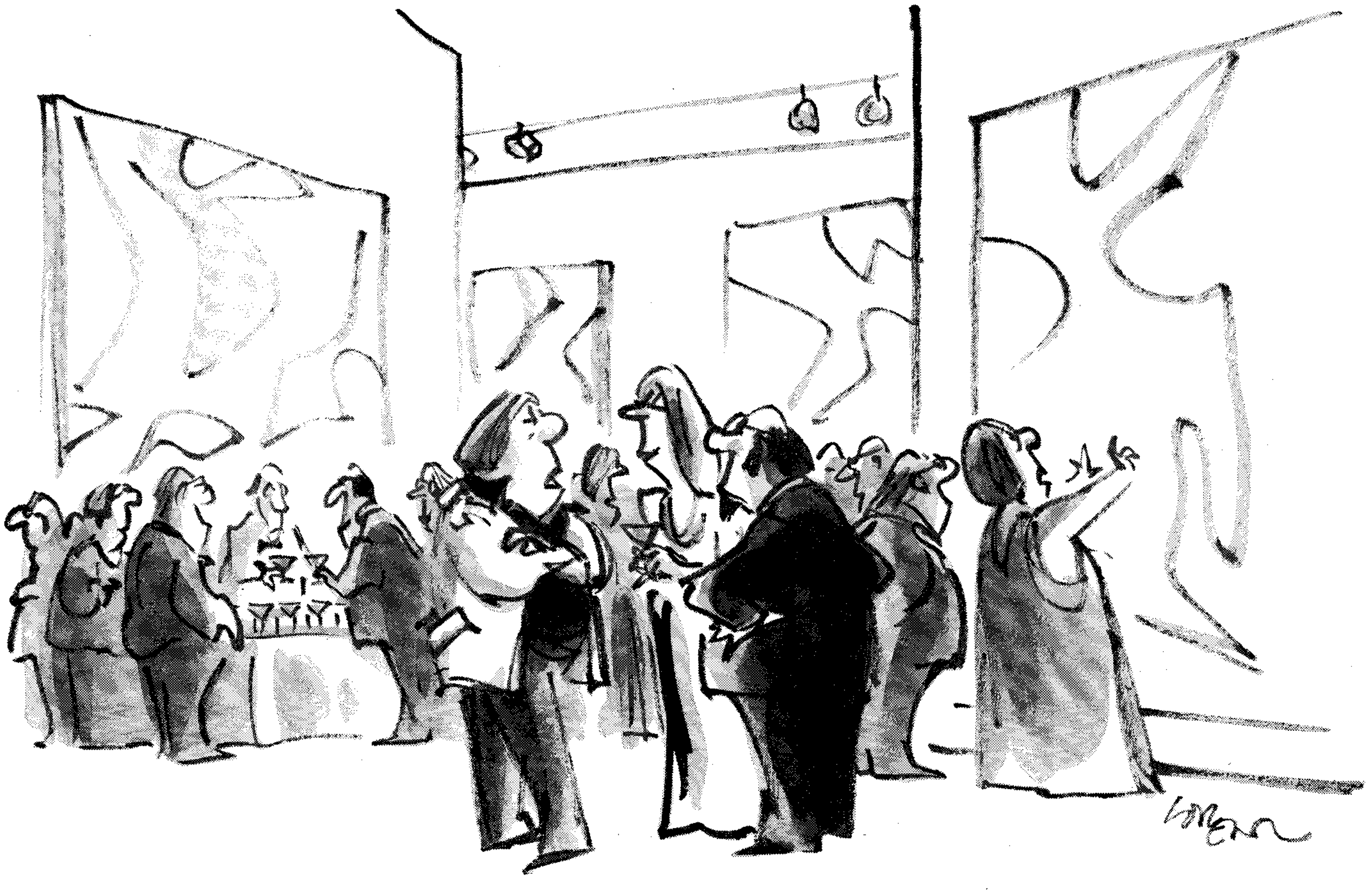
SMALL puddles of gray fluff had been appearing for years on office floors and in the vestibules of suburban homes, but no one paid attention. An occasional book reviewer or mail clerk showed up in city hospital out-patient clinics bearing the tiny double marks of "staple stab" all over their thumbs, but it never made the newspapers. It was not until the iron-gray fluff was augmented by a ubiquitous snow of magnetized white plastic pellets and entire secretarial staffs were incapacitated with digital cuts and sprained wrists suffered while wrestling with thread-reinforced strapping tape that the full scope of the horror dawned upon the public—by which time the plague was far advanced. The book envelopes and their deadly, drifting spore were everywhere.

From what dying star had they been launched into space, and upon what deserted patch of our planet had they made their unwitnessed landing? Northern New Jersey seemed the best guess. No one could remember when they had not existed, when books had been simply wrapped in brown paper and string, like everything else. At first, the envelopes had parted with their contents easily, releasing what seemed a negligible spattering of dull-colored matter as innocuous as the woolly beige stuff maple trees drop in the spring. Then their staples seemed to lengthen and to become baroquely tenacious in shape, so that only a prolonged struggle pried open the limp brown pods, with a proportionately lavish dissemination of the ominous fluff. People began to notice the book envelopes piling up in corners of their basements and garages, with no memory of having put them there. The post offices, in a move whose dire significance was grasped only in vain retrospect, began to sell the things—disarmingly named "mailers," after a civic-minded, prize-winning author of the era—over the counter, in every precinct and hamlet. The infiltration had spread to the top levels of government, and soon contaminated the entire globe.

Distracted by tension abroad and economic malaise at home, the nation did not ask itself what swelling bales were being unloaded by "banana boats" in New Orleans and Galveston and "macadamia freighters" along the vulnerable, already fad-ridden West Coast. A mutant third species of book envelope entered from Japan, lined with a plastic bubble-paper that children in their innocence loved to pop, releasing odorless vapors into the atmosphere. Paid experts pooh-poohed any correlation between bubble-paper and acid rain. Canada, long regarded by the anti-envelopement underground as a refuge, ceased to be so when André Jiffy was elected Prime Minister and ordered the border stapled shut. Within the tormented maze of the U.S. Postal Service regulations was born the rumor that strapping tape had become obligatory, rendering each envelope impervious to mechanical attack. All fourth-class mail, the lifeblood of an educated citizenry, now travelled back and forth unopenable. Drifts of fluff reached knee-high into the Rockies. The President and his joint security chiefs had themselves shipped to Bimini via U.P.S., and over the radio rustling, muffled spokesthings declared the country to be 60% recycled fibres and entirely under the rule of a tan, pre-stamped junta, in a variety of handy sizes.

Somewhere near the dotted Mason-Dixon Line, the last human voice expired, desperately crying, "Pull here!"

—JOHN UPDIKE



"The press has been lukewarm toward the paintings, but my raisin-pumpernickel got a nice writeup in the Living section."

POOL LIGHTS

THERE are things that cannot be understood—things said at school, at the supermarket, or in this case by the pool of the Santa Rosa Apartments on a hazy afternoon in midsummer. A young woman wearing pleated white shorts and a thin gauze shirt open over her bikini top introduces herself as Dolores Prince and says, "You have a pretty face." Automatically, you smile and say, "Thank you," but, looking up at her, wonder why she selected that particular word, that adjective.

She is small, already tan, delicate but not frail. Her dark hair is in a braid tight against her scalp. "I mean it," she says, dropping her canvas tote on the pea-gravel concrete apron of the pool. "It's all soft and pink." She steps out of the shorts and snaps the elastic around the leg openings of her swimsuit.

"It's the shirt." You pluck at the collar of the faded red alligator pullover, then point at the sky. "Bounces off the shirt."

"You're at the school, aren't you?" she says. "You're the swimming teacher?"

"Two years, yes. How did you know?"

"Mrs. Scree told me. She tells me everything."

Alongside the edge of the pool, ten feet away, Dolores spreads a black towel laced with salmon, peach, and gray-green flowers, then pulls things out of the tote—a tall red plastic glass and a can of Sprite, a pack of cigarettes in a leather case with a lighter pouch, a rolled copy of *Cosmopolitan*, a ribbed brown squeeze-bottle of suntan cream, a thin silver radio the size of a wallet, a pair of square-lensed sunglasses with clear frames; she arranges these items around her towel, on the perimeter of her new territory, at the ready.

"It isn't the shirt," she says after she's in position, on her back on the towel, her knees up, facing the open pagoda next to the pool. "I know enough about color to know that the shirt would turn you brown, not pink."

"Oh." The sureness in her voice is startling. "Then maybe it's the clouds?"

"Clouds are white," she says without opening her eyes.

She's probably not right about the shirt, and she's wrong about the clouds—they're undefined and sulphur yellow.

"You new at Santa Rosa?" she asks, wiping the backs of her lotion-slick hands on her belly.

"I'm in 281 over here." You gesture sideways across the courtyard in the direction of your apartment. "Two months, but I don't come out much—out here, I mean."

She pushes up on an elbow and twists to look. "That's too bad. I'm out here all the time."

"You like it."

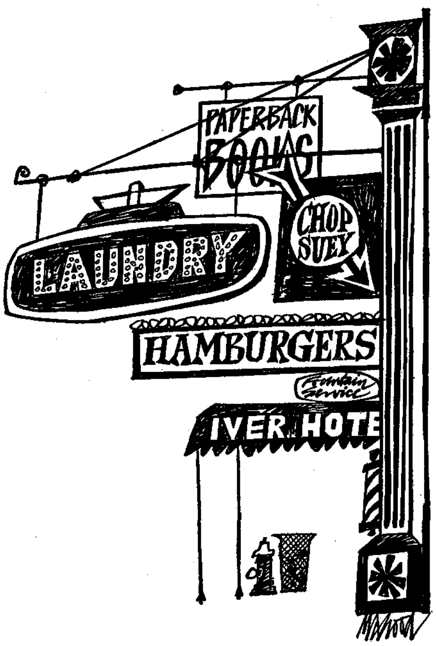
"Who doesn't?" she says. She sits up and spins around on her rump, wrapping her long dark arms around her knees. Her fingernails are pointed and chocolaty.

Your sprung metal chair rocks a little. "I imagine all these people looking out their windows at me. It makes me nervous."

"Oh, you can't think about that," Dolores says. She scans the buildings surrounding the pool. "If they look, they look—who gets hurt?" She says this with a coy smile, as if she suspects you watch poolside parties from the apartment window. She wipes more lotion on her thighs. "Some Saturday afternoons in summer the sunbathers are irresistible, I guess, especially through a narrow slit in the curtains."

"I look. Sometimes I start to watch a ballgame on TV and then end up watching people out here all afternoon. Don't you do that?"

She adjusts the thick braid at the back of her head. "Not really. I just come out."



"I like watching them talk to each other. The way they move around, gesturing, making faces—it's interesting."

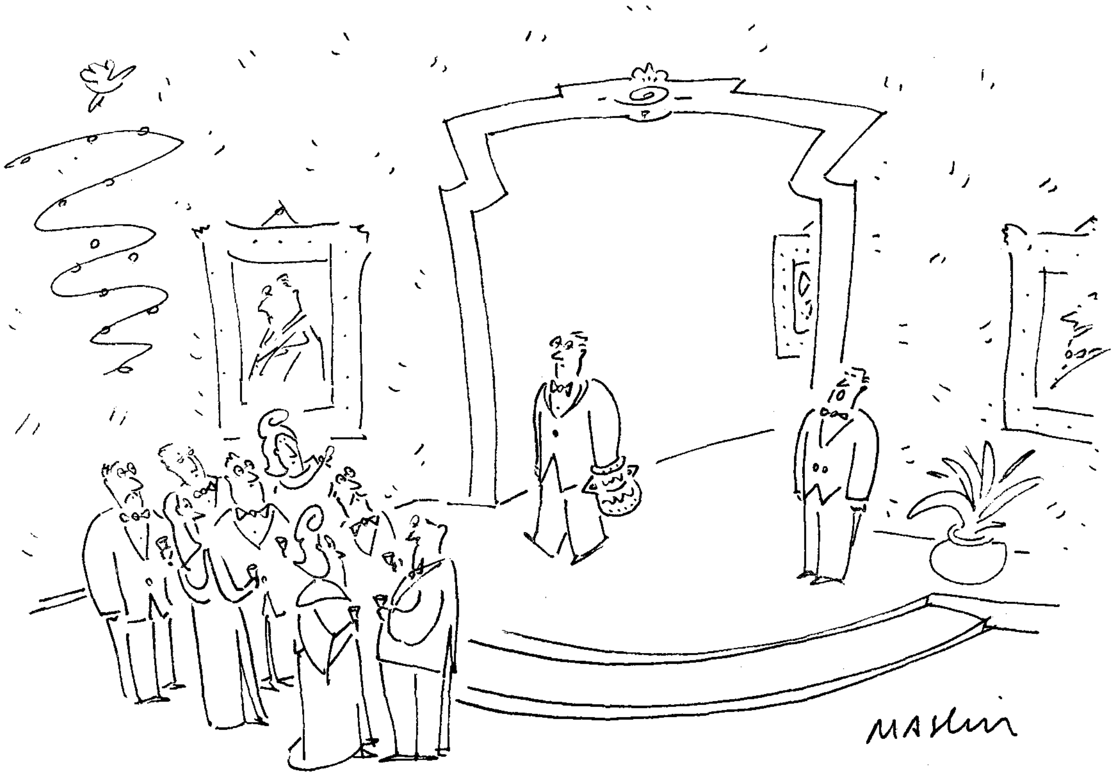
"I know what you mean. And the women aren't bad either."

"No. Some of you are quite lovely."

BECAUSE the floral brocade furniture the landlady had to offer was unacceptable, the apartment looks almost vacant—as if someone is moving out. Buying a round card table at Wilson's seemed dumb, but now that it's in place in the bedroom, it seems right. It's sturdy and large enough to hold the twelve-inch Sony, with room left to eat or work. The two pinkish-brown steel folding chairs that came with the table are uncomfortable but serviceable. The only other furniture in the bedroom is a queen-size bed pulled out into the room on the diagonal so it floats, like a great lozenge, on the harvest-gold carpet.

At midnight Friday you go into the small living-dining room and click on the overhead light. There, in neat low stacks along three walls, is the summer project: piles of *Time*, *Rolling Stone*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Money*, *Road & Track*, *Stereo Review*, *American Photographer*, *Skin Diver*, and *Vogue*. All from American Educational Services at a terrific discount. When they started piling up unread, they became a collection. After better than a year, the subscriptions got cancelled. And after two moves—one across country, one across town—the project was born: look through the collection, maybe save an article or two, a peculiar picture, a curious headline, and toss the rest. Reading every word seemed at first a possibility, but finally the idea was exhausting.

The project isn't far along. The first thing was to strip the covers off all the issues of *Time* and put them together with Acco fasteners. Then the same for the other magazines. These "books" of covers are on the floor between two natural-wood deck chairs bought at an import store. The chairs and the covers and the magazines are all that's in the living room except for a huge pencil cactus, easily six feet high, which stands just inside the sliding door to a three-by-eight-foot balcony.



“Huey Markham and his cookie jar.”

Picking up copies of *American Photographer* and the latest *Vogue* in the stack, dated January, 1981, you take these into the bedroom, put them on top of the telephone book next to the TV, then go back and water the pencil cactus, straighten the pile of *Road & Track*—looking at the contents of the topmost issue to see what cars were road-tested that month—and switch off the light on the way to the kitchen for cornflakes to take into the bedroom. The first issue of *American Photographer* has lots of small ads. The featured pictures seem to be of the edges of things—buildings, cars, furniture, streets; another portfolio, in color, is of women’s backs, taken from down low so that the backgrounds are all blue sky. Some of the pictures are attractive, but fooling with them seems like too much trouble, so you push the magazine back onto the stack and take the cereal to the kitchen, put it in the sink, and run the faucet until the bowl is full of gray water.

Undressing in the bathroom, you watch the small mirror above the lavatory, then drop the clothes in a tall plastic basket kept in the hall closet for outgoing laundry. You floss, thinking of the dentist. His assistants wear matching Cheryl Tiegs jeans and T-shirts; he pipes Willie Nelson’s “Stardust” into the cubicle; he makes jokes about the color of teeth, and he talks to the mouth when he’s working on it: “How’s Mr. Mouth doing today?” or “Would Mr. Mouth like a club sandwich?” All this and he tries not to punish. Still, you avoid him.

At one-thirty a movie called “Berlin Correspondent,” starring Dana Andrews, starts on Channel 17.

AT noon on Saturday, Dolores is already arranged flat on her stomach at the deep end of the pool, almost directly below your window.

She waves. The phone rings. Your brother in Taos wants to know what has been said to so seriously alienate your father. You tell him you love your father. He says he knows that, but what was said? You just woke up and don’t remember. He urges that the family try to understand the father. “He wants to be loved,” he says, making it sound stupid. “He wants us to think he’s wonderful.”

“He is.”

“He’s sad. I’m trying to help.”

The glistening sliver of Dolores is visible through the curtains. She’s wearing a dark Danskin. “I didn’t want to upset him. I tried to talk to him. I tried to tell him to take it easy.”

“Just be sensible about it. We’ve got to stop jumping all over him.”

This view of the situation is not as correct as he assumes it to be, but when told this, he does not back away from his assertion. You promise to think about it, and ask what is going on in Taos, to which he replies, “Nothing.” You agree to call him later, after breakfast.

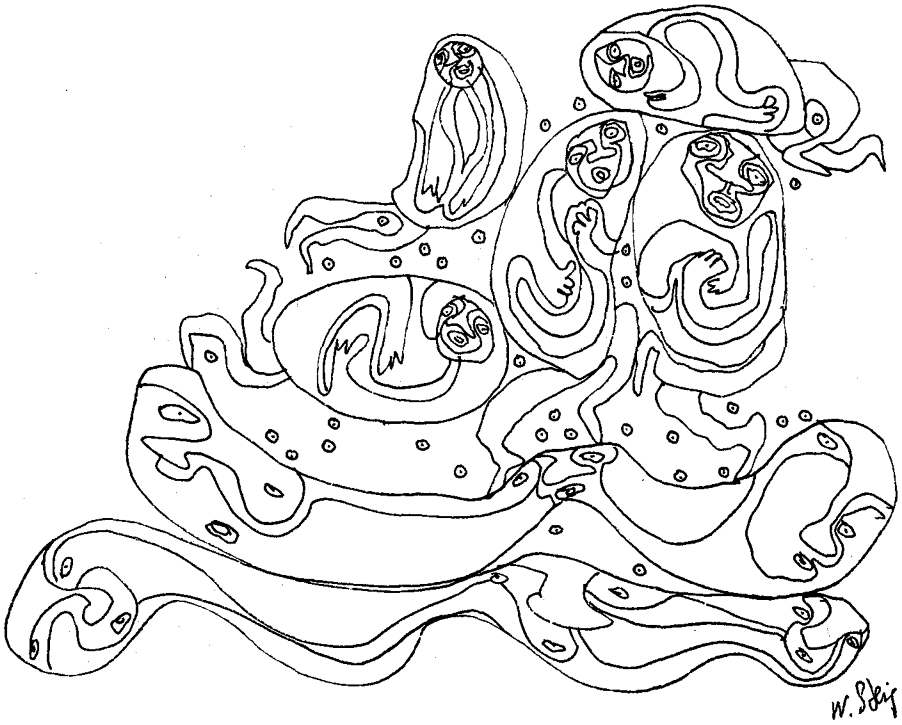
“Talk to you,” he says, and hangs up.

In the kitchen you turn on the coffee, then fill a pan with water to poach eggs, and put the pan on the stove.

Later, when the eggs are ready, shaking gently on crisp muffin halves, you carry plate, flatware, coffee, and napkin back into the bedroom. Getting the one-bedroom apartment overlooking the pool was lucky—so Mrs. Scree said when she agreed to show the less expensive one-bedroom, which overlooked the Santa Rosa parking lot and the laundromat. “The drain backs up sometimes,” she said. “I gotta tell you so when it happens you won’t go yelling at me.” It is hard to imagine—yelling at Mrs. Scree: after twenty-four years, by her account, managing apartments, she knows how to handle dissatisfied tenants.

By one o’clock Dolores has been joined by several other tenants: a balloonish young husband and his skinny wife, a single girl named Beverly, who works at Sears, a plump woman in an emerald terry-cloth slit-to-the-thigh bandeau-top sundress, an older man named Wilkins, whose chest is covered with bright silver hair, and on the fringe of the group, standing near the corner of the pool in conversation with a young couple who are obviously apartment hunting, Mrs. Scree, dressed in her usual dark-blue slacks and sleeveless flowered blouse.

You stand at the window for a few minutes, watching the party. When Mrs. Scree finishes with the apartment



Misery of Life

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hunters, she pulls a long aluminum pole from behind the redwood pagoda and starts to scoop multicolored miniature plastic bowling pins out of the pool. She is not very good at this, and after she makes several passes at a bright-red pin painted with an Air Force insignia, Wilkins pushes himself out of his lawn chair and, with a flourish, wrests the pole from her. The others are immediately drawn into the action, giving directions, cracking jokes, pointing and laughing as Wilkins tries to capture the bowling pin. He walks to the long side of the pool and eases the pole into the water so its small net dips just under the pin. When he tries to lift the pole, the bowling pin topples off the frame of the net and slides away on the surface of the clear water. Everybody laughs. Even Mrs. Scree, who ordinarily laughs only at her own jokes, punches her tenant playfully on the arm, points at the floating pin, and laughs heartily. Dolores, who sat up when Wilkins took the pole, turns away from the pool, shades her eyes with her hand, and with the forefinger of her other hand beckons you downstairs.

You jerk the two edges of the curtains together, lapping one over the other, certain that she couldn't actually see, that she was just guessing. Getting back into bed, head wrapped in a towel because of wet hair from the shower, you pull the sheet up, lie there, and leaf through the magazines.

LATER Dolores catches you by the mailboxes, says she wants to go for a drive, and hustles off to her apartment to change. The afternoon is hot.

"You hid earlier," she says, getting into the car. "I'm ashamed of you."

"I almost came out when Mr. Wilkins was going for the pin."

"I signalled you."

"It was hard to resist."

The interstate takes you fifty miles to a small coast town, Conklin, population 8,528. It's almost five o'clock.

"Let's buy something," Dolores says. "There's a market. Let's get shrimp to take back."

"What's special about shrimp?"

"Nothing." She's got a wraparound skirt over her thin plum suit and she looks sexy.

The butcher is busy with a customer who looks as if she never had anything but shrimp in her life—crisp clothes and crisper hair. The butcher holds a half-dozen lamb chops up on a piece of white paper for her, and at the same time nods at Dolores to indicate that she's next. Dolores squats in front of his case to get a closer look at the shrimp, which are half buried in ice. The woman wants to inspect the chops; she tells the butcher to put them on top of the counter for a minute. The clock says it's five of five. The butcher drops the paper onto the case and the chops teeter for a second, then tip over the edge and slip one by one down the sloped front, piling up at the lower edge of the glass.

The woman isn't upset. She bends over and sticks her face very close to the meat. Abruptly she straightens and says to the butcher, who is standing behind the case with his hands on his hips, staring at the ceiling fan, "I don't know, Carl. What do you think? They don't smell too good."

"Lady," the butcher says, moving toward the end of the case and wiping his hands on his apron. "They ain't supposed to be gardenias."

The woman turns. "Sir?" she says. "Would you help me with these chops? Would you take a look?"

"I will," Dolores says, popping up from her crouch in front of the shrimp. She takes a close look at the lamb chops, picks up one and squeezes it, then pokes it against her nose. The butcher comes out in front, pulls the paper off the top of the case, and stacks the other chops on his hand again.

"What do you think?" the woman says.

"Yeah," the butcher says. "What do you think?"

"I think they're fine," Dolores says, placing her chop on top of the others. Then she whispers, "Let's get out. It's dog food."

After a wrong turn trying to get back to the interstate, you end up on the old highway, a two-lane job, but it's got signs pointing toward home and Dolores says she wants to stick with it. An hour later the terrain begins to look familiar.

"See. That wasn't so bad."

She's right. With twilight the temperature goes down fast, and the old highway is more interesting to drive, because of the towns, roadside signs, and animals.

"Better than trees," she says.

At the crossroad that goes back to town she sees a motel, one of those old places with two-room brick bungalows back off the road in a cluster of pines. Its neon sign says "Golden Gables Motor Lodge" in purple, "Vacancy" in pink, and "Bass Pond" in lime green.

Dolores points at the sign. "You game?" she says. "I've never been in one of these. Let's try it."

"I don't think so." But you brake

and pull over next to the entrance anyway, in case Dolores is dead set on seeing the inside.

She is. The office is an Airstream trailer jacked up on cement blocks. The registration desk is a freestanding panelled bar with a thick black pillow of padding around the edge. A man shorter than a ten-year-old boy pushes through a beaded curtain and walks across the small room as if he had a spring on his right foot.

"Can we see a room?" Dolores says.

Only his shoulders and head stick up over the bar. He looks at Dolores, then pokes a knobby forefinger into the collar of his starched white shirt. He tilts his head when he talks. "You staying long? A night? A week?" His voice is high, nasal.

"We don't know," Dolores says, grinning. "First we want to look at the room."

"How come you don't try in town? They got everything in town. Television, food, Magic Fingers—the works." He crawls up onto a barstool with a swivel seat.

"No bass pond."

"Right," Dolores says. "No bass pond—where is it, anyway?"

"You drove over it coming in. Sucker dried up on us last summer."

"How much per night?" Dolores asks.

"You going to use the kitchen?"

"Not tonight."

At this the little man catapults himself off the swivel stool and limps to the front of the trailer, where he steps up on a wooden box draped with a yellow rubber car mat. He looks out the small round window. "This your car?" he says. "Registered in the county?"

"We live in town," Dolores says. "We just want to see what the rooms are like."

He hops off the box and looks hard at Dolores. Sweat as thick as Vaseline is collecting on his neck just above the tight collar. "You bring your tiger-skin drawers?"

"Let's go, Dolores. I don't think the man wants to rent a room."

"Oh, I want to rent one, all right." He's cleaning the fingernails on one hand with the thumbnail of the other. "Sure I do. I want to rent twenty. Just don't much want to show one, see what I mean?"

ON Sunday at half past ten in the morning, going down to pick up the paper—which the deliverywoman has gotten in the habit of placing, unrolled, on the third step up from the bottom of the stairs—just out of bed, wearing jeans and a terrycloth bathrobe, hair sticking out in all directions, you meet Dolores. She's coming around the corner of the building carrying a beige plastic garbage bag full of sharp-edged objects—boxes, it looks like—that give the bag a set of curiously geometric surfaces.

"That was fun last night," she says. "That guy was really short, wasn't he?"

The morning light in the apartment courtyard is strangely cheerful. The palms around the pagoda shift a little with the wind.

"Sure was." The newspaper slips down two steps.

She laughs and props her bag against the side of the stairs. "Housekeeping," she says, pointing to the bag. "Maybe we can get together later?"

"Sure."

Mrs. Scree follows her dog out of her apartment and, seeing tenants in conversation, rumbles across the courtyard. "Dolores, I forgot to tell you yesterday that they're coming to do your carpet tomorrow."

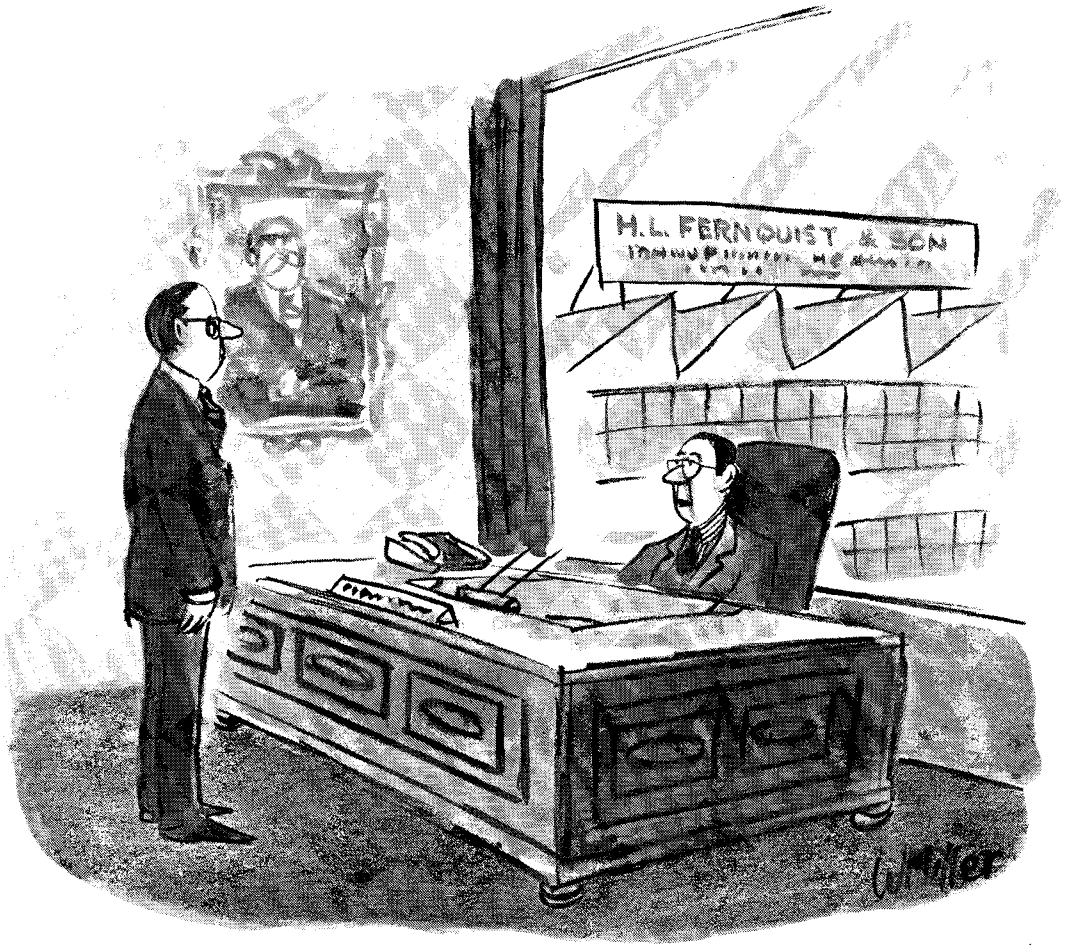
"Finally. That's great."

"And what's he dressed up for? That your samurai outfit?" She laughs.

"We're discussing cocktails by the pool this evening," Dolores says, smiling lavishly.

"A new romance right here in the complex," Mrs. Scree says. She acts as if she knew it all along. "Well, I'll keep Raymond inside if that'll help—he's such an old gossip." Raymond is her husband.

Then Wilkins backs out of his apartment in tennis shorts and flip-flops. He's got a thick purple towel bunched around his neck, and his sunglasses are balanced on top of his head. In one hand he has a tall glass of



"I think you're doing a topnotch job, Grogan. Unfortunately, Daddy doesn't."

THREE POEMS

WATCHING JUNE

From the lounge chair
I watch the caterpillars
swarm at the oak trunk
and creep on the path
beside the garage.
"What will they kill
this summer?" I ask myself
and nod. Such is June.
The fuchsia has flowered
the color of venous blood,
with four pinkish petals below:
these undercut the other hue,
which is lurid, almost harsh,
and seems too much,
too bright
for a garden thing—
like the day lilies I saw
beside the road this morning,
also . . . just *overly* rich,
unreally so, and somehow
store-bought in their effect.
Because I like a grayer world,
I choose to look
at the flowering hosta,
its mallow shade
and buff-purfled leaves;
but I am forced
to come back to
the fuchsia—those flowers
(they *are* foremost here)
that dangle from the white pot
and are reflected
in its glossy plastic.
Later—in days or weeks—
they will die,
their color, too,
but the caterpillars,
from dun-threaded tree crotch
to singular cocoon,
will go on for seasons,
then finally uncache:
changed yet ugly.

AFTER CLEANING OUT THE ROOF GUTTERS

Was it one week ago
I cleaned out the gutters,
freeing the metal troughs
of a season's debris?
I scaled a ladder to reach
the packed, rain-soggy mass
of twigs and catkins
loosened by the spring wind
from surrounding oak trees.
I stuck my hands in,
swishing through the muck
below; I unstuffed
the whole rim of the house
and stained my hands.
I went in to wash up.
Soap and water failed,
the bar of Lava unwrapped
especially for this—scrubbed
even with a nail brush—
did not clean my hands;
but the daily friction
of surfaces rubbed the palms
dirt-free, leaving just
these last printed whirls:
calluses, small cuts
I hadn't noticed before,
bit cuticles—all etched
in effort or error—
now showed themselves
in fine black lines
that wear away slowly.

BEHIND THE HOUSE

In the back yard, the garden
crowded with ajuga—planted
as ground cover merely
but flowers just the same,
as if to be more than itself—
and arborvitae, azaleas,
rhododendrons in bloom.
I sit on the cedar bench,
and my mother points out
the kinds of growing,
their names and habits,
how they came to be here
and why. We remember
there used to be fruit:
tomatoes, strawberries,
sour cherries; then less,
until the soil was marled
for these flowers and shrubs.
To myself, I think how
fifteen years ago I planted
rows of Burpee radish seeds
close to the house, but that plot
beneath the study window
now grows forsythias—and has
for years. Some minutes more
we sit, posed between words,
loosen what has become,
and get up to go in,
our bodies shivering
in the first darkness.

—David Pollens

• •

tomato juice and in the other a portable radio.

"There you are," Mrs. Scree shouts. "With weather like this I expected you out at dawn. Now, where's that dog got to? Here Spinner, here boy." She crouches down to look across the court for her dog.

Wilkins waves his tomato juice and then points at one of the squat palms around the pagoda. "I think he's in there," Wilkins says. "I see his tail."

"So do you want breakfast or not?" Dolores says.

"Don't go too far, honey," Mrs. Scree says without turning around. She falls forward on her hands and knees, trying to look under the sagging fronds of the palms; she's wearing something like boxer shorts under her black knit slacks. "Making breakfast is serious."

"I had breakfast already, thanks."

Mrs. Scree is crawling about on the grass at the foot of the stairs, occasionally dropping her head to the ground to check another opening in the foliage. Wilkins drags a recently painted steel lounger out into the morning sun, aligning it for balanced distribution of the tanning rays.

"Just let me get set up here, Peggy," he says, "then I'll go in there after him."

"Don't be silly, Fred," Mrs. Scree says. She pushes herself upright on her knees and, with some effort, gets to her feet. "He'll be out of there the instant I go back inside."

An older woman who lives in the apartment directly beneath yours comes out dressed as if for church.

"Good morning, Mrs. Talbot," Mrs. Scree says, brushing at the whitish stains on her pants. "How's the knee these days?"

"Much better, thank you," Mrs. Talbot says. "The hot-water bottle you gave me helps a good deal."

"Your neighbor here been behaving himself?" Mrs. Scree says.

The older woman nods and says, "I'm Irene Talbot." She switches her purse and gloves around, then extends her hand. "I'm very pleased to finally meet you; after all the times we've said hello, I feel as if I already know you." She turns to the landlady. "He's quiet as a mouse, although with my hearing I'm not sure I'd know if he wasn't. Anyway, it's very reassuring to know

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that there's a man nearby, in case something should happen."

"And a man with such a fine face," Dolores says.

"Now that you mention it," Mrs. Talbot says, eyeing Dolores. "The face and skull *are* very good." She smiles faintly and toys with her gloves.

"A new romance," Mrs. Scree says, winking broadly, making her face a parody of collusion.

"Morning, Mrs. Talbot," Wilkins shouts from his place by the pool. "You look mighty handsome today."

"Thank you," Mrs. Talbot says. Then, when Wilkins turns away, she grins at Mrs. Scree.

Backing up the stairs, you say, "I think I'll go on up and read this," then flap the newspaper a couple of times at no one in particular. "A pleasure meeting you, Mrs. Talbot."

Mrs. Talbot nods, gives a short wave of her gloves to Mrs. Scree and Dolores, and walks off toward the parking lot.

"Well, I'll leave you two alone," Mrs. Scree says. "Raymond's going to need breakfast soon and I just wanted to get Spinner done." She calls the dog again, and Spinner, so named because he likes to chase his tail, pops his head out from under the edge of the pagoda. "There he is," Mrs. Scree shouts. "Come here, Spinner. Right now."

The dog wipes his nose on his paws, but does not budge from the spot under the building.

"Don't forget tonight," Dolores says. She hoists the milky plastic bag onto her shoulder. "He's so pretty," she says to the landlady. "It's embarrassing."

"What's tonight?" Mr. Wilkins says, propping his chin on the carefully folded towel at the end of the lounger.

"Never you mind, Fred," Mrs. Scree says. "You weren't invited. This is a private affair."

Wilkins frowns, and Dolores says, "Oh, sure you are, Mr. Wilkins. We're having cocktails by the pool at six."

"Cocktails?" he says, blinking furiously.

Mrs. Scree pads across the concrete and playfully pushes his face back into the towel. "Fred doesn't need any cocktails today," she says. She reaches behind her, under the tail of her blouse, to scratch her back.

"We could even have a barbecue," Dolores says, following Mrs. Scree. "If we had anything to barbecue."

"I'm going to barbecue that dog if he doesn't come over here right now," Mrs. Scree says. "And tell your young man not to come dressed that way—he looks like Karl Wallenda."

Inside, you drop the newspaper on the kitchen cabinet, go into the bedroom, take off the jeans and the bathrobe, and get back into bed.

THE telephone wakes you.

"Look," your brother says, "I want to clarify something. I'm not accusing you of being stupid and insensitive about Father, I'm just reporting what it was like there last week. How he sees things. It seems to me at his age we've got to think about that—I mean, how *he* sees things. You know what I'm saying?"

"Yes." Your arm is numb and tingling.

"I'm not saying you're not right. He can be a butt sometimes."

"Uh-huh."

"But that's not even the point. The point is, you have a tendency to jump on him whether he's being a butt or not. I mean, if he wants to play Lord High Executioner, where's the harm?"

"I don't want to humor him." With

all the curtains closed, it's dark in the apartment. "Listen, what time is it?"

"Three," he says. "About." He shouts to his wife for the time, then says, "Three-thirty. I didn't mean humor him. It's just that he isn't always wrong."

"Sure."

"Talk to you," he says.

You toss the receiver at its cradle, miss, shove it into place, reach across the table to switch on the television, and then, when the picture appears, twist quickly through the channels until there's a movie. When the sound is fixed so the actors can just barely be heard, you hunch forward in the metal folding chair, naked, elbows on knees, flexing the left hand and watching. At the commercial you make toast and pour orange juice into a large glass of ice, then go back to the bedroom. There are shouts from the courtyard. Dolores and the others from yesterday, along with a few more tenants, are gathered in a loose group at one end of the pool. You shut the curtains, sit down at the card table, and eat breakfast.

By five, most of the tenants have returned to their apartments. Mr. Wilkins and Mrs. Scree are the last ones by the pool. They sit at a round green table under the pagoda, sipping drinks from mismatched glasses. You straighten the bedroom, then bathe and shave; at five-thirty the courtyard is empty. In fresh Levi's, a checked shirt, and a black corduroy jacket, you pour a small glass of milk and watch the end of the local news.

At six the court is still empty. The lights in the pagoda have come on early, as have the yellow lights at the front doors of many apartments facing the pool. The sun is almost gone except for a reddish glow reflected from low clouds, which are gray in the eastern sky and shiny scarlet in the west.

Dolores hasn't come out. Mike Wallace interviews a California man who stuffs pet animals for their owners. Harry Reasoner reports on the Florida drug trade. It's not clear whether Dolores intends to come out or was just playing. To be sure, and because talking to Dolores outside in the courtyard might be pleasant, you turn off the television and go down to the pagoda. All the chairs and tables are painted the color of the lighted water in the pool. For the hundredth time, water seems beautiful. The palms around three sides of the pagoda make it feel secluded, even though it isn't really. The apartment windows where there are lights have drawn curtains; the dark windows could hide people. Still, it's comfortable outside, and if Dolores doesn't show, it's not a total loss.

Two young girls go by carrying two plastic baskets of clothes. The overweight young husband and his skinny wife come in from the parking lot—from an early dinner perhaps—and say hello before entering their apartment, switching on the lights, and hastily shutting the curtains. Someone passes between the pagoda and the pool and says, "Aren't summer nights incredible and amazing?" A large tree roach runs along a floorboard. In the distance several dogs howl. Mr. Wilkins, whose front door is almost on a center line with the pool, opens his door and stands on the threshold. There's enough light to see him, even though his porch lamp isn't on. He's wearing shorts and a square-tailed shirt.

"Hey," he says, shading his eyes with a hand. "That you? How's it going out here?"

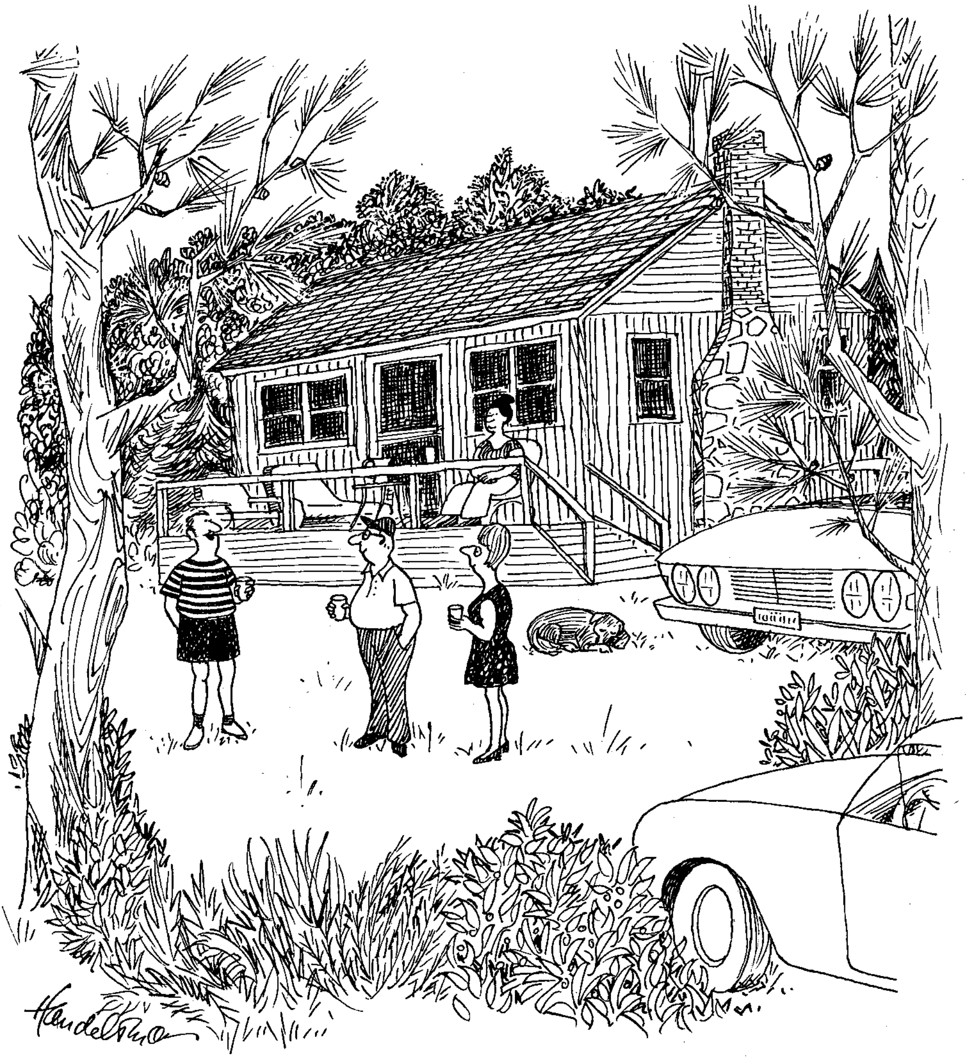
"Fine, I guess."

"How's that?" he says, moving the hand from over his eyes to cup his ear. "Where's the party?"

"It's a slow starter."

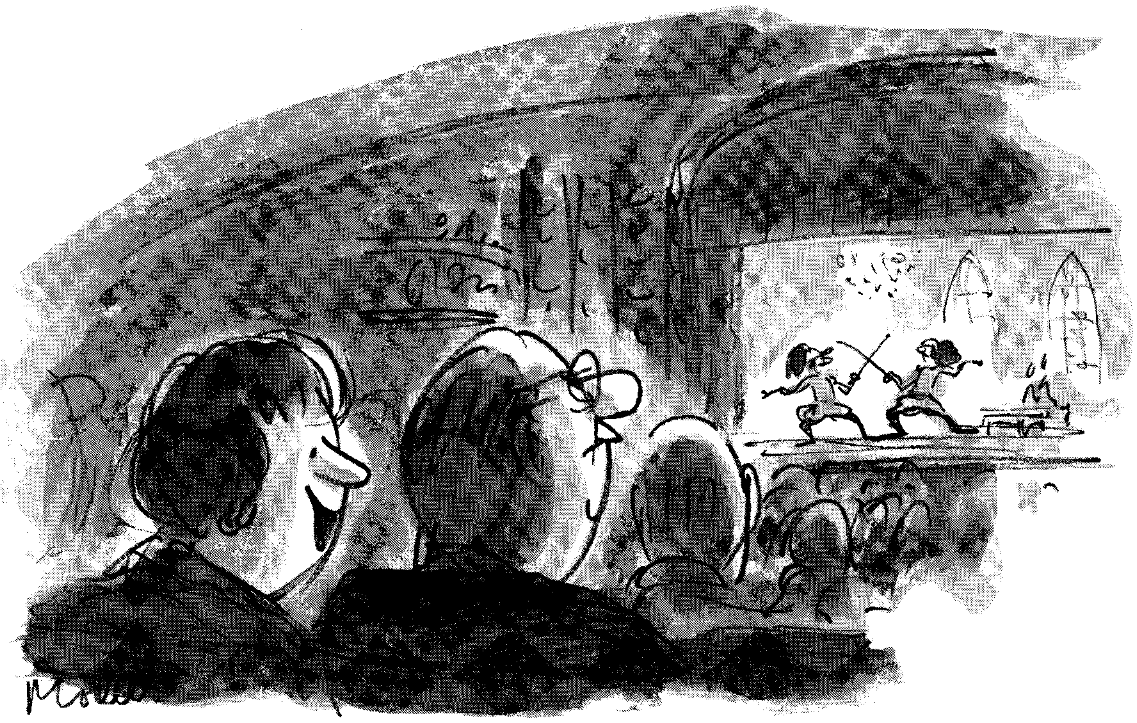
"Well," he says, waving. "Sometimes that happens." He goes back into his apartment. His porch light snaps on.

Upstairs, you toss the coat on one of the deck chairs in the living room, then take a Coke out of the refrigerator, go into the bedroom, and drink the Coke, thumbing through an



"The great thing about this place is that it's far enough from Lenox so that we don't have to go to Tanglewood if we don't want to."

issue of *Stereo Review* devoted to mini-components.



"*This should be right up your alley.*"

AT nine you pull the slim telephone book out from under the stack of magazines and look up Dolores Prince, writing her number on the inside back cover of the book. There is a knock at the door.

Two kids, a boy and a girl, neither older than ten or twelve, are on the landing. Below, on the sidewalk, a man is silhouetted against the pool.

"We're working for Jesus," the kids say in imperfect unison. The boy wears a blue suit and the girl a lilac dress, black pumps, and taut white socks.

"Aren't we all."

"We have Jesus in our hearts," they say. "We have subscriptions to *Spirituality*, *Aspire*, and *The Beacon*, and we're trying to win a trip."

"Thank you, but no." You hold up your hand like a crosswalk guard in after-school traffic.

They continue, though the young girl, as she speaks, turns and looks toward the foot of the stairs. "Wouldn't you like to have His message come into your home each month? Only twenty-six dollars for twelve issues." Then the girl adds, "Please? Two more and our whole family gets a chance for a trip to Six Flags."

"Yeah," the boy says. "Dad has a chance at a boat, too."

Apart from their clothes, the children are quite ordinary-looking, like kids at the school, or at the shopping center, or on bicycles going down Park Street in the afternoon.

"No, thank you." The man below moves forward slightly to consult a piece of white letter-size paper in his hand, and you call to him, "No, thank you."

The kids turn uncertainly and look down into the dark courtyard. The boy grabs the frame around the door as if he's lost his balance.

"O.K.," says the man downstairs.

The children turn around, obviously disappointed, and say, "Thank you, sir. May the Lord Jesus come into your heart." Then the girl goes down the steps, her heels clacking on the metal, and the boy, much more cautiously, follows her, his hand a tight fist around the railing.

When the door is closed and the kids and the man have stopped talking outside, and the kids are knocking on Mrs. Talbot's door, the telephone rings.

"Hi," Dolores says. "I tried to call earlier, but you're unlisted. I have to apologize about tonight."

"How'd you get the number?"

"Mrs. Scree. Listen, I got into something I couldn't get out of—you know how it is. Sundays are bad for me."

"We'll do it another day."

"Sure," she says. "I'm out there all the time. Just come on out whenever you're ready."

"Whenever I'm ready I'll just come on out." The telephone book is still creased flat on the table in front of the television.

"Did the kids get to you?" she asks. "They must've thought I was Mary Magdalene, the way I was dressed when I opened the door. But look, are you busy? Why not come for a nightcap?"

The TV is making a curious high whine, even though the sound is off. Outside there are people talking, and there is the sound of a chair being pulled across the pebbly concrete, then Mrs. Scree's loud, sudden laugh, like the bark of a monkey. "I don't think so. Not tonight."

There's another pause, and then Dolores says, "Well, suit yourself. If you want me you know where to find me."

"You're in the book."

"Right."

She hangs up. You hold the telephone to your ear until the dial tone returns, then replace the receiver. Some people are running back and forth across the television screen. The voices are coming up from poolside. After a few minutes you go into the living room, put on the black coat, take a Löwenbräu out of the refrigerator, and go outside. You sit sideways on the diving board and talk to Mrs. Scree and her husband, Raymond, and another tenant—the plump woman from Saturday. The subscription kids go out the front gate. Mrs. Scree wags her arms like an explorer in a jungle and introduces you as the king of the crawl.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME

•

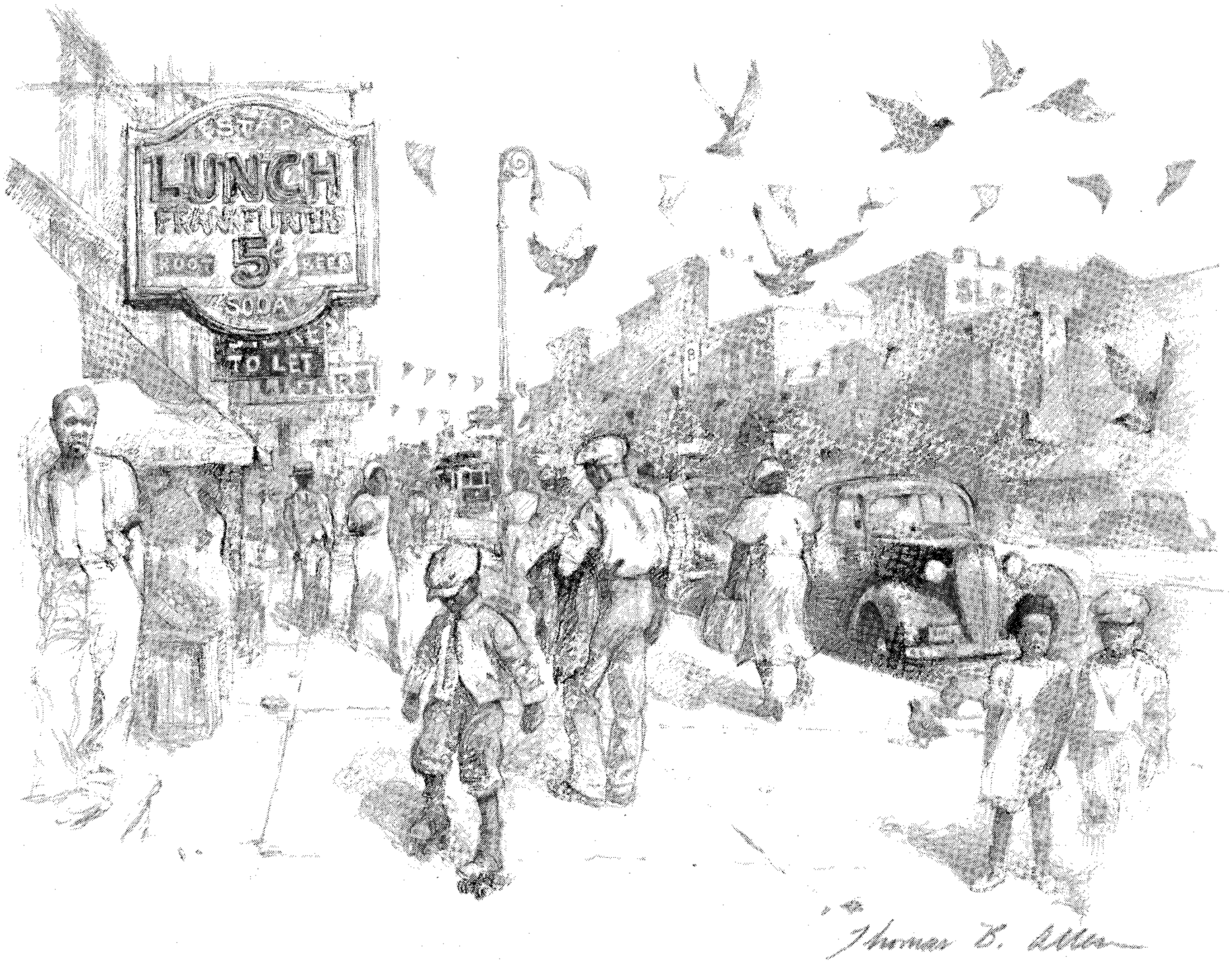
WANTED small chicken coupe.—*Adv. in the Colorado Springs Sun.*

Clean.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

HARLEM

IV–HARD TIMES AND BEYOND



WHEN Wall Street fell, on the last Tuesday of October, 1929, there was far less alarm in Harlem than in the more prosperous neighborhoods of the city. Harlem did not abound in holders of stocks, bonds, and other securities. There was no distance in American life greater than the few miles from the center of wealth and possibility downtown to the black district in uptown Manhattan—which people were already calling a ghetto, and where the majority of the residents were poor. So to most Harlemites what the newspapers were calling Black Tuesday looked to be very much a white occasion. The looks were deceiving, to be sure—as Harlemites were to realize when the aftermath of Black Tuesday began to be felt—for Harlem was to be more badly hit by the Depression than any other section of New York City.

The effects of the Depression in Harlem were not immediately evident, however—at least not in all areas of life in the community. Here and there, the high spirits of the twenties still prevailed, as though certain circles remained oblivious of the curtailments of style and consumption the Depression demanded. Many of the night spots and the theatres were as crowded as they had been during the twenties. There were more Saturday-night rent parties than ever—though that was surely because they were more necessary than ever. People still danced all night in the great ballrooms on Seventh and Lenox Avenues. According to Cab Calloway, whose band opened at the Savoy Ballroom a month after the Wall Street crash, jazz was "swinging" then; night clubs, speakeasies, and jazz joints "were packed every night." In February of 1931, a reporter from a downtown newspaper drew this picture of late-night Harlem: "Lighthearted throngs . . . shouting flip greetings at friend and stranger with equal abandon . . . the clink of glass and bottle. The agonizing wail of muted trumpet and sax. The throaty shout of 'hot' blues singers. Music! Lights! Night clubs!" Attending an affair at the Rockland Palace Ballroom in May of 1934, one guest—well aware of how hard the times actually were—was stunned by the "abundance" of food and drink, the "gorgeous" evening gowns, the "prosperity" of the atmosphere. In May of 1932, the Renaissance cinema was the scene of a "glittering" occasion—the première of a film starring Bill (Bojangles) Robinson. It was called "Harlem Is Heaven." And in March of 1933 a writer for the weekly *Age* observed that while theatres in certain areas of

Manhattan had "closed like windows," those in Harlem "managed to struggle along and keep their doors open." This showed, he said, that "Harlemites will not allow hard times to make hermits of them."

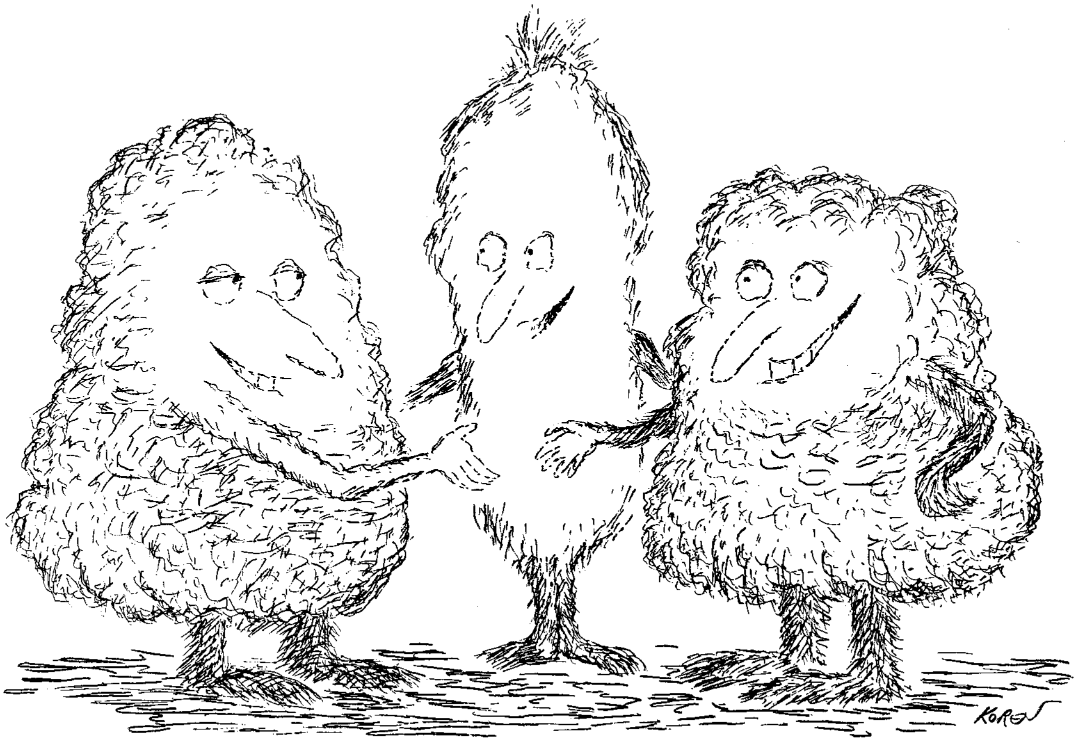
Until 1934, when there was a change of management, the Lafayette Theatre, on Seventh Avenue at 132nd Street, had been Harlem's most popular musical stage. Called the cradle of stars, it also presented such established ones as Bessie Smith, Mamie Smith, the Mills Brothers, Maxine Sullivan, Ethel Waters, Lil Hardin, Jackie (Moms) Mabley, Stepin Fetchit, Bill Robinson, Huddie (Leadbelly) Ledbetter, Duke Ellington, Bennie Moten, Jimmie Lunceford, Fletcher Henderson, Claude Hopkins, and Earl Hines. Nancy Cunard, the mutinous daughter of an upper-class English family, who became enamored of Harlem life during the thirties, described the Lafayette as "a sympathetic old hall." Perhaps she was thinking mainly of the faded elegance of the place, with its air of a small Edwardian music hall. A sympathetic spirit did not always prevail among the patrons of the Lafayette—certainly not when they were required to judge the quality of amateur performances. Miss Cunard herself noticed that the audiences could be "merciless" to new and untried talent of a sort that "would have passed with honor anywhere out of America."

The Lafayette's manager in those days was Frank Schiffman, one of the major impresarios in the history of popular entertainment in Harlem. Born on Manhattan's lower East Side and educated at the City College of New York (where he was a classmate of Edward G. Robinson), Schiffman spent all but the first few years of his career at the managerial end of Harlem show business. He ran the Lafayette in partnership with Leo Brecher, an Austrian-born entrepreneur, who owned other theatres in Harlem and in the Broadway area as well. One of the four notable periods in the history of the Lafayette ended in 1934, when Schiffman and Brecher disposed of it and acquired another theatre, on 125th Street.

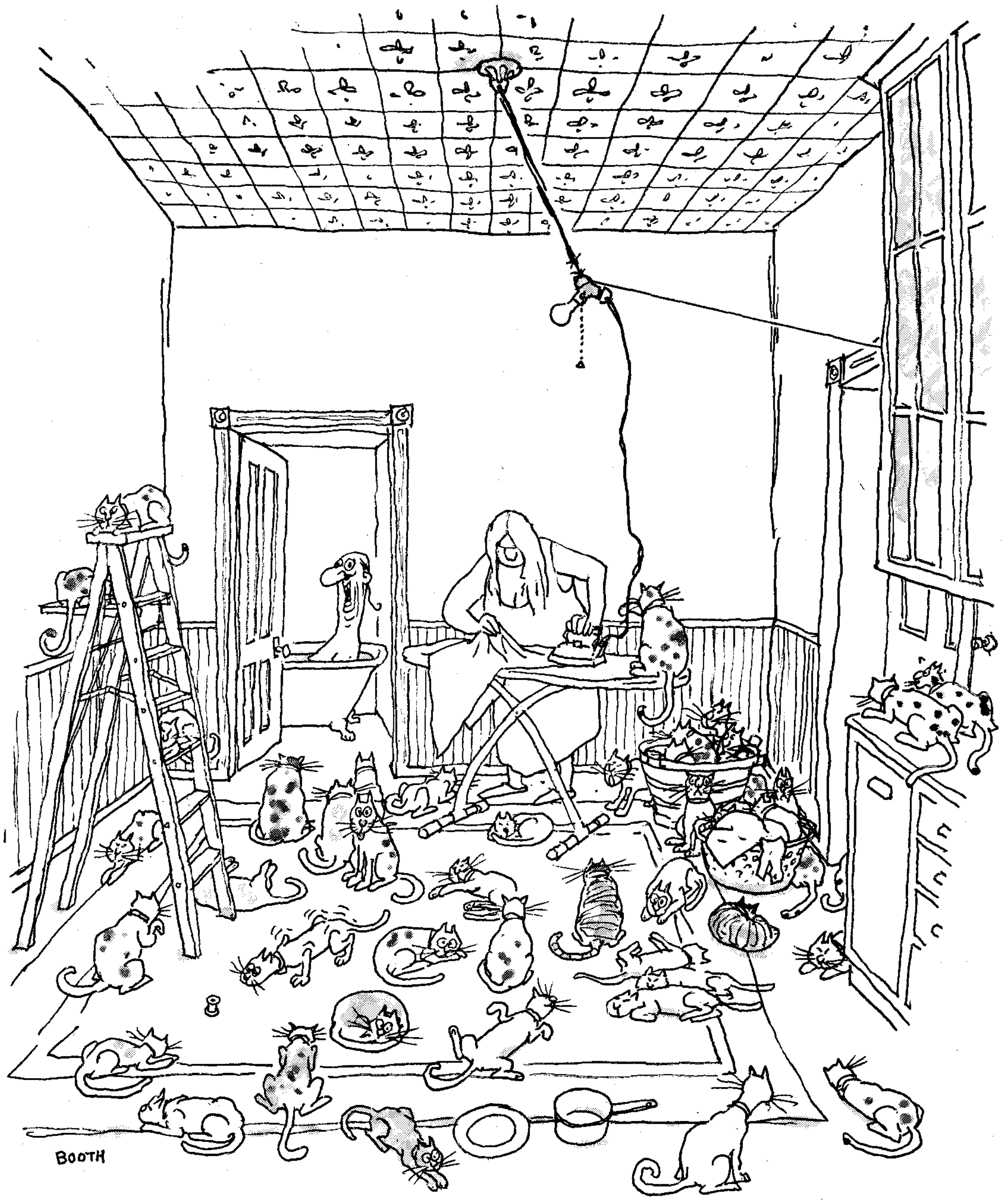
The racial character of 125th Street had changed almost completely by then. It was no longer the all-white thoroughfare it had been in the earlier decades of the century. The black population, which had been spreading steadily from the environs of 135th Street, had reached the neighborhood of 125th Street, and was soon to cover most of Harlem, down to 110th Street, the southern border of the district. Increasing numbers of blacks were now shopping in the department stores of the area (though they were still fighting to be hired as salesclerks) and showing up at its many places of amusement. The three major theatres on 125th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues were Loew's Victoria, the Harlem Opera House, and Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall. It was the last of these that Schiffman and Brecher acquired when they relinquished control of the Lafayette. They renamed it the Apollo, and under their management it became one of the most popular and important theatres in the history of black American entertainment.

When Schiffman and Brecher took it over, in January of 1934, they promised, in a newspaper advertisement, that the Apollo would "mark a revolutionary step in the presentation of stage shows," that its extravaganzas would be "lavish and colorful," that it would be the "finest theatre in Harlem" and "a resort for the better people." As events were to show, one half of that promise militated against the other half. The Apollo did take its revolutionary step in the presentation of stage shows and extravaganzas, but in doing so, quite successfully, it became a resort not for "the better people" but chiefly for the masses—and since those two classes were deeply at odds in matters of cultural style and taste, it remained a matter of dispute whether the Apollo had indeed become the finest theatre in Harlem. But these differences of cultural opinion did not appear immediately. For instance, the Apollo's first presentation under the Schiffman-Brecher regime—featuring "gorgeous steppers" and "jazz à la carte," with Ralph Cooper, Aida Ward, and Benny Carter's orchestra—does not seem to have displeased either of Harlem's major social factions. If the masses complained, reports of the event contain no evidence of it. And, on the other side, the reviewer for the *Age*—which shared the standards of "the better people"—applauded at least two aspects of the program: one was "the entire absence of sensuous dancing, salacious jokes, and hokum," and the other was "the decent attiring of the chorus or, I should say, the ladies of the ensemble." There were very few evenings in the future, however, when the representative of the *Age* found himself pleased with what he saw and heard at the Apollo.

In the thirties and early forties—to



*"You two should have met a long time ago—
Light n' Lively, this is Crisp n' Crunchy."*



“I feel in an upbeat mood.”

• •

speak only of those periods—the Apollo presented almost every notable black singer, dancer, and comedian in America, and virtually all the major jazz bands, black and white. Harlem recognized almost no popular entertainer until he or she had appeared and excelled at the Apollo. The audiences were not only demanding and discriminating judges of black performance; they could also be more merciless—to professionals and amateurs alike—than the ones at the Lafayette had been. On occasion, even as celebrated an orchestra as Louis Armstrong’s was treated with less than proper deference at the Apollo. It wasn’t that the audiences were indifferent to Satchmo’s lyrical and melodic genius—who could have been? It was just that Armstrong may have come into the Apollo on a night when sounds and reminders of Dixieland were the last things that the hardened metropolitan sensibilities of the Harlem masses wished to entertain.

Two of the great favorites at the Apollo—one of whom may have helped to drive “the better people” away—were the comedians Jackie (Moms) Mabley and Pigmeat Markham. “The better people” may have found in Mabley, who was garrulously naughty but seldom coarse, a redeeming comic value of some sort. Not in Markham, however—a virtuoso of the bawdy and the low-down. Abram Hill, a writer in Harlem, described Markham’s work:

> His main attraction is his gags, capers, and burlesque of the people who crowd the Apollo from top to bottom to see him render his version of their doings. He gathers his material from the saloons, house-rent parties, street scenes, domestic rifts, and anything that isn’t too subtle for his followers to grasp.
>
> . . . anything for a laugh. He will halt in the middle of a number, rush offstage and dash back in a bathing suit or a woman’s corset and a wig. This brings the laugh he is working for; and he slips out of the corset. Then he threatens to remove the balance of his clothes, britches and all. A cop rushes out and Pigmeat flees. The audience howls.

In one of his sketches—presented at the Apollo in June of 1934—Markham, escorting a pretty soubrette, enters a small neighborhood hotel and requests a room for the night. Oh, no, the manageress replies; her accommodations are not for unmarried couples. Well, then, Markham says, send for a preacher. The preacher arrives and unites the couple in matrimony, and the newlyweds retire to their room. But a police officer bursts into the premises and apprehends the preacher on his way out. It appears that he is not a clergyman, after all, but a racketeer in collar and gown. Appalled by the disclosure, the manageress summons Markham and his bride:

> MANAGERESS: You two have to get your clothes and get outa here. You are not married.
>
> MARKHAM: Not married? But didn’t the Reverend just marry us?
>
> MANAGERESS: He was no Reverend. . . . The cop just took him away . . . you’ve got to get out.
>
> MARKHAM: It’s too damn late now. C’mon, gal.

To the reviewer for the *Age* who had seen an earlier version of the sketch at the Alhambra, on Seventh Avenue, Markham’s work was “repulsive.” The sketch had “smelled to high heaven” when the reviewer first

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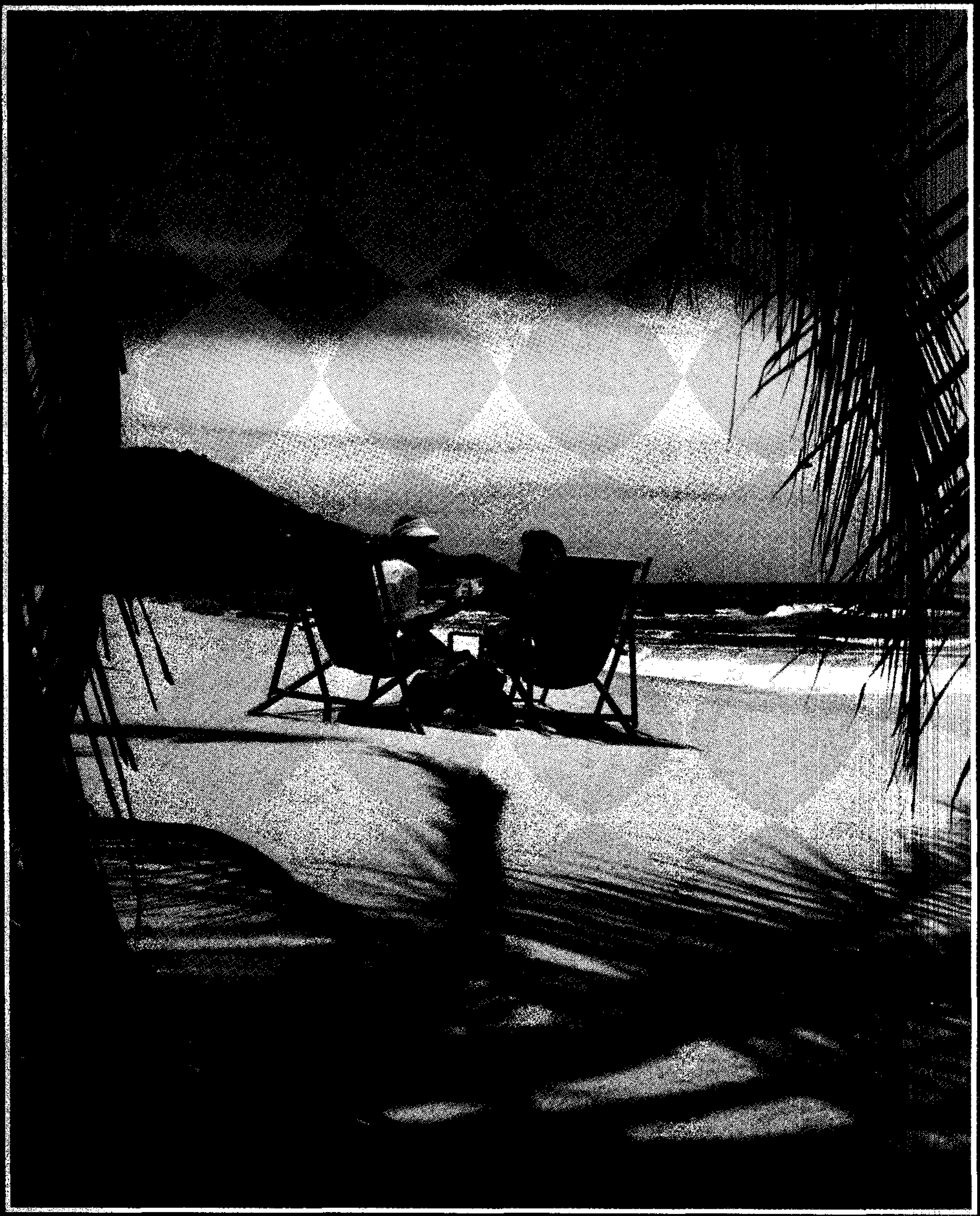

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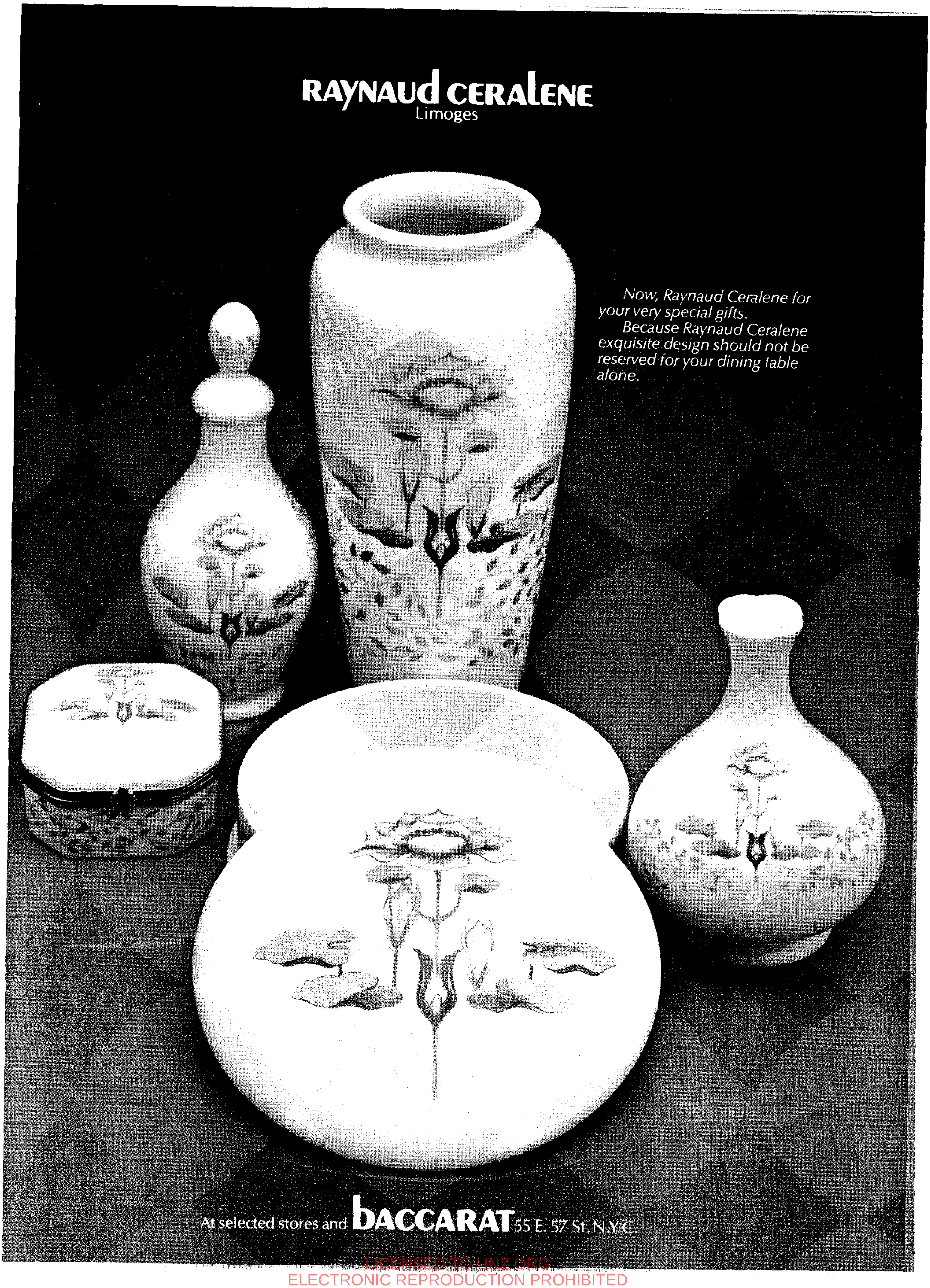

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"Don't look now, but here comes Summer Friends, Part Two."

• •

saw it, "and it stinks worse now." Continuing, he called on comedians like Markham to "wash their faces and rely on their natural talent—minus the filth." Such performers, he added, would do well to emulate the "clever" comic routines of men like George Jessel, Ted Healy, Joe Penner, Jack Benny, Charlie Ruggles, Jack Oakie, Stuart Erwin, and Joe E. Brown. These were brilliant comic artists, to be sure, but would their styles have gone over at the Apollo? It is doubtful. For what the proletarian crowds at the Apollo recognized and applauded in the work of comedians like Pigmeat Markham were facets of their own style and experience. When they howled at what Markham said and did, they were howling at wonderful comic dramatizations of themselves or of certain blacks they happened to know.

Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday, two of the jazz singers who gained fame during the Depression, served part of their early apprenticeship at the Apollo. In 1934, soon after Fitzgerald, then sixteen, had won an amateur-night contest at the Harlem Opera House, next door, Frank Schiffman signed her for an engagement. It was during this engagement at the Apollo that she was discovered by the gifted drummer Chick Webb, who adopted her—she was born in Virginia, and orphaned—and later groomed her as the vocalist for his band. Webb's band was then a favorite at the Savoy Ballroom, farther uptown. Not long after, she became nationally and internationally known, as the voice that popularized "A Tisket, a Tasket." Like Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday was not a native of Harlem; she had moved there as a teen-ager from Baltimore, her home town. Unlike Ella, Billie was discovered not at the Apollo or any of the other theatres on 125th Street but at one of the night clubs in Jungle Alley, as a block of Harlem's 133rd Street was called. That was in 1933, when Billie—the daughter of Clarence Holiday, a guitarist in Fletcher Henderson's band—was seventeen. John Hammond, the recording impresario, who takes credit for discovering her, has recalled in his autobiography:

> Early in 1933 . . . I dropped in at Monette Moore's place on 133rd Street, a stop on my Harlem rounds. I was expecting to hear Monette, a fine blues singer. Instead, a young girl named Billie Holiday was substituting. . . . Billie's accompanist was Dot Hill, and among the first songs she sang was "Wouldja for a Big Red Apple?" . . . the second song Johnny Mercer ever wrote lyrics for. Billie had come to New York from Baltimore two years before, aged fifteen. . . . She was not a blues singer, but she sang popular songs in a manner that made them completely her own. She had an uncanny ear, an excellent memory for lyrics, and she sang with an exquisite sense of phrasing. . . . I decided that night that she was the best jazz singer I had ever heard.

Soon after that, Billie made her first appearance at the Apollo, and of her début there she later said, "There's nothing like an audience at the Apollo. . . . They didn't ask me what my style was, who I was, how I had evolved, where I'd come from, who influenced me, or anything. They just broke the house up."

Recalling other lively moods of Harlem during the Depression, the artist Romare Bearden has said, "A group of us moved together at the time. Three nights a week, we were at the Savoy Ballroom. Charlie Buchanan, who ran the place, liked artists to come to the Savoy. The best dancing in the world was there, and the best music. When we left the Savoy, we'd go to the after-hours spots, where we'd see people like Clifton Webb and Danielle Darrieux. The artists would talk to these people. Sometimes Peter Arno, of *The New Yorker*, would come up to join us. They called us the Dawn Patrol. We moved till dawn, from one after-hours spot to another. One of the places we went to was Mom Young's, on 131st Street. She had been in what you call the sporting life. You brought in one-pound coffee cans, and for a quarter you could have them filled with beer. Each night, Mom Young would cook up a different thing—gumbo, chili, and so forth. Then, late at night, the chorus girls would all come out. Mom Young had a special room, just for the artists and writers, some of them from downtown. I'd say that we young artists had the same kind of ambience that Toulouse-Lautrec had. It was a very interesting time. You'd want to be either in Harlem then or in Paris. These were the two places where things were happening."

IT was only when one looked away from the theatres, the ballrooms, and the night spots that one saw the mounting wreckage of the Depression. One would surely have wished to be in Paris then. The *Herald Tribune* reported in February of 1930 that the stock-market collapse had "produced five times as much unemployment in Harlem as in other parts of the city." In the summer of 1934, more than nineteen thousand Harlem families were on home relief. Out-of-work actors and musicians, among other jobless, gathered around the Tree of Hope—near the Lafayette Theatre—and touched its trunk for luck. There was a continuing inflow of poor migrants from the South, causing many tenements to become run-down and overcrowded. The New York Urban League estimated in 1932 that there were more than two hundred thousand blacks in Harlem—or, according to the League, more than the entire population of Syracuse. (According to other estimates, the population of Harlem in 1930 was 204,000, and that of Syracuse, 209,000.) Nowhere in Manhattan could there have been worse tenement conditions than those described by Warren J. Halliburton and Ernest Kaiser in their book "A History of Broken Dreams." They write:

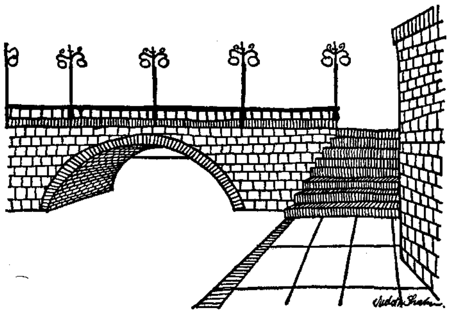
> The stock market crash of 1929 had marked the beginning of a new era. . . .
>
> In twenty-five years Harlem's population had increased more than 600 per cent. Two and three families were living in apartments meant for one family. Properties became badly run down from overuse and neglect, and the tenants grew sullen. Men, women, and children combed the streets and searched in garbage cans for food. . . .
>
> Many families were reduced to occupying quarters below street level. More than ten thousand lived in cellars and basements. . . .
>
> There were boardinghouses in which beds were rented by the week, day, night, or hour. Brownstones were turned into rooming houses, private residences into tenements, and apartments into one-room flats. Space once renting by the month for forty dollars now brought in one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The higher the rents, the greater the number of people needed to pay for the shelter.
>
> By 1930 Harlem contained some 200,000 people. Half of them depended upon unemployment relief.

Government aid failed to meet the needs of all the hungry, the homeless, and the jobless. In 1931, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave fifteen thousand dollars to the Harlem Coöperating Committee on Relief and Unemployment—a group organized by residents of the community. From a donor with Rockefeller's resources, a more sizable sum might have been expected, but during the Depression the demands on his generosity were nationwide, and, in any event, no other individual gift to the sufferers of Harlem was nearly as large as his. Major churches, like Abyssinian Baptist and St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal, ran employment agencies, shelters, and soup kitchens for the needy. In the first three months of 1931, the Abyssinian Baptist Relief Bureau served 28,500 free meals and distributed 525 food baskets, 17,928 pieces of clothing, and 2,564 pairs of shoes. Night clubs staged special programs and gave the proceeds to agencies aiding the poor. On Christmas Eve of 1934, the Cotton Club handed out three thousand food baskets, each containing a five-pound chicken; five pounds of potatoes; a head of cabbage; three pounds of carrots; a dozen apples; six oranges; cans of tomato soup, evaporated milk, and pork and beans; a pound of sugar; a package each of rice and tea; and two loaves of bread. By such charity, Owney Madden, the gangster who ran the Cotton Club, caused Harlemites to feel that he was not such a bad sort after all—despite his club's policy of barring all blacks from its tables.

Small restaurants carried signs in their windows reading, "All You Can Eat for 40 Cents—Soup, Entree, Dessert," or "All You Can Eat for 35 Cents—Choice of Fine Meats, Desserts, Coffee, Tea, or Milk." A man who lived in Harlem during the thirties recalls, "At lunchtime, the bars had free cheese, free salami, free crackers. So if you were down and out but had ten cents to buy a couple of beers you could also have your lunch." In 1933, when housewives complained of price gouging in the food stores, the *Age* printed a price schedule, supplied by the Commissioner of Public Markets:

Butter (lb. tub)	28 cents
Eggs (B grade, per doz.)	22 cents
Sirloin steak (per lb.)	35 cents
Smoked Ham (per lb.)	19 cents
Leg of Lamb (per lb.)	24 cents
Chickens (frying, per lb.)	26 cents
Lettuce (Iceberg, per head)	9 cents
Spinach (per lb.)	7 cents
Oranges (per doz.)	27 cents

On block after block, tenants, with their belongings, were put out on the street for nonpayment of rent. In 1931, from ten to twenty evictions a day were reported to the Urban League. It was at this time that, according to Nancy Cunard, "the Communists . . . put up a strong and determined defense." She went on, "Black and white comrades together go where the evictions are taking place and move the things back. Police and riot squads come with bludgeons and tear bombs; fights and imprisonments, and deaths too, occur." (Ralph Ellison's novel "Invisible Man," published some years later, was to contain riveting accounts of such incidents.) In 1933, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters—along with its office furniture and records—was thrown out of its national headquarters, a four-story brownstone on 136th Street. This was during the worst year of the Depression and at the lowest point of the Brotherhood's twelve-year struggle to win recognition from the Pullman Company as the legitimate bargaining agent of the porters. Members had lost hope; the majority had stopped paying dues; and the union, with little or no income, was on the verge of collapse. But its officers were a tenacious bunch. Though A. Philip Randolph, the president, provided unwavering moral leadership, the union might not have survived—or triumphed, as it did four years later—without resourceful organizers like Benjamin McLaurin. Later, McLaurin described what he did when the Brotherhood was evicted from its headquarters: "I picked up the pieces and moved into an apartment on 140th Street. There were five rooms in this apartment and we used the two front rooms for offices. . . . I promoted a weekly rent party, to get money to pay rent. It was the only income we had. . . . We used to go from house to house holding rent parties. . . . Saturday mornings I spent preparing food and most of the day cooking. I cooked chitterlings and pigs feet. . . . I used to cook a hundred pounds of chitterlings, plenty of stew and potato salad. . . . I cooked so much of that stuff that it nauseates me now. I don't want to be around if anybody is cooking it. . . . It was on this income, for two years at least, that we kept the headquarters together. We couldn't hire stenographers. Everybody had to do his own typing. . . . There were many days when we didn't know where the next mouthful was coming from. But it wasn't important. We could live on a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread."



Few could have been surprised when a riot broke out in Harlem on an afternoon in March of 1935, for it was fed by emotions that had been smoldering beneath the hardships of the Depression. A rumor had spread through sections of the community that a black teen-ager had been beaten to death in a department store on 125th Street, where he had been caught stealing a ten-cent pocketknife. Only the latter part of the story was true, but the crowd that began milling in front of the store did not know this until most of the damage had been done. Struggling to break from the grasp of two salesmen who had caught him, the boy had bitten one of them on the thumb and the other on the wrist. What followed was recounted by Hamilton Basso in *The New Republic:*

> The man who was bitten on the thumb began to bleed. He shouted: "I'm going to take you down to the basement and beat the hell out of you." [The boy was not beaten, however. He was released in the basement, and, taking a rear exit, ran home.] . . .
>
> Meanwhile in the store the anger and resentment of the crowd had mounted. A woman screamed that they were beating the boy to death. . . . Threats of violence began to be heard. A speaker started to address the crowd. Policemen reached the scene and tried to break up the gathering. The people refused to move. The speaker continued his harangue. . . . The crowd waited for the boy to reappear. . . . Men in the crowd suggested that they go and free the boy. Women became hysterical. . . .
>
> Then, its siren shrieking through the streets, an ambulance stopped before the store. It had been called for by the man whose finger had been bitten, but the crowd . . . thought that it had come to take the boy to the hospital. It began to surge into the store. Three other speakers had joined the first orator and one of them had mounted a ladder. A policeman started toward the man on the ladder and the first fighting began. . . . It was now well out of hand and the policeman sent in a call for reinforcements. A brick crashed through a window . . . a hearse appeared. Now it was believed that the boy had been killed. The crowd, yelling with rage, poured into the store.

Mobs rampaged along 125th Street, stoning the police, smashing shopwindows, and looting the major stores. At least four of the rioters died, and scores were hospitalized. Businesses suffered losses and damages in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Hamilton Basso saw the outburst as springing from long-standing "anger and resentment." So did Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia's Commission of Inquiry, which was made up of prominent New Yorkers, black and white. The Commission said, in a preliminary finding, "This sudden breach of the public order was the result of a highly emotional situation among the colored people of Harlem, due in large part to the nervous strain of years of unemployment and insecurity." It was the first major riot in the history of black Harlem, and it would not be the last.

THE churches of Harlem can hardly have been thankful for the Depression, but at no previous time had there been so many of them, and in no earlier decade had they been so well attended. It was the storefront churches that had multiplied the fastest. "There are something like one hundred and sixty colored churches in Harlem," James Weldon Johnson wrote in 1930. "A hundred of these could be closed and there would be left a sufficient number to supply the religious needs of the community." The hundred that Johnson had in mind were the storefront churches. People of his class were adherents of the major denominations—of churches that were, in his words, "regularly organized and systematically administered." The storefront gatherings—which another writer described as "a thick underbrush of ephemeral and ever-changing cults and sects"—were housed in former candy stores, groceries, and shoe-repair shops, or in basements, lofts, and the back rooms of tenements. They were furnished with camp chairs and cheap-looking benches; preaching was done from rough-hewn platforms; and music was provided on an upright piano or on a bass drum and cymbals. The preachers were generally self-trained or self-called; and while many of them were honest men, genuinely devoted to the ethics and duties of their calling, others were, in Johnson's words, "parasitical fakers, even downright scoundrels." A leader of one of the major churches had said as early as 1926, "No, we haven't too many churches in Harlem. We do have too many house churches. Somebody wants to be a leader, deacon, or preacher, and if the church doesn't give it to him he will establish a little church of his own where he can be seen. Selfishness is really the cause of so many of these churches."

Selfishness was not the only cause. Nor was it true that the major churches were sufficient to supply the religious needs of the community. There was a genuine demand in Harlem for the storefront congregations and their preachers. People who worshipped in these places were among the poorest and least educated, and their religious needs were of a sort, or of a style, that the major churches did not or could not supply. The decorum of traditional liturgy was of no interest or use to storefront worshippers. They desired, above all, an atmosphere conducive to emotional spontaneity, to the informalities and improvisations of religious expression. The civil-rights spokesman Bayard Rustin—who lived in Harlem during the thirties—has said, "The big churches were too calm. Here were these people coming in from the South. They were used to screaming and yelling at services, rolling in the aisles, and speaking in tongues. But the middle classes which supported the big churches were now beyond all these things." Besides freedom of expression, storefront worshippers looked to their ministers to provide solace or answers to their social and economic problems—of which there could hardly have been more than there were during the Depression. According to the *Age*, any storefront preacher "with a panacea" was "listened to and hailed as a leader."

During the thirties, the great cult leaders of Harlem—the superstars of grass-roots religion—were the evangelists George W. Becton and Father Divine. The average storefront church seldom had a membership of more than fifty. Becton and Divine, whose religious kingdoms spread beyond the bounds of Harlem and of New York, had followers in the thousands. Nor did they conduct their meetings in humble storefronts. Becton, who preferred to be known as the Reverend Dr. Becton, was the only grass-roots evangelist who sometimes spoke from the pulpits of the major churches—bringing a bit of swagger and liveliness, even sexiness, to the usually staid proceedings of those bodies. Divine's "heavens" and "peace missions" were housed in brownstones, which he either owned or rented. When he was not presiding in his own missions, over his own "angels," only the large ballrooms of Harlem were able to hold the crowds that turned out to hear him. Becton and Divine were colorful and dramatic figures, vastly influential among their followers, and—thanks to the revenues of their ministry—almost as vastly rich.

Becton settled in Harlem during the twenties, some years before Divine. The writer Claude McKay called him "the first of the great cult leaders to excite the imagination and stir the enthusiasm of the entire Harlem community." He was tall, handsome, and well built, and his clothes were expensively tailored. Nancy Cunard, who remarked on his pearl-gray suit, top hat, cane, and ivory gloves, was also struck by his "exquisite smartness," his 'youthful look," his physical "sparkle," and his "lovely figure." His style on the platform ("his terrific physical activity") caused him to be nicknamed the Dancing Evangelist. In his more important public appearances, he was accompanied by his own singing group and his own jazz band. And when he preached, McKay said, women "swayed like reeds" in response to his "well-modulated voice" and "agile movements." To Miss Cunard, Becton's performances had "nothing to do with God." She saw him as "a poet in speech," the "personification of expressionism," and "a great dramatic actor."

Becton called his religious movement the World's Gospel Feast. Its quarterly publication, the *Menu*, offered "A Square Deal for God." He urged sexual abstinence on his followers, though there was little in his manner to discourage them from secretly cultivating him in their sexual imaginations. He was proud of his fine suits ("If Jesus were alive, he would dress like me"), and made no apology for the size of his income ("God ain't broke"). Somewhat as the first John D. Rockefeller had once sought to soften public resentment of his fortune by distributing dimes to the poor, Becton became wealthy by taking from the poor no coin that was larger than a dime. Langston Hughes explained the gimmick: "Dr. Becton had an envelope system, called 'The Consecrated Dime—A Dime a Day for God.' And every Sunday he would give out his envelopes. And every Sunday he would collect hundreds of them . . . each with seventy cents therein. . . . Every package of dimes was consecrated to God—but given to the Reverend Dr. Becton." With the proceeds, he was able to acquire extensive real-estate holdings, placing some at the service of his church and retaining others for his personal use. There may not have been a more brilliantly furnished apartment in Harlem than Becton's. In the streets, people talked about his "golden slippers and golden bed;" a golden gate that led from his music and reception room to his "Holy Chambers;" the "white-and-gold bathroom," resembling "an Oriental bazaar;" and a bathtub that was "concealed in casements." Becton died under mysterious circumstances. He disappeared one night in 1933 while he was visiting a branch of his church in Philadelphia. His body, riddled with bullets, was later found in one of the less frequented streets of that city. Earlier, the radical Miss Cunard had had an audience with Becton: "During our talk he leant forward earnestly: 'In what manner do *you* think will come the freeing of my race?' 'Only by organized and militant struggle for their *full* rights, side by side with Communism.' He smiled. 'And in what way do you think?' I asked him. 'I think it will be by prayer,' he murmured. I wanted to shout at him. . . . But now, one year after I saw him, Becton is dead. 'Bumped off' suddenly and brutally by some gangsters, shot in a car."

When Father Divine settled in Harlem, in 1933—though he had been going there to preach from time to time—his followers had already come to accept him as "the living God." Since 1919, his ministry had been based in Sayville, on Long Island, but he had been forced to abandon Sayville when his white neighbors had him arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace. They had found his nightly meetings too noisy and had disliked the fact that his angels were both black and white. Divine was tried in Mineola, found guilty, and sentenced to a year in jail; but he had hardly begun serving his sentence when Supreme Court Justice Lewis J. Smith, who had passed sentence, died of a heart attack. This act of God was deemed by his followers to be an act of Father Divine himself—final proof that he was indeed the Omnipotent. "I hated to do it," Divine was heard to say when news of the judge's death reached him in his prison cell. He was released on bail after serving thirty-three days of his sentence (which was later reversed by the Appellate Court). He then moved his headquarters to Harlem, where, on making a triumphal entry, he was hailed as the greatest black messiah since Marcus Garvey.

Father Divine began life as George Baker somewhere in the South. In the first stages of his ministry—especially after he first moved to New York, in the early years of the century—he went by such names as the Messenger, Major J. Devine, and the Reverend J. Divine. Very little was known about his origins and his early priesthood, except by a few of his followers, and when he emerged as the preëminent black cult leader of his time neither he nor his angels wished to coöperate with any inquiry into his past. But in 1936 St. Clair McKelway and A. J. Liebling, of *The New Yorker*, were able to uncover these details of his background:

> He is around sixty now, and the earliest records of his life are obscure. People who knew him when he was in his twenties think he came from Georgia, or Florida, or Virginia. They are not sure which. But in 1899, beyond all question, he was a man named George Baker and was earning an honest living in Baltimore, mostly by clip-

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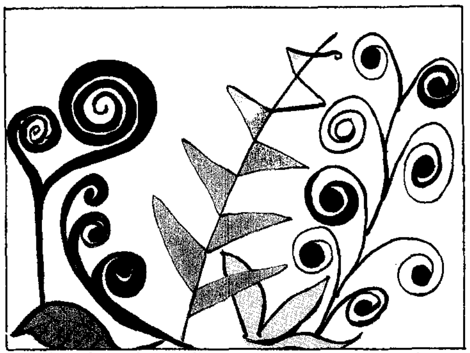

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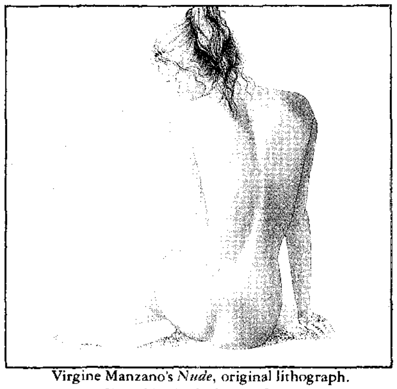

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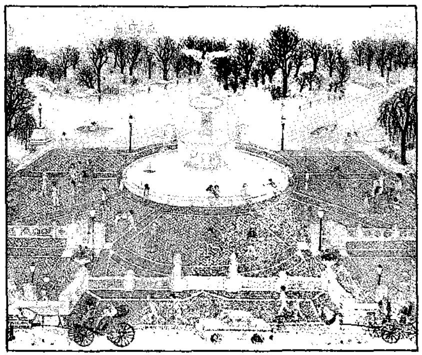

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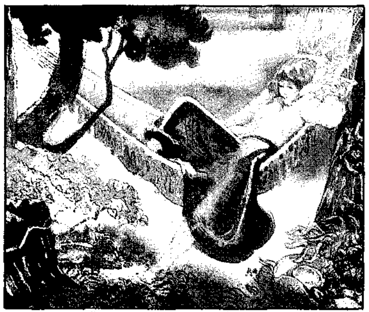

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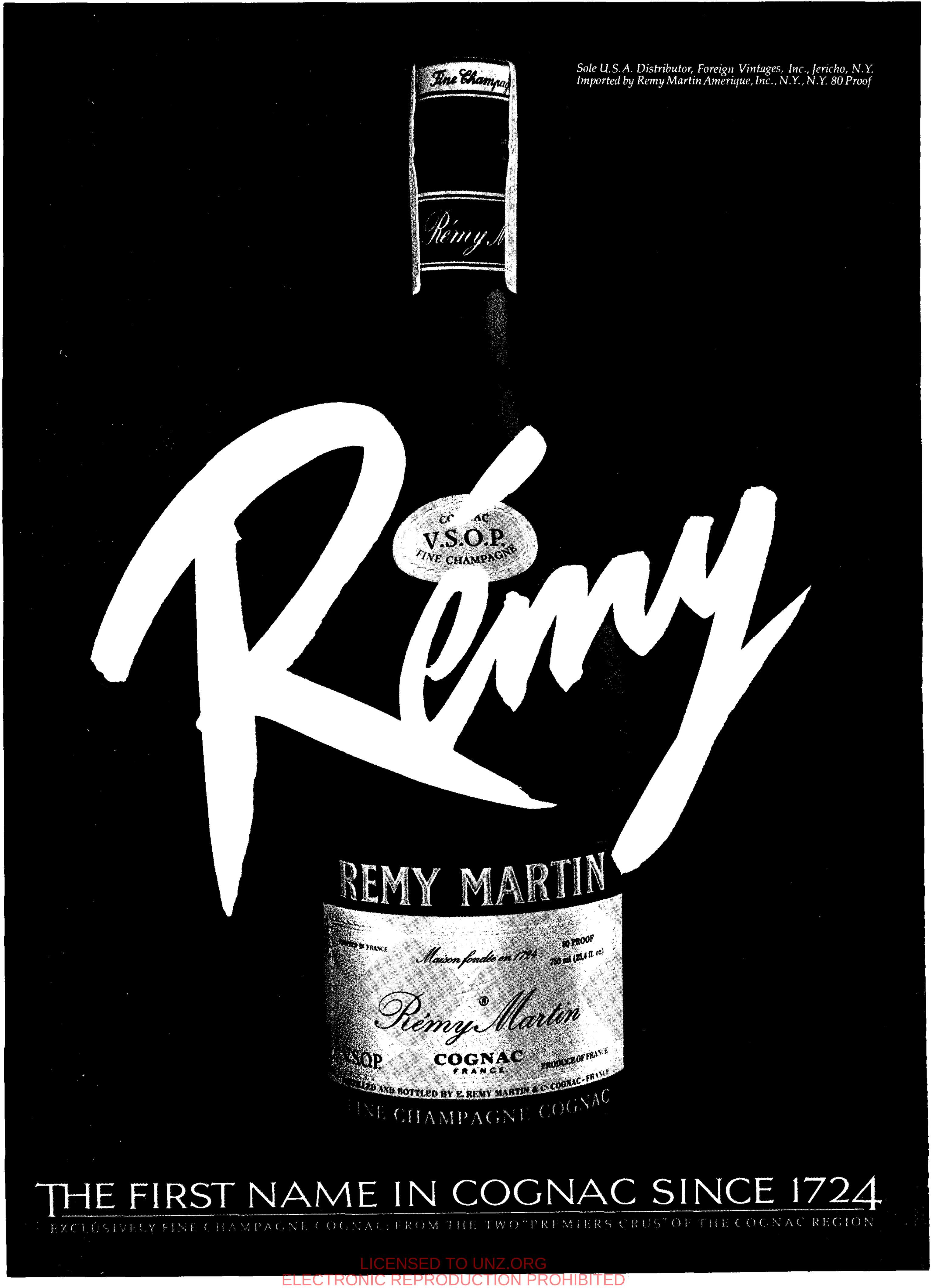Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Foreign Vintages, Inc., Jericho, N.Y.
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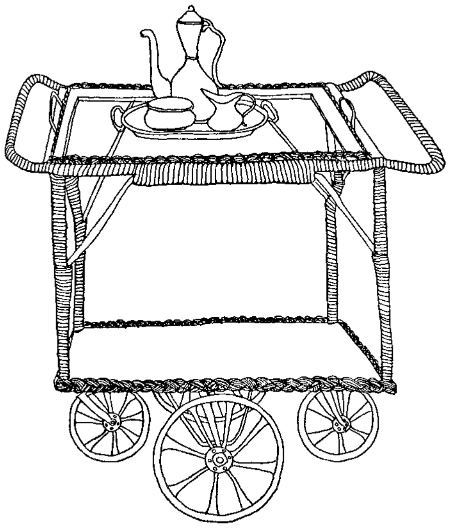
> ping hedges and mowing lawns. . . . He was frugal, and when winter came he had usually saved up enough money to loaf for a while. If his store of coins began to get too low, he would find odd jobs on the docks. He did not seem to be very ambitious.
>
> On Sundays he taught . . . Sunday school. . . . He was a serious-minded young fellow and worried a lot about God. He didn't feel, or claim to be, closer to God than any . . . other.

After migrating to Manhattan, Divine ministered in one of the black neighborhoods of the old Tenderloin. From there, he moved to Brooklyn, and from Brooklyn to Sayville, where he became Father Divine, God, the King of Glory. "I teach now as of 1900 years ago," he later told a gathering of his followers in Harlem. "I came to comfort you, bless you, give you homes for your bodies, rest for your souls, relief from all sorrow, for I am the written word." One reporter described the "written word" as "a thin little man, less than five feet tall." He was bald, and wore double-breasted suits, tan shoes, bright neckties, and shirts "with the kind of collar known as 'Barrymore.' " His voice was "high and soft in ordinary conversation, but capable of great power and emotion."

Even before moving to Harlem, Divine had been a splendid provider for his followers. He had found jobs for them, given them lodgings in his Sayville headquarters, and invited them regularly to sit at his magnificently laid banquet tables—free jobs, free housing, and free food. "The Messenger didn't work and yet he was never in want," McKelway and Liebling wrote. "It seemed miraculous to his disciples. There was a fine dinner every evening, and the Messenger always had a roll of bills in his pocket. When the disciples wondered at these things, and asked the Messenger to explain them, he would say, 'God will provide,' and smile on them from the head of the table."

In 1932, when Divine made a special appearance in Harlem after his release from prison, thousands jammed the Rockland Palace Ballroom to celebrate his arrival. "At this moment, the entire world needs a savior," said a writer for the *Age*. "And Harlem . . . is no exception." In his sermons, Divine called on his followers to eschew smoking, drinking, crime, violence, race hatred, profane language, hair-straightening, installment-buying, and sex. His organization ran grocery stores, lodging houses, shoeshine stands, barber shops, dry-cleaning establishments, newsstands, and little food shops that served fifteen-cent dinners. Such dinners were, of course, humble repasts compared with the splendid banquets that Divine gave in his headquarters, or "Heaven." A Harlem writer who managed to gain admittance to one of these affairs made this report:

> And there sat "God": striped shirt, striped tie, plain gray suit, and a bald head. . . .
>
> And the food! . . . I have never seen better food at any banquet anywhere in the world, and I have never seen as much of it and as freely given. . . . The Father sits at the center of the head table, and there are two long tables reaching out from it . . . to the far end of the hall. All the food, every dish and every cup of it, passed by him; he touches the dishes with his hands, thus blessing the food, and sends one dish to the right and another to the left. Each diner serves himself and passes a great platter on. . . .
>
> First the vegetables: rice, mashed potatoes (with much butter on them), stewed carrots, steamed cabbage, hominy, stewed corn, etc.
>
> Then the meats: . . . stuffed sausage, tenderized ham, halves of chickens (young and tender), great inch-thick steaks, from the tenderest of beef, breaded veal, and so on.
>
> Then the drinks: . . . iced coffee, iced tea, then hot coffee, hot tea, then postum. . . .
>
> Then bread: egg-yellow cornbread squares, followed by white bread, then cracked wheat, then whole wheat, then rye, then doughnuts (sugared), then crackers.
>
> Then came great bowls of gelatins in different colors and kinds, and some apple sauce. . . . later came plates with great slices of cake . . . followed by great tub-like bowls of ice cream. . . .
>
> And this food, all of it, was the best food that can be had anywhere on earth . . . the diners and angels [were] at least 1000 times as happy as any group I have ever seen anywhere in my life. . . .
>
> [Divine] said things like this: "For the first time we have the true gospel on earth. I have left the world of Imagination, I have entered the world of Recognition, I have come into the world of Realization." What shouts of approval greeted that pronouncement.
>
> This man, up to now . . . has beat the New Deal a mile in the solution of the economic problems of his constituents.



At the dinner table, Father Divine had also beaten the major churches of Harlem: not even the wealthiest of them were able to feed the poor as regularly and as bountifully as he did. "Father Divine is going to close all the church doors," one of his satisfied disciples said. "He will win; no one can stop him. You have no right paying for God. He is free."

Though this prophecy was not fulfilled, it helped to arouse the major churches in opposition to Divine and his works. Addressing a group of his fellow-clergymen, R. C. Lawson denounced the Father's claim to divinity as "a sham and a delusion"—an ingenious device to distract his followers "from the worship of the true and living God." In the late nineteen-thirties, Father Divine, harassed by his enemies and by lawsuits over his real-estate holdings, moved his headquarters to Philadelphia. The vacuum he left in Harlem was soon filled by such other superstar evangelists—some of whom had been unsuccessfully competing with him—as Elder Lightfoot Michaux, Mother Horn, and Sweet Daddy Grace.

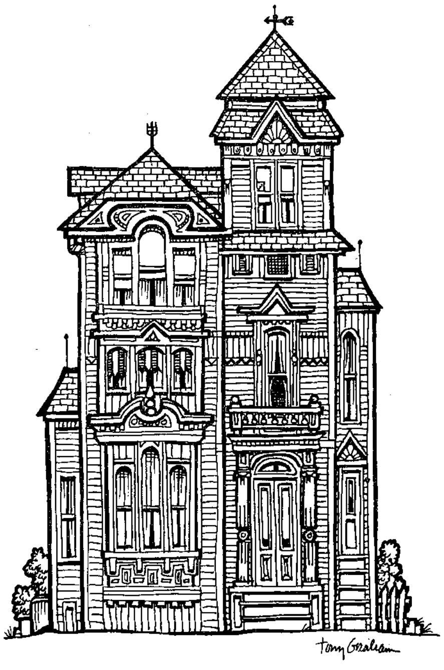
FOR members of the established churches—who were paying heavily for the acquisition and upkeep of their great stone edifices—God was certainly not free. Worship of "the true and living God" could hardly have been more expensive anywhere or at any time than it was in Harlem during the Depression. Between 1900 and the nineteen-twenties, when most of these churches moved to Harlem from midtown Manhattan, they had committed themselves to large financial outlays, either to erect new buildings or to buy existing ones that whites were getting ready to abandon. James Weldon Johnson wrote in 1930, "Some critics of the Negro—especially Negro critics—say that religion costs him too much; that he has too many churches, and that many of them are magnificent beyond his means; that church mortgages and salaries and upkeep consume the greater part of the financial margin of the race and keep its economic nose to the grindstone. All of which is, in the main, true."

In 1911, St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church completed a new building, on West 134th Street, at a cost of more than $200,000. In 1914, St. James Presbyterian Church began erecting a home on 137th Street, which cost $83,000; years later, it moved into a larger structure, on West 141st Street, which it had bought for $248,000. In 1918, the Metropolitan Baptist Church paid $87,000 for a building that had been occupied by a white congregation. In 1923, Grace Congregational Church paid $55,000 for its new headquarters, on West 139th Street. That year, the Abyssinian Baptist Church moved into a brand-new $300,000 edifice, on West 138th Street. And during the same year, Salem Methodist paid $258,000 for a new chapel at Seventh Avenue and 129th Street. One of the costliest buildings, that of Mt. Olivet Baptist, at 120th Street and Lenox Avenue, was bought in 1924, for $450,000. And in 1926 St. Mark's Methodist acquired a $600,000 structure, near the intersection of St. Nicholas and Edgecombe Avenues. Bethel African Methodist Episcopal, Mother Zion A. M. E., and Union Baptist were among the other major churches that moved into costly buildings during those years. Harlemites had indeed "invested more money in church property than in any other institution," as the writer Wallace Thurman stated in 1927.

In 1930, a study by the Greater New York Federation of Churches revealed that forty-one of the major Harlem churches owned property valued at $6,698,550, and that thirty-one of them had outstanding debts of $1,763,800. Among the ones that had liquidated their debts was Abyssinian Baptist. In 1928, five years after the building was completed, its pastor, Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., staged a public bonfire, at which members of the congregation witnessed the burning of the church's mortgage notes. But among the churches with debts still outstanding were: Mt. Olivet Baptist ($217,000), Union Baptist ($130,050), Mt. Calvary Methodist ($118,000), St. Mark's Methodist ($275,000), St. James Presbyterian ($95,000), and Mother Zion A. M. E. ($165,000).

Even before the Depression, ministers of such churches had been severely criticized for their "extravagant" investments in church property. Commenting in 1923 on one of the larger mortgages, the *Age* said, "The burden . . . is entirely beyond the ability of the members to carry. . . . This is an example of wild financing, brought on by the ambition of the pastor to have a big church . . . he plunged his trusting membership into a sea of debt, which bids fair to overwhelm them." Later, in 1931, a reader of the *Amsterdam News* said in a letter to the editor, "The wealth drawn from the Negro race by the Negro clergymen, if directed into industrial channels, would build up the downtrodden economic conditions and develop a greater field of opportunity for Negro youth, and thus bring about a greater degree of respect for the race from other races." John E. Nail, an early Harlem real-estate dealer, complained in 1925 that the "magnificent" church buildings were straining their congregations "to the point of suffocation," but he probably exempted his own church, the wealthy St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal, for which he was a business agent.

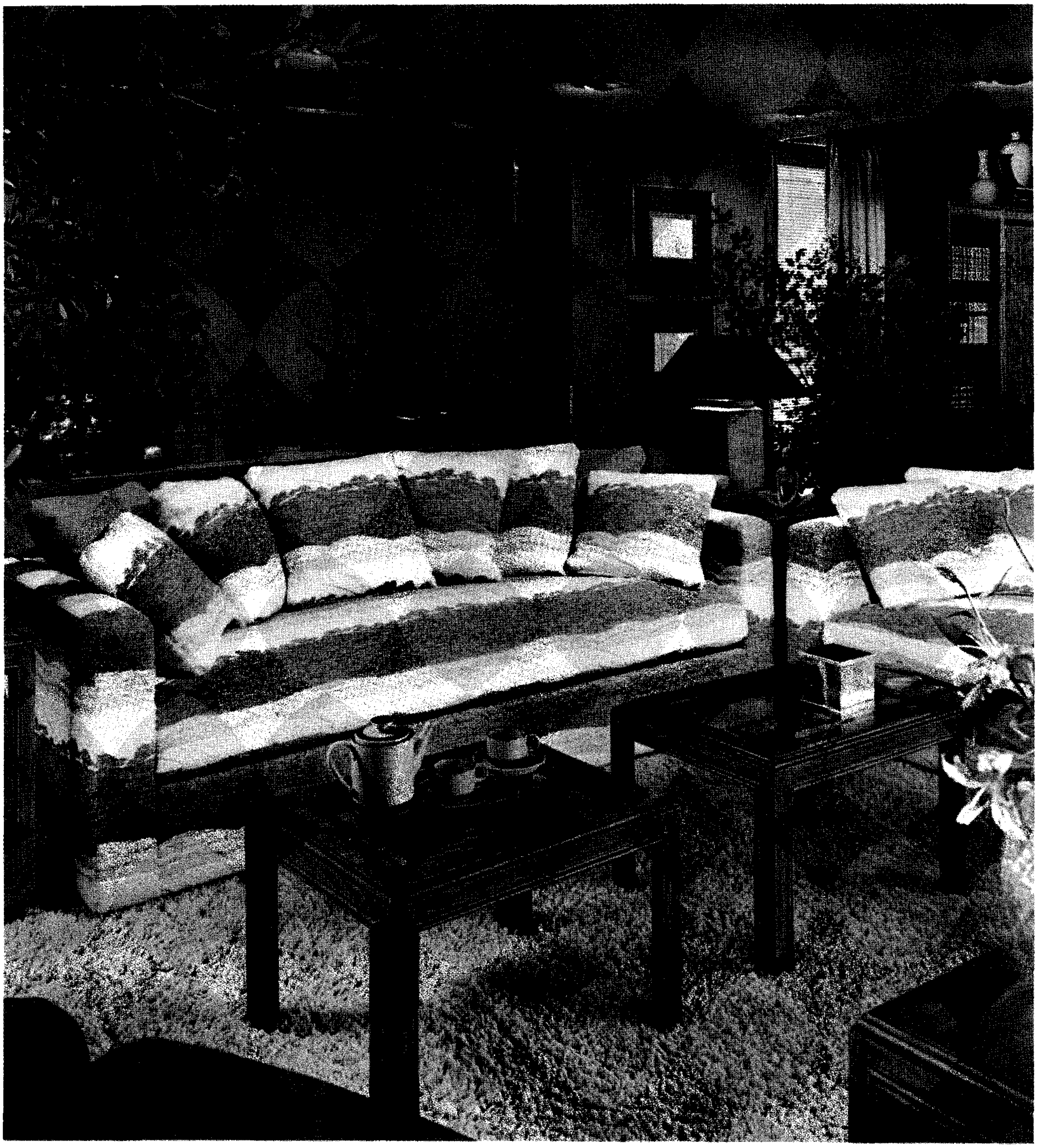
Black clergymen strongly defended their policy of erecting or acquiring expensive and impressive edifices. Rejecting the idea that the churches would render a more useful service by investing in economic development, William P. Hayes, the pastor of Mt. Olivet Baptist, argued, "The church has never been authorized to engage in commercial pursuits. . . . It destroys the character and violates the fundamental purpose of the church to subordinate its major interests to a sordid quest of mammon." Powell, of Abyssinian Baptist, was all in favor of "vanity and value in building"—the title of a sermon he preached in 1922, at a ground-breaking ceremony for his three-hundred-thousand-dollar edifice. And the Greater New York Federation of Churches concurred fully with preachers like Powell. Harlem, the Federation stated in 1930, was "the greatest Protestant center in New York City," and, as such, its church buildings ought not to be "plain" and "without ornamentation;" by their design, they should "speak of the worth, dignity and beauty of the Christian life."



The ministers of the nineteen-twenties and thirties were among the great clergymen in the history of black Harlem. They included Hutchens C. Bishop (and his son Shelton), of St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal; Adam Clayton Powell (and his son Adam, Jr.), of Abyssinian Baptist; J. W. Brown, of Mother Zion A. M. E.; William P. Hayes, of Mt. Olivet Baptist; Frederick A. Cullen, of Salem Methodist; W. W. Brown, of Metropolitan Baptist; William Lloyd Imes, of St. James Presbyterian; George Sims, of Union Baptist; Charles Martin, of the Fourth Moravian; John W. Johnson, of St. Martin's Protestant Episcopal; and Ethelred Brown, of Harlem Community. As the *Herald Tribune* described them in 1930, they were men of great "magnetism," of "extraordinary" personalities, and of "unusual native eloquence." Some were more than just spiritual guides and counsellors. They took a keen interest in public issues, and often influenced the political choices and judgments that their members made. Hayes, a staunch Republican, used his pulpit to rail against all forms of racism and discrimination, North and South, and to advocate a continuance of the historic relationship between blacks and the Republican Party. Imes was a fierce partisan of the trade-union movement—especially of those branches of it in which black workers were organized. Ethelred Brown was a socialist—a fact that was often evident in his sermons. And, in a pragmatic, nonideological fashion, the senior Adam Clayton Powell was probably the most militantly mass-conscious of the older ministers.

Until Powell retired, in the late nineteen-thirties, he was the best-known clergyman in Harlem, and his church the most famous. Of a visit to Abyssinian Baptist in the twenties, a white journalist wrote:

> The pastor, a tall, colored man, with a thunderous voice and big curly head of hair, looks very much like the picture of Alexandre Dumas. . . . I am yet to listen to a better choir. . . . I am yet to listen to a



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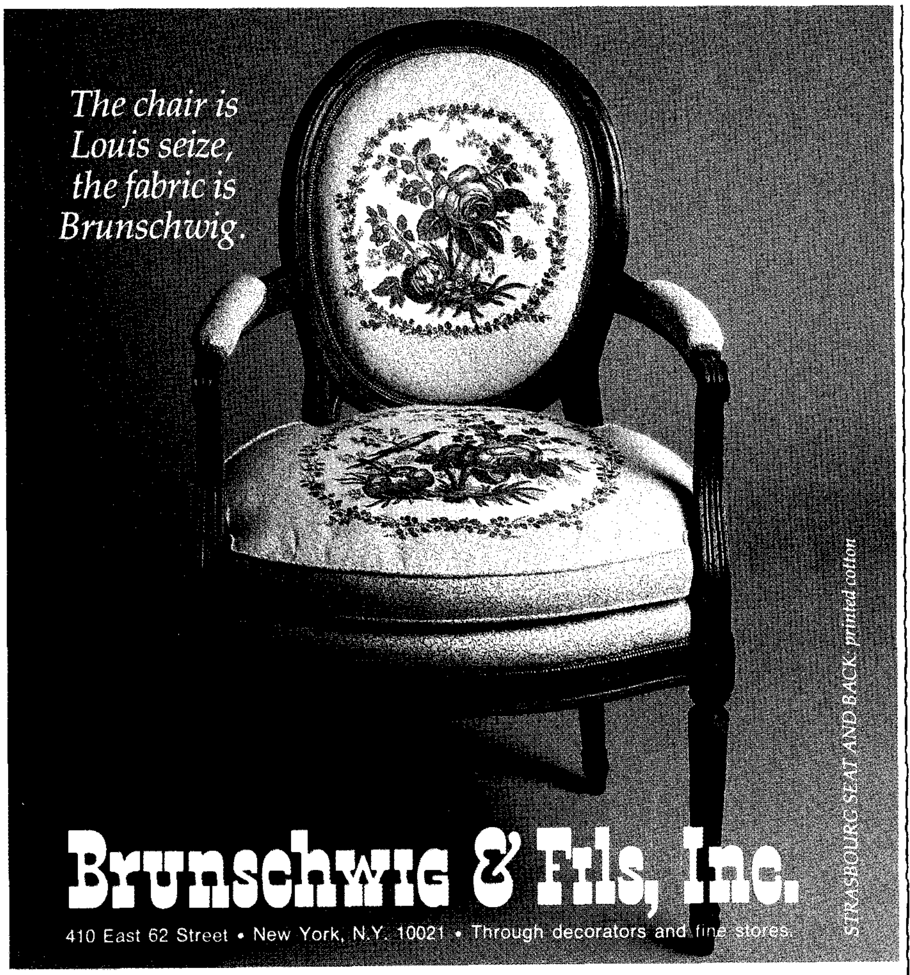
better church organist. . . . This church, like most other Negro churches, is really more than a church. It is a social center. At a service on a Sunday, the pastor comments upon the political events that have taken place during the week, and sways the audience to his view by his thunderous oratory. He speaks as much of earthly events as he praises the Lord. Not a thing that has happened in the world escapes him; and he is not afraid to denounce the things he does not agree with.

As a preacher, Powell leaned toward what he called the social gospel, and on a Sunday in December of 1930 his congregation heard him at, or near, his most inspiring. In his sermon, "A Hungry God," Powell, aroused by the plight of many Harlemites during the Depression, declared, "We clothe God by clothing men and women. . . . When you give men and women coats, shoes, and dresses, you are giving clothes to God." He was "ashamed," he said, to be seen alighting from his handsome Packard at the front door of his church when he had just passed so many suffering people in the streets of Harlem. And such people, he continued, needed "more than sympathy and prayers." They needed food and clothing. Hence, he was going to "give one thousand dollars of my salary during the next three months to help relieve this terrible unemployment situation." But that was not all, he told his listeners. He was also calling on them to pledge five per cent of their income for the next four months to the same cause. Momentarily stunned by their minister's dramatic announcement, Abyssinian members rushed forward with thousands of dollars in cash and pledges. Powell said later that it was the most impressive climax to a sermon he had ever witnessed.

Soon after, Powell put his fellow-clergymen on the spot by demanding that they, too, donate part of their income to the poor. Apparently, they were either not inclined to comply or not in a position to do so. William Hayes, of Mt. Olivet, came the closest to matching Powell's gesture. Turning down a yearly salary increase of four hundred dollars, he cited "the stringency of the times and the heavy indebtedness of the church." To the *Age*, George Sims, of Union Baptist, made a lengthy plea of his own financial plight. "Pastor Sims states that Dr. Powell is fortunate in that he is pastor of one of the richest congregations in this country," the paper reported. "The majority of the preachers were less fortunate than Dr. Powell. . . . If these men would give



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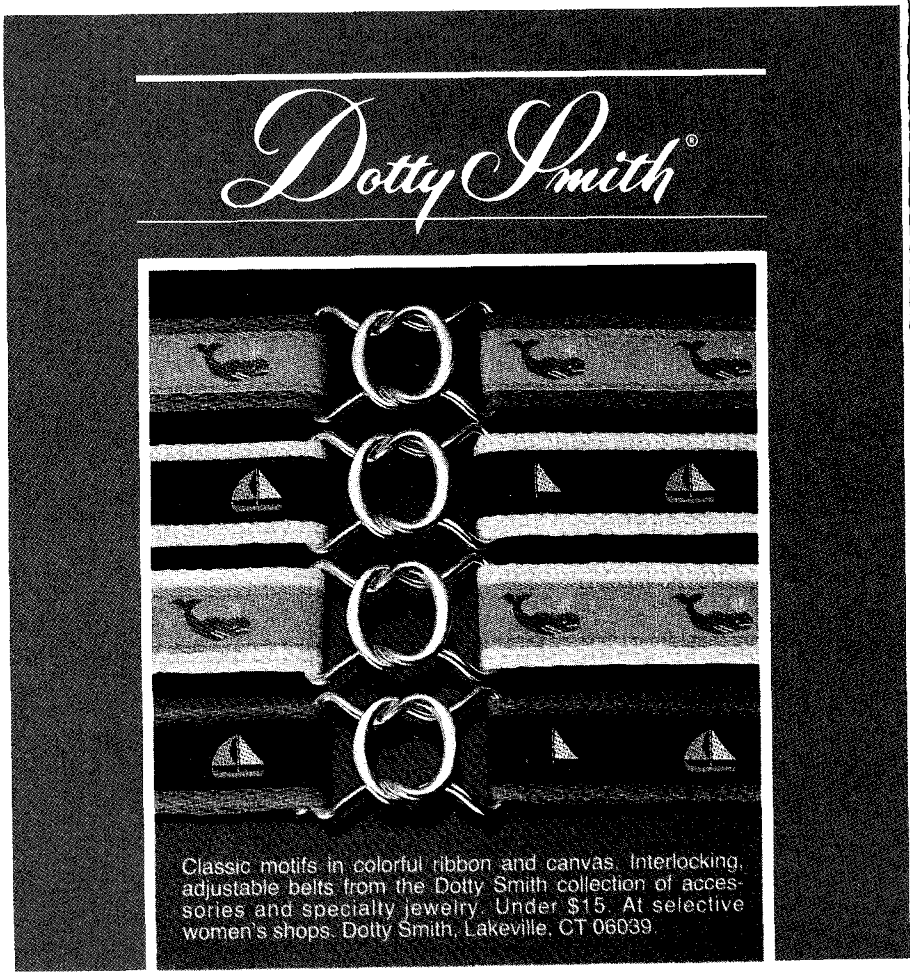

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one-fourth of their salaries, as was suggested by Dr. Powell, their families would have to join the bread lines at once. . . . As for second-hand cars, nearly all Negro preachers are using second-hand machines. Rev. Sims's car is a 1926 model . . . made new by a coat of paint."

In 1937, after serving for twenty-nine years, the senior Powell retired from the ministry of Abyssinian Baptist. He was then seventy-two, and pleaded that his advancing years were making it harder and harder for him to continue in harness. He had tendered his resignation two years earlier, but his parishioners had refused to accept it. Doubtless they felt that he merely wished to abdicate in favor of his son, or perhaps they were reminding him that some time earlier they had elected him minister for life. In any event, it must have been difficult for them to imagine what their church would be like without him. The younger members could not remember a time when Powell had not been their minister, and older members knew of no prouder chapter in the history of their church than the one that began in 1908, when Powell arrived from New Haven to become their leader. He had led them from midtown Manhattan to Harlem, where he put up the fine building in which they had been worshipping since 1923. In the nearly three decades of his New York ministry, the church, whose membership was now fourteen thousand, had become the largest black congregation in America—perhaps in the world. And Abyssinian Baptist had identified itself so closely with the religious and economic needs of the community that, in the minds of blacks, it, too, had come to be a synonym for Harlem. "Under Adam Clayton Powell, the Abyssinian Church became a symbol of service and a voice of intelligent protest for the Harlem community," a commentator on Harlem's religious life said later. "For him, the neighborhood was his parish and all the people his charges."

When the old man retired, the junior Adam Clayton Powell inherited his father's pulpit. Born in New Haven in 1908, he was six months old when the family moved to Manhattan. From Townsend Harris High School, he went on to the City College of New York, where his career was short and undistinguished. Over six feet tall and built like an athlete, he was handsome and gregarious, and was light-skinned enough to pass for white, if he had wanted to. Archer Winsten, of the *Post*, once described Powell's complexion as "whiter than yours." So white did he look that, in the late nineteen-twenties and early thirties, he may have been one of the few "blacks" admitted to the tables of the Cotton Club. According to one of Powell's contemporaries, he was "a killer with the girls . . . so handsome, he could go out with any girl he wanted." That might have been mostly what he did at City College, and he dropped out in his sophomore year.

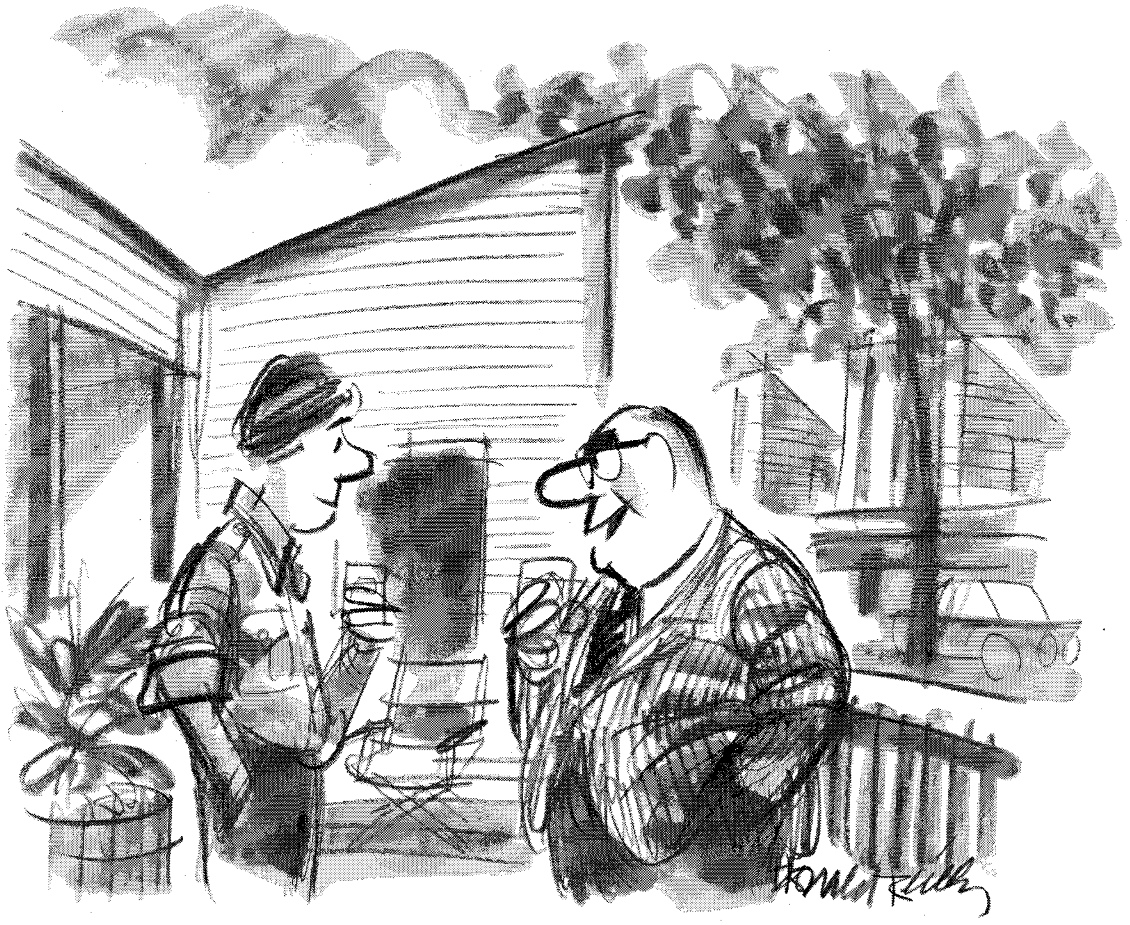
Powell did not then aspire to a career in the ministry. His ambition was to become a physician, and at Colgate University, to which he was admitted after leaving City College, he registered for a program of premedical studies. It was soon afterward, as a classmate of his later disclosed, that he received his "call" to the clerical life. "One day before we returned to school, his father said he wanted to talk with me. He explained how he had built the church up . . . and how he wanted Adam, his only son, to follow in his footsteps. He asked me if I could influence Adam to switch to theology. I talked it over with Adam on the way back. And he made up his mind then and there that he'd switch. He realized that it was all set up for him, and all he had to do was to walk in and take over." Powell was ordained in 1931 and became an assistant to his father.

As a young minister, Powell was not only free in his personal behavior but also outspoken and provocative from the pulpit. It was an open secret that he frequented night clubs, liked good Scotch whiskey, and was as much attracted to the women of café society as they were to him. He himself remarked later that when he preached his first trial sermon at Abyssinian Baptist—on the night of Good Friday of 1929—several pretty showgirls from the Cotton Club had seats in the front pews. As far as is known, the senior Powell—himself a remarkably handsome and attractive man—did not achieve a similar accolade from female admirers. He did, however, carry on a certain discreet affair of his own, as his son ultimately found out. "My father was always preaching against whiskey," he later recalled. "He and Teddy Roosevelt helped organize the Anti-Saloon League in New York. One of my earliest memories is of attending a meeting and sitting between Roosevelt and my father. . . . [Once] I came home for Christmas holidays. My only dress shirt was dirty so I decided to borrow one from my father—boiled shirts, he called them. As I was rummaging around his drawer I came across three empty gin bottles. I was aghast. Immediately I went to him and said, 'Father, father, you're always preaching against whiskey. How can this be?' 'You've heard me preach against whiskey,' he said, 'but I've never said a word against gin.' "

Writing a year after he retired from the pulpit, the older Powell claimed that "there was not a dissenting voice" to his son's election as minister of Abyssinian Baptist. The transition was "fine and harmonious," he said, and he added, "I did not ask anybody to vote for him." Powell made this claim in his autobiography, "Against the Tide," which is a generally sunny and self-congratulatory record of his career. In its tone and its selection of material, it reflects a preference for what William Dean Howells once called "the smiling aspects of life," or what others, of a post-Victorian, post-Edwardian disposition, might call the suppression of unpleasant detail. At any rate, Powell's account of how his son came to be elected seems to be a lavish retouching of the real story—quite at variance with a more believable account given by one of the younger man's biographers:

> Abyssinian's membership divided neatly between the younger liberals and the older conservatives. The *Amsterdam News* took notice of the crisis: "The elders . . . are even more determined that the young Mr. Powell will never become their pastor."
>
> But Adam Powell, Sr., with his consummate powers of conciliation managed to keep the rift from widening in public view. He met with the elders privately and argued that his son's clamorous liberalism was little more than youthful high spirits and would in no way impinge upon his administration of the church's affairs. Gradually, the rumors of dissension in Harlem's most populous . . . congregation faded.

Under the senior Powell's leadership, Abyssinian Baptist—despite conservative tendencies among its membership—had been nothing if not lib-



"Gosh, how I envy you the future, son. Almost my whole life has been lived in a Keynesian context."

• •

eral and progressive, so it must have been a problem greater than liberalism that accounted for the church's reluctance to elect the young Powell as its minister. The "clamorous liberalism" that his opponents found troubling might well have been a reference to the vociferous support that young Powell sometimes gave to the Communist movement in Harlem, though he himself was never a member. For instance, what were his opponents in the church to think when they read this report in the *Age*?

> Rev. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. . . . told an audience . . . that he will talk communism . . . and use everything he has to advance communism. He said the doors of his church are open to them, and "You can come there and say anything you want to say. . . . The day when you can no longer come there and meet and protest and demonstrate in a peaceful manner, that is the day I walk out with you."

Another example of his conduct that elements within the church found troubling was his marriage, in 1933, to Isabel Washington, a divorcée and a showgirl at the Cotton Club. To the conservative members of Abyssinian Baptist, she seemed a most inappropriate and unconventional choice for a clergyman's wife. But all such objections were overruled by Powell's supporters in the church and, apparently, by his father's unceasing efforts at conciliation.

"He may be counted on to carry on the Powell tradition," one of the older Harlem clergymen said when young Adam assumed the Abyssinian pulpit. Not only did he carry on that tradition, he added to it dimensions of his own. As he later said, his father had been "a radical and a prophet," and *he* was "a radical and a fighter." On another occasion, he recalled, "My father said he built the church and I would interpret it. This I made up my mind to do. I intended to fashion that church into a mighty weapon, keen-edged and sharp-pointed. I intended to move the people out of the church where God was—along the avenues and byways where hundreds of thousands were languishing in hopeless squalor."

DURING the Depression, Harlem helped to produce one of the more important groups of black painters and sculptors that have yet emerged in America. Because they were not equally successful, they were not to become equally well known. Some—like Romare Bearden, Richmond Barthé, Robert Blackburn, Ernest Critchlow, Elton Fax, Norman Lewis, and Jacob Lawrence—have been recognized as being among the major American artists of the Depression and post-Depression eras. Others—like William Artis, Henry Bannarn, Selma Burke, Vertis Hayes, and Gwendolyn Knight (the wife of Jacob Lawrence)—were to be known chiefly within the circle of their colleagues and to ardent partisans of black painting and sculpture. As was true of the New Negro writers of the nineteen-twenties, none of the thirties artists were born in Harlem. A number of them, like Barthé and Fax, had attended art schools elsewhere before settling in New York. A few, like Critchlow and Lewis, lived in Brooklyn. Gwendolyn Knight was a native of the West Indies. Others had either grown up in Harlem (Bearden and Lawrence, for instance, came there to live when they were quite young) or migrated there as adults, from different parts of the country. For all of them, however, Harlem was at the center of their social and creative influence.

Much of this influence was supplied by such older painters and sculptors as Aaron Douglas, E. Simms Campbell, Charles Alston, and Augusta Savage. Douglas, one of the few painters associated with the Harlem Renaissance movement, had been living and working in the community since the mid-twenties, when he arrived there from Kansas. His paintings and murals were among the first works by black American artists to reflect a serious interest in African moods and motifs. Campbell, who was from St. Louis, had also been associated with the Harlem Renaissance; he was mainly a cartoonist, whose drawings had appeared in *Esquire* and *The New Yorker*. Alston, a North Carolinian, was close enough in age to the younger artists to be called a member of their generation, but he had begun painting earlier than they did—in 1930, while he was completing a degree at Columbia—and so had become one of their mentors.

The most influential of the older artists was the sculptress Augusta Savage. Born in Florida, she was one of five natives of that state who made notable contributions to the cultural and intellectual life of black Harlem—the others being James Weldon Johnson, J. Rosamond Johnson, A. Philip Randolph, and Zora Neale Hurston. At her studio, Savage often put her own work aside to teach and encourage the ambitious young people who came in off the streets—Romare Bearden, William Artis, Jacob Lawrence, Norman Lewis, and Gwendolyn Knight among them. "She sacrificed herself and a lot of her art in trying to help the young artists," Bearden has said. "She set up—on 142nd Street and later on 135th Street—a kind of studio in storefronts. I would pass by there, or Norman Lewis would, and we would see this woman sculpting and modelling. While you were wondering what was going on, she looked out and saw you, and beckoned to you, 'Come on in.' You went in thinking she was going to show you how to sculpt and draw right away. Instead, she gave you a broom. You had to learn to clean up first." Praising her on another occasion, Bearden said that Augusta Savage "attracted the gifted children in Harlem like a magnet," that she "poured out warmth and enthusiasm," and that what "astonished and delighted" the young people was that "this talented woman artist, who had studied in Europe, had come back to Harlem and was freely available to them."

Not all the ambitious young people she attracted became artists. Some, like Kenneth B. Clark, the social psychologist, forsook their early training to pursue other careers. Clark, a native of Panama who moved to Harlem, with his parents, at an early age, was defeated by his own belief in excellence—a belief that contributed to his later achievements as a distinguished social scientist. Recalling his days at Augusta Savage's studio, Clark said, "I knew from my early dabbling in art that I did not have the sort of gift that would have developed into

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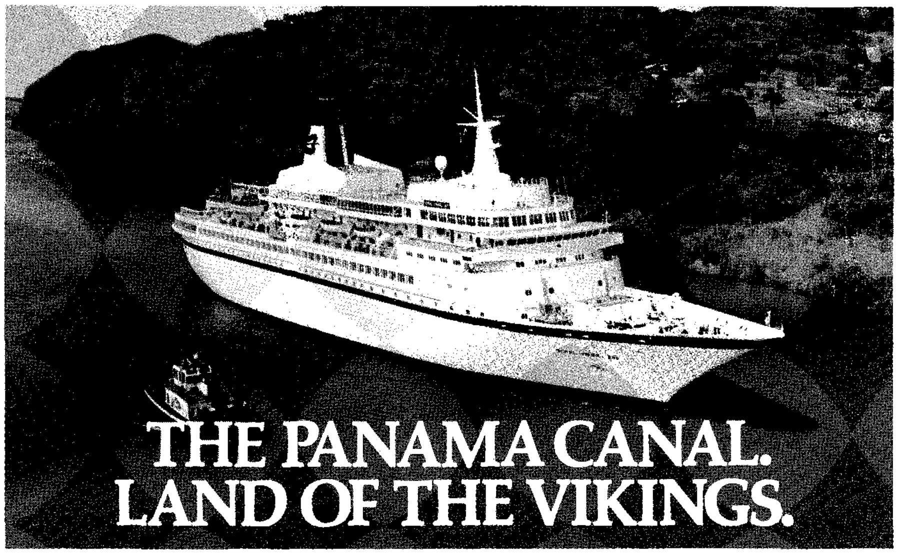

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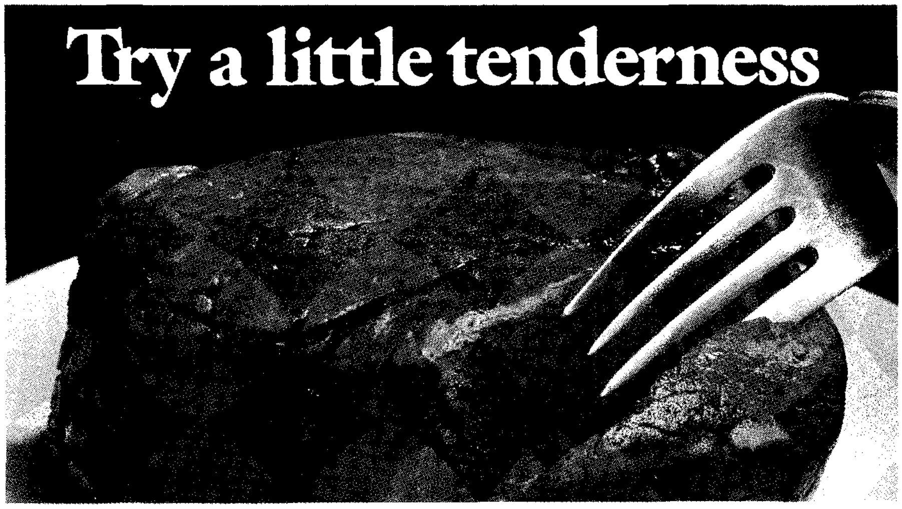

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something more than mediocrity. I was not able to communicate in the way I saw some of my colleagues doing. I remain envious of all artists. They seem to me to communicate something about the human predicament with a reality and a depth that are beyond words. It was Augusta Savage who implanted in me the respect and envy I feel for artists, and I thank her for lighting that spark." Clark also recalled an example of the lengths to which Savage would go in order to instruct her young students: "I felt more comfortable working with clay than with paint, but perhaps I was less comfortable than I felt. Once I was doing this nude, and was having trouble with the breasts. Gwendolyn Knight was sitting next to me, and I kept looking at her, to see whether I could make a breast that looked like a breast. Gwen knew what I was doing, but she would not help me. Augusta came along and said, 'Kenneth, you're having trouble with that breast,' and I said, 'Yes, I am.' And she simply opened her blouse and showed me her breast."

Of her deceptively plain appearance and the significance of her own work as a sculptress, Bayard Rustin has said, "She was dark, a little on the hefty side, very dynamic. She reminded me of Mary McLeod Bethune, in that if you passed her in the street you would say that she wasn't attractive. But when she walked into a room, she became more attractive than the most beautiful woman in the room—because she brought a light and a fire. She did marvellous studies in black ethnic types, which ended up in a Chicago museum. In terms of appreciating and portraying the physical beauty of black Americans in sculpture, she preceded everybody else. She was temperamental, as all artists are. She helped great numbers of young and struggling artists to get on their feet."

None of the young artists she helped to train and inspire became more successful, or portrayed Harlem life more faithfully and imaginatively, than Jacob Lawrence. Speaking of Lawrence's early work, one critic has said that he was "a new voice with its own pitch and a distinct black resonance," and that "his subject was Harlem, which he saw freshly . . . with empathy and a mordant folk wit." Without Savage's aid, first as a tutor and later as a sponsor—when Lawrence sought the assistance of the Federal Arts Project, designed by the Works Progress Administration—he might well have transferred his interest and talent to a different realm of art. A modest, amiable, soft-spoken man, Lawrence has said, "If I weren't painting, I'd probably like to be in music. I like the idea of solving problems on some of the instruments."

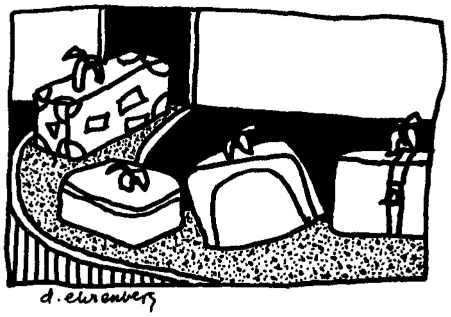
Of what she was striving to accomplish with the young black artists of the thirties, Savage, mixing generosity with modesty, said at one point, "I have created nothing really beautiful, really lasting. But if I can inspire these youngsters to develop the talent I know they possess, then my monument will be in their work."

AT no other time have there been as many theatre groups in Harlem as there were during the nineteen-twenties. The Lafayette Players, the Harlem Experimental Theatre, the Krigwa Players, the Negro Art Theatre, the Utopia Players, the Dunbar Garden Players, and the Harlem Community Players were just a few. Small and mostly amateur groups—producing either the classics or tame melodramas of middle-class life—they did not represent what could be called legitimate black theatre. Hardly any of the plays they produced had been written by blacks or dealt seriously or in depth with black experience. The fault was not wholly theirs, however, for there were then almost no producible dramas that had been written by blacks. The three plays of the twenties that, in authorship and material, came closest to meeting the criteria for black theatre were "Appearances," by Garland Anderson; "Harlem," by Wallace Thurman and William Jourdan Rapp; and "Lulu Belle," by Edward Sheldon and Charles McArthur—and even the last two of those were the fruit of black and white collaboration. In any case, they were hardly the sort of work that the bourgeois theatre groups of Harlem cared to produce. "Harlem" and "Lulu Belle" were plays about the mass experience, presenting slices of popular life that—in the minds of culturally refined blacks—pandered to a faddish nineteen-twenties curiosity about the tawdry and more colorful aspects of life in Harlem. Both were produced on Broadway and were well received. Virtually all the other serious plays about blacks then in existence had been written by whites. Ridgely Torrence's trilogy ("Granny Maumee," "The Rider of Dreams," and "Simon the Cyrenian") had been staged during the First World War. And between 1920 and 1930 plays like "The Emperor Jones" and "All God's Chillun Got Wings," by Eugene O'Neill; "In Abraham's Bosom," by Paul Green; "Porgy," by DuBose Heyward; and "Green Pastures," by Marc Connelly were produced in theatres downtown.

Most of Harlem's little-theatre companies failed during the Depression. Broadway itself fell on hard times, and the majority of the black actors and actresses, whether they had appeared uptown or downtown, were thrown out of work. Indeed, the problem was nationwide, as a historian of the period has pointed out:

> Of all the artists to experience the effects of the Depression, the worst off were the show people. Unable to compete with the motion picture industry, actors, stagehands, technicians, musicians, and vaudeville performers found themselves displaced by technology even before the Crash. Sound films replaced the orchestra; mechanical music replaced musicians; actors were eclipsed by the Hollywood star system; and stagehands and stage mechanics were no longer needed. . . . Professional theatre people were stranded without work in major cities all over the country.

In 1935, Hallie Flanagan, the director of the Federal Theatre Project—one of the New Deal programs for subsidizing the arts—invited the European-born John Houseman, who was then in his early thirties, to organize and run a unit of the project in Harlem. Miss Flanagan's first choice had been Rose McClendon, the leading lady of the Harlem stage. Beyond Miss McClendon's prestige as an actress, Miss Flanagan had probably been impressed by a letter she had written to the *Times*. Calling for the establishment of a permanent black theatre—along the lines of the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin—Miss McClendon had said, "Such a theatre could . . . create a tradition that would equal the tradition of any national group," developing "not an isolated Paul Robeson, or an occasional Bledsoe, or Gilpin, but a long line of first-rate actors." But Miss McClendon was in ill health—she died soon after—when Hallie Flanagan invited her to begin such a task, under the auspices of the Federal Theatre. As Miss Flanagan later reported, Miss McClendon had an additional reason for declining the invitation: "At the first meeting in Miss McClendon's house, I asked whether it would not be advisable to have the direction and designing of their project by members of their own race; Miss McClendon felt that since Negroes had always been performers and had had no previous opportunity of learning direction and design, they would prefer to start under more experienced direction." John Houseman, who was suggested by Miss McClendon, accepted the assignment, and set up headquarters in the old Lafayette Theatre.



After restoring the Lafayette to "some semblance of respectability and warmth," as he later said, Houseman assembled a company of some seven hundred actors, singers, dancers, and technicians—the largest number of Harlem theatre people that had ever been at work in any one place. "The Negro Theatre will do plays about Negro life in all its phases, preferably by Negroes," he explained to a reporter in Harlem. "They will produce any play on any subject and of any social and political [orientation], provided it is by a Negro and of competent workmanship." This, it seemed, would surely be the beginning of the black theatre that had never truly existed in Harlem and that Miss McClendon had proposed.

But there was the old problem—one that Houseman was not then familiar with. When he began looking around for plays to produce, he could find few that had been written by blacks. And of those hardly any met his standards of "competent workmanship." How was there to be the black theatre that he and Rose McClendon envisioned if there was neither authentic black material nor black writing of an acceptable quality? Miss McClendon had noted in her letter to the *Times*, "What makes a Negro Theatre is . . . the selection of plays that deal with Negroes, with Negro problems, with phases of Negro life, faithfully presented and accurately delineated. Any other attempt is doomed to failure."

Relaxing his standards somewhat, Houseman turned up a handful of performable black scripts, and with one of these—"Walk Together Chillun," by Frank Wilson—he inaugurated the Harlem theatre program in February of 1936. His next presentation was "The Conjure Man Dies," a comic adaptation of the novel by the Harlem Renaissance writer Rudolph Fisher. Yet another of the black plays Houseman presented at the Lafayette was "Haiti," by William Du Bois, a melodrama based on the lives of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Henri Christophe, who, along with Jean Jacques Dessalines, were the greatest leaders in Haitian history. But despite the program for black theatre that he had earlier outlined, Houseman also believed that there was a place in any theatre company—whatever its ethnic or cultural identity—for "those classical and modern masterpieces that are the common heritage of the English-speaking people." Hence, in later months he also presented Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," O'Neill's "S.S. Glencairn," and an adaptation of "Macbeth."

"Macbeth"—"Voodoo Macbeth," people in Harlem called it—was as imaginative and sensational a production as there is in the annals of New York theatre. In Houseman's words, it was "the first full-scale professional Negro Shakespearean production in theatrical history." The author of this extraordinary transformation of the Shakespeare classic was the precocious Orson Welles, then twenty years old. When Houseman invited him to adapt and direct the play for a Harlem audience, Welles responded with the idea of shifting the action from Scotland to the jungles of Haiti during the reign of the black King Christophe. "Macbeth," of all the Shakespearean dramas, had seemed the most adaptable to the black stage. Welles told Bosley Crowther, of the *Times*, "The stormy career of Christophe, who became 'The Negro King of Haiti,' and ended by killing himself when his cruelty led to a revolt, forms a striking parallel to the history of Macbeth. The costumes and settings are therefore in the period of Haiti's grimmest turbulence. Place names have been altered with particular care to retain the rhythm to Shakespeare's lines. Malcolm and Donalbain don't flee to England but to 'the Coast.' " For his historic all-black dramatis personae, Welles cast Jack Carter as Macbeth, Edna Thomas as Lady Macbeth, Maurice Ellis and Marie Young as the Macduffs, J. Louis Johnson as the Porter, Canada Lee as Banquo, and Eric Burroughs as Hecate. "Our supernatural department was very strong," Houseman recalled several years later, going on to explain, "In addition to the witches and sundry apparitions called for by the Bard, we had a troupe of African drummers. . . . Their first act, after they had been cast . . . was to file a formal requisition for five live black goats. These were brought into the theatre by night and sacrificed, hugger-mugger, according to approved tribal ritual."

Opening night—April 14, 1936—was as impressive as any that Harlem had seen. Marching bands entertained the thousands who gathered in front of the Lafayette to witness the arrival of black and white celebrities. Newsreel and still cameras recorded the scene. According to a Harlem reporter, the first-nighters were "bejewelled, ermined, and top-hatted"—as "smart as any seen at a Gilbert Miller opening." For Houseman and Welles, the next morning's reviews were "a joy to read"—especially the *Times's*, which said, "As an experiment in Afro-American showmanship, 'Macbeth' merited the excitement that fairly rocked the Lafayette Theatre last night." The play ran for ten weeks in Harlem and eight weeks at the Adelphi Theatre, downtown. It was then taken on the road for extended runs at other W. P. A.-sponsored theatres, in Bridgeport, Hartford, Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland, and Dallas.

"Voodoo Macbeth" was among the last of Houseman's productions at the Lafayette, and not long after he resigned from the Harlem program; in 1939, the entire Federal Theatre Project came to an end. "As the Great Depression lifted and the economy began to pick up under the stimulus of an approaching war, the Federal Arts projects became superfluous and politically embarrassing," Houseman said later. "The Federal Theatre was liquidated, buried, and largely forgotten in the new excitement of World War II." The legacy of the Federal Theatre Project was not as enriching to theatrical life in Harlem as many participants in the program had hoped. Certainly it did not bring about the national black theatre that had been Rose McClendon's dream. The hundreds of actors, actresses, and other theatre personnel who had found employment at the Lafayette were given few opportunities, in Harlem or elsewhere, to further their careers or develop their talents. This, at any rate, was John Houseman's conclusion when, in his autobiography, he looked back on the results of his work in Harlem:

> Viewed in the perspective of years, my accomplishments with the Negro Theatre seem far from impressive. Theatrically, their final effects were almost nil: Negro playwriting was not appreciably encouraged by our efforts, and Negro actors (with a few notable exceptions) were held, for another twenty years, within the galling bounds of stereotyped roles. The theatre technicians . . . (being excluded from every professional union theatre in America except as cleaners or janitors) went back into other trades. No Negro company came into existence for thirty years after the dissolution of the Federal Theatre and no Negro audience clamored for a continuation of the entertainment they had apparently enjoyed under the auspices of the W.P.A.

Houseman was not entirely correct. At least one important black theatre group came into existence soon after the federal project ended. This was the American Negro Theatre, founded in Harlem in 1940 by the playwright Abram Hill and the actor Frederick O'Neal. Though small and poorly financed, the A.N.T., some of whose performances were staged in the auditorium of the library on West 135th Street, was one of the most distinguished companies ever organized in Harlem. It lasted for eleven years, during which, according to Hill, it "trained over two hundred people," presented "fifteen major and five studio productions," and "attracted some fifty thousand patrons to witness 325 performances." Among its major productions were Hill's "Strivers Row"—satirizing a certain set within Harlem society—and Philip Yordan's "Anna Lucasta."

The A.N.T.'s importance lies in one of the main objectives it pursued: to destroy the remaining vestiges of minstrelsy and stereotype in black acting, and demonstrate that blacks were capable of portraying human character in all its diversity and complexity. It was quite a task for one small group to accomplish, but the extent to which the A.N.T. achieved its purpose may be judged by the subsequent careers of some of the actors and actresses it helped to discover and develop—such notable additions to the American stage as Frederick O'Neal, Sidney Poitier, Hilda Simms, Harry Belafonte, Earle Hyman, Alice Childress, and Ruby Dee.

OF all the art forms in Harlem, poetry and fiction were the hardest hit by the Depression. By the mid-nineteen-thirties, the lively Harlem

Renaissance literary movement of the previous decade had virtually expired—its voices exhausted, dispersed, or fallen into various degrees of silence. About the only member of that movement who remained as active as he had ever been—oblivious of the decline in black literary fortune and celebrity—was Langston Hughes. *The* survivor of the Harlem Renaissance, Hughes went on living and writing in Harlem until his death, in 1967. Rudolph Fisher and Wallace Thurman died in 1934. Nella Larsen resorted to nursing, and disappeared into the obscure expanses of Brooklyn. Jean Toomer, who had not lived in Harlem for any length of time, lapsed into religious mysticism, becoming a follower of Gurdjieff. Eric Walrond—after publishing his impressive book of short fiction "Tropic Death" in 1926—devoted himself to writing articles and to managing black magazines. Zora Neale Hurston left Harlem for her native South, where—as a novelist and as a cultural anthropologist—she did her best work. Countee Cullen, Arna Bontemps, and Jessie Fauset turned predominantly to teaching, in high schools and colleges. W. E. B. Du Bois and Alain Locke, the élite critics of the Harlem Renaissance, continued to deliver high cultural judgments, but—perhaps because there was so much less to judge—with declining authority and influence. James Weldon Johnson, Walter White, and Claude McKay wrote mostly autobiography and social history—aging creative men, falling back, in a dry season, on the gleanings of memory.

The most important young writers in Harlem during the late thirties—though their best work did not appear until the forties and fifties—were Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison. (In 1946, Ann Petry, not as well known, published "The Street," a novel of Harlem life.) Wright and Ellison arrived in Harlem toward the end of the Depression and, for a time, supported themselves by doing research and writing for the Federal Writers Project. As Jerre Mangione, a historian of the project, later wrote, "The emergence of Richard Wright as a top rank novelist, while still a member of the Project, was the clearest testimony of how the Project could provide a young writer with the economic means and the psychic stamina he needed to test his talent. Less known was the Project's contribution to the literary development of Ralph Ellison, who was a friend of Wright."

When Wright arrived in Harlem, in 1937, he was already a published writer. He had been living in Chicago since 1927, after moving there from Memphis, where he grew up. He was nineteen when he came to Chicago, and had taught himself to write by reading, among other works, Mencken's "A Book of Prefaces." Wright had begun writing poetry and fiction while working with the Illinois unit of the Federal Writers Project, and his work had appeared in *Left Front*, *Anvil*, and the *New Masses*—periodicals sympathetic to the Communist movement, which he joined in 1932. Upon his arrival in Harlem, Wright joined the New York unit of the Federal Writers Project and—at the invitation of James Ford and Benjamin Davis, two of the city's leading black Communists—became the Harlem editor of the *Daily Worker*.

While Wright was turning out reports for the *Worker*, he wrote for himself as well. His first book, "Uncle Tom's Children"—a collection of short fiction, most of it written in Chicago—appeared in 1938. That year, commenting on a five-hundred-dollar prize he had won from the magazine *Story*, he told a reporter in Harlem that he hoped the money would last "until I get my second book completed." It was, he said, "about Chicago—Negro life there," and "it's got to be good, because I want to show that 'Uncle Tom's Children' was no accident." The novel he was completing was the highly acclaimed "Native Son," which indeed proved that his first book had not been a fluke.

Soon after moving to Harlem, Wright became a friend and something of a mentor to Ellison, his junior by six years. Ellison, a native of Oklahoma City, had been living in New York since the summer of 1936. He had come—as a music major studying the trumpet and classical composition at Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama—to earn tuition and board for the fall term. Failing to earn the required amount, he decided to drop out of school and remain in New York. "At the time, I still thought of myself as a musician," Ellison said later, but since he did not "have enough money to join a union," he turned to other forms of work to support himself. Through Langston Hughes, Ellison was introduced to Wright—having requested the meeting after reading a few of Wright's early poems. "I had been reading lots of modern poetry and works on its technique," Ellison has explained, "and this was the first time *I* had found the spirit and techniques of modern poetry present in a Negro writer." During the friendship that developed, Ellison impressed Wright as being "terribly curious about art, the meaning of experience, and especially Negro experience." In their talks about literature and technique, Wright suggested certain major novels that the younger man might read to see how the great writers achieved their effects. Partly as a result of this relationship, Ellison's first published writing appeared in *New Challenge*, a short-lived literary magazine that Wright found time to edit. By the seriousness with which both men inquired into the problems of literary art and craft, they represented a new and more sophisticated tendency in black writing. They were interested in doing something more than presenting the vigor, the color, and the vicissitudes of black life—the aim of most of their immediate black predecessors. They inclined strongly toward the serious investigation and the studious literary rendering of black American life. And in the early stages of their relationship Wright may have been as inspiring a literary influence on Ellison as any that later entered Ellison's life. "Native Son," Wright's major work—parts of which Ellison had read in manuscript—was published in 1940. No black novel of a similar stature appeared until 1952, when Ellison published his justly praised "Invisible Man" (much of it set in Harlem), a less militant exploration of its subject but one that was even more thoughtful and searching than "Native Son" had attempted to be.

As the First World War had done, the Second confronted blacks with one of the historic problems of their citizenship—whether and how to fight abroad in defense of freedoms that were denied them at home. And, not surprisingly, there were in the early forties many Harlemites who wanted little or nothing to do with military service. Many of those who enlisted would fight in the cause of the "Double V"—victory abroad and victory at home. Still, there was considerably less resistance to this war effort than there had been to the one in 1917, when an organized movement of young Harlem intellectuals campaigned fiercely and openly against black enlistment of any sort. *Life* found in 1942 that there was "no place in the nation where civil defense is now a more burning topic than in Harlem." At least a quarter of the Harlem residents were "doing some kind of war work," it said, with some fifteen thousand enrolled as air-raid wardens, and thousands of women "learning first aid, knitting sweaters, serving in canteens, studying internal-combustion engines." *Life* also noted that even prostitutes had been seen wearing the white arm bands of air-raid wardens; but that the police—uncertain which cause the ladies were truly serving—had soon put a stop to that.

Of the Harlemites who wanted little or nothing to do with the war, the black playwright Loften Mitchell wrote, "Irritated black people argued that when colored Ethiopia was attacked, Uncle Sam hadn't raced to her defense, but when white Europe was in trouble, Uncle was right there." He added, "Others declared openly they were not going to fight for colonial England, colonial France, and jim crow America." A 1943 article in *The Nation* said of Harlem, "The people there have asked the question, 'What will the war bring us?' The answer, as most of them see it, is 'Nothing.' They still want the United States to win but only casually. They are for the United Nations [the Allied forces] as a matter of form but their hearts aren't in it."

There were at least two other reasons that such Harlemites were cool toward the war effort, and one of them was the survival of racial segregation in the armed forces. In 1942, the *Age* printed this letter from a twenty-four-year-old soldier:

> Hope with me that I shall see, before another 24 years, a second Emancipation Proclamation from prejudice; from prejudice by these part-time Americans who . . . are tearing to tatters and ripping to rags the American flag's meaning of equality. . . .
>
> I wish this was a mixed Army. Then we Americans could actually be fighting side by side, shoulder to shoulder, skin for skin. Then I could easily glare at the Japs and grit: this is my country, my native land . . .

The other reason was the exclusion of black workers from the munitions industry, at least until late 1941, although for a while before America entered the war the nation's defense plants had been busy building ships, tanks, planes, and guns for the European Allies. More than twenty years later, the magazine *American Labor* reported:

> It had been announced that 250,000 workers would be absorbed in supplying defense needs, but there was little place for Negro workers, regardless of training. The president of North American Aviation set forth the industry's thinking in a press interview, declaring that "regardless of training, we will not employ Negroes in the North American plant. It is against company policy." Standard Steel Corporation told the Kansas City Urban League: "We have not had a Negro worker in twenty-five years, and do not plan to start now."

That policy began to change, however slightly, only after A. Philip Randolph, of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, used the Harlem headquarters of his union to mobilize more than a hundred thousand blacks, with a view to leading them on a protest march to Washington. Alarmed by the possible effects of such a gathering in the nation's capital, President Roosevelt made the demonstration unnecessary. After a meeting with Randolph and other black figures at the White House, he issued one of his more historic executive orders, declaring that as a matter of national policy "there shall be no discrimination in the employment of workers in defense industries." The barriers to black workers in defense plants did not suddenly or wholly collapse, but an important breaching of those barriers had occurred. Nor was it until 1948, following another of Randolph's publicized confrontations with the White House, that the President, then Harry Truman, ordered that the armed forces end their policy of racial segregation.

One result of Randolph's March-on-Washington campaign during the early forties was that he joined Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., as one of the two most popular political figures in Harlem. Each had a wide following and a distinct type of mass appeal. Randolph's appeal sprang from a recognition of his personal integrity and from his long association—in Harlem and at the national level—with working-class and civil-rights causes. "Randolph more nearly fills the bill of being the Negro's national leader than anyone else in recent years," a Harlem newspaper columnist wrote in 1944. Powell's appeal stemmed chiefly from his colorful and scrappy personality, his position as the leader of a major black church, and his own achievements as an activist in behalf of the Harlem masses. His characteristic style undoubtedly won him as much admiration as did any other aspect of his life or conduct. Some years later, the *Post* described him as "the matinee idol of the pulpit," going on to say that Powell dressed, talked, and acted "like a Broadway dandy," displayed "his joy in creature comforts," and loved "sleek sports cars . . . beautiful clothes, good Bordeaux wines, and, of course, *haute cuisine*." He lost none of his popular appeal when, in November of 1944, the *Age* published this item about him:

> Charging that a nightclub performer had superseded her in her husband's affections, Mrs. Isabel Washington Powell filed suit in Supreme Court on Monday for separation from Rev. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. . . . The suit put at rest a series of rumors that had been bruited about Harlem and café society for some time that the Rev. Powell had tired of his wife, who left the stage eleven years ago to become his mate, and was asking her to grant him a divorce so that he could marry Hazel Scott, 23-year-old swing pianist and torch singer. . . .
>
> Mrs. Powell asserted . . . that Rev. Powell . . . had accused her of being unsympathetic to his political ambitions and had asked her . . . to divorce him. . . . "He stated that my actions toward him had driven him to the arms of another woman and that he could no longer live with me. . . . Only recently did I learn why he tossed me aside. It was because of his infatuation for this nightclub performer. . . ."
>
> Reporters who saw Hazel Scott at the Cafe Society Uptown quoted her as identifying herself as the woman in the case. She said that "if the day comes that he is free, I think that I'll be an extremely lucky girl to be his wife."

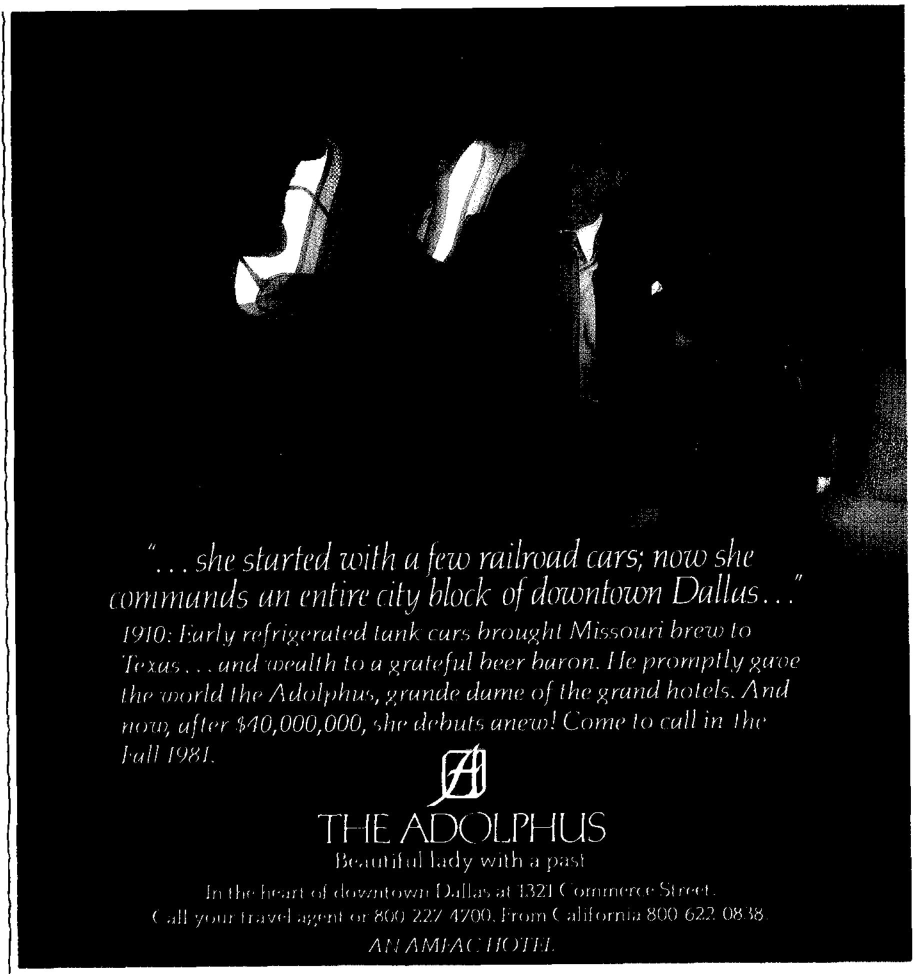
Months later, when Powell took the jazz pianist as his bride, his supporters thought nothing of it—not even of the fact that he, a native-born American, had married a West Indian.

Powell's popularity had been growing since 1931, when, as his father's assistant, he administered the Depression-relief program at the Abyssinian Baptist Church. That year, by leading a protest march on City Hall, he brought about the reinstatement of five black doctors who had been fired from

Harlem Hospital. In 1932, he was an active member of one of many committees formed to support the defense of the Scottsboro Boys—nine black youths in Alabama who had been sentenced to death on a charge of raping two white girls on a freight train. In 1934, Powell—along with John Johnson, the pastor of St. Martin's Episcopal Church, and Sufi Hamid, a radical labor agitator—led a boycott against department stores along 125th Street ("Don't Buy Where You Can't Work") which forced these stores to end their policy of refusing to hire black salesmen and saleswomen. In the late nineteen-thirties, Powell headed a group called the Greater New York Coördinating Committee, which won jobs for blacks in Consolidated Edison, the New York Telephone Company, and a number of bottling and pharmaceutical enterprises. Such deeds and accomplishments left no doubt that he had extended the ministry of the Abyssinian Baptist Church further into the realm of social action than his father had done. In summary, as the journalist Roi Ottley was to write of him, Powell was "an incredible combination of showman, black parson, and Tammany Hall . . . a salvationist and a politician, an economic messiah and a super-opportunist, an important mass leader and a lighthearted playboy . . . the new and different kind of leader that the Negro church has produced."

In 1941, Powell was swept into office as Harlem's first black member of the City Council since that body was called the Board of Aldermen. In 1943, Benjamin Davis succeeded him in the office when Powell declined to seek reëlection. The lines of New York's Twenty-second Congressional District had recently been redrawn, making it virtually certain that in 1944 a black candidate would be elected to the House of Representatives, and Powell wanted very much to become the first black congressman from Harlem.

For that office, Harlem had only two serious candidates in mind—Powell and Randolph. Powell, a registered Democrat, was backed by the Tammany Hall machine as well as by his large mass following in Harlem. Randolph, who turned fifty-five in 1944, (he was Powell's senior by nineteen years), had no regular party affiliation—if anything, he was still a Norman Thomas Socialist—but was favored by a large nonpartisan coalition that wished to draft him into the cam-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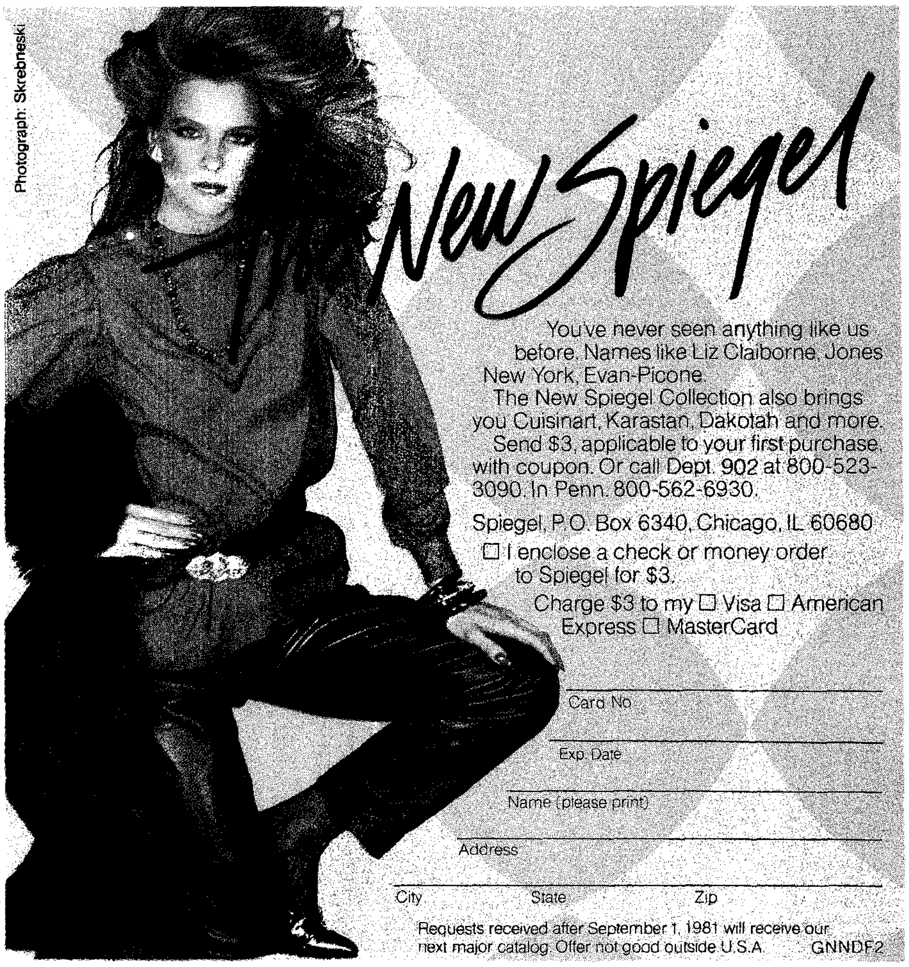

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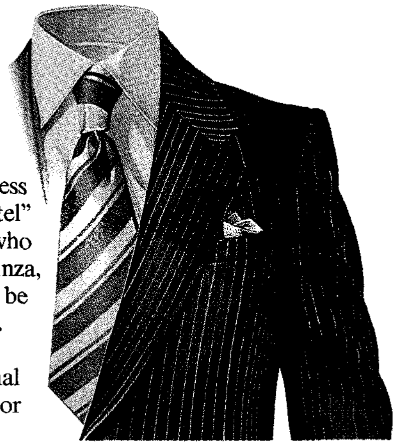

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paign. Besides, as a Harlem journal reported, the Republicans and "the strong anti-Powell bloc in the Democratic ranks" were prepared to throw their support to Randolph "the minute he consents to become the candidate." After giving the matter some thought, however—and consulting officers of his union, some of whom disliked the idea of his candidacy—Randolph decided against running. He did not "wish to become involved in the entanglements of politics," he announced to his supporters, adding, "While I've been assured that I would have no partisan alliances that would tie my hands, I am constrained to believe that the law of compensation demands and requires that there be a payoff somewhere down the road in some form or another." To those who had organized vigorously in his behalf, this came as a shock, almost a betrayal of their cause and of their faith in him. "By preferring to remain as Randolph the idealist," one of his supporters wrote in the Harlem press, "Randolph has done himself no good . . . and even his best friends agree with his enemies, who are now pointing the finger at him and saying: 'Randolph let us down.' " Powell was elected, and remained Harlem's only black congressman for nearly a quarter of a century. The year after his son's election, the senior Powell wrote of Randolph, "Financially, he will doubtlessly die a poor man but he will be immeasurably rich in all the attributes that make genuine manhood." The prediction was as accurate as the tribute was generous.

ON the evening of August 1, 1943, Harlem erupted into the worst disturbance that had ever occurred in the community. It was a Sunday, and the afternoon had been sunny and tranquil. The day—as a visiting writer observed—had been marked by music and laughter. Neighbors and friends had conversed amiably on front stoops. Mothers had gently steered baby carriages along the sidewalks. And young lovers, arm in arm, had strolled contentedly up and down the avenues. It was, the visitor later said, "a reassuring picture."

At around seven that evening, James Collins, a white policeman, was stationed in the lobby of the Hotel Braddock, on 126th Street near Eighth Avenue. Not surprisingly—for the Braddock was known to be a haunt of unruly elements—his attention was called to a dispute between the hotel management and a female guest. She had registered there a short time earlier but had found the accommodations unsatisfactory and had decided to leave. Having spent scarcely any time there, she approached the management to say that she was entitled to a refund of all payments she had made; when her demand was refused, she exploded loudly and lengthily into profanity. At this point, Patrolman Collins told her that she was disturbing the peace, and ordered her to desist. She refused to comply, he attempted to place her under arrest, and, in the struggle that followed, Robert Bandy—a black soldier who was visiting the hotel—intervened in her behalf. Wresting away Collins' nightstick, Bandy struck him over the head with it, wounding him, and ran from the hotel. The policeman fired his revolver at Bandy, hitting him in the left shoulder. He then took Bandy into custody and, with a crowd following, marched him to Sydenham Hospital, not far away.

While both men were having their wounds attended to, the crowd in front of the hospital grew steadily larger and angrier—augmented by passersby who were told that a white cop had shot a black soldier. A sullen crowd on a hot summer's evening made for as ominous a chemistry as can exist in Harlem, and it was not long before the reaction began. When no word came from the hospital concerning the state of the wounded men, someone in the crowd imagined the worst and shouted that the soldier was probably dead. At this, a bottle was sent crashing against a wall of the hospital, unleashing a stampede of emotions.

The people dispersed through the streets and avenues, breaking store windows and spreading word that a white cop had shot and killed a black soldier, and thousands of other Harlemites poured out of their homes and joined the uprising. Business places were sacked, cars were overturned and set on fire, and policemen and firemen were stoned. During the rampage, Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia toured the streets in a sound truck, appealing for an end to the disorder, but scarcely anyone listened to him, even though in Harlem at that time he was the most respected and admired white New York political figure. Important black leaders came out to join in the appeal for calm, with no more success. One of them, Walter White, the executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, said later that their pleas "were greeted with raucous shouts of disbelief, frequently couched in language as violent as the action of the window-smashers."

The disorder raged through the night, till sunrise on Monday. Very little then remained in most business places. Millions of dollars' worth of merchandise—furniture, rugs, bed linen, food, liquor, jewelry, clothing, cosmetics: almost everything that the looters were able to move—had been cleaned out and carried away. According to the *Post*, "clothes, dirty wash, canned goods, milk bottles, loaves of bread, and smashed liquor bottles littered the streets." Several hundred people were arrested—including youths who were strutting about in the top hats and tails they had stolen. Hundreds more were wounded—victims of police clubbing or shooting, or of lacerations they had suffered in forcing themselves through jagged openings in show windows. At least six deaths were reported. Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., said later that the riot was "the hottest hell ever created in Harlem."

August 2, 1943, the morning after the riot, was the nineteenth birthday of James Baldwin. Of all the well-known writers that black Harlem had helped to produce, he was the first one born and raised in the community. "Go Tell It on the Mountain," a novel he published ten years later, remains the best fictional account of storefront religion uptown. And in other forms of writing he evoked qualities of Harlem life with a vexed eloquence that the community had inspired in no previous writer. His father, a preacher from the South, had migrated to the North after 1919, the year some of the bloodiest race riots in the nation's history broke out in Washington, D.C.; Charleston, South Carolina; and other major cities—riots in which black soldiers, recently returned from fighting in France, were attacked with no regard for the uniforms they wore. A proud and sternly uncompromising man, the elder Baldwin had not found much relief in Harlem from the social and racial pains he had suffered in the South. He continued to harbor a deep rage against the conditions of American life that denied him the status he knew to be his right. By his acquaintances and by James, his eldest son, he was remembered as being "ingrown, like a toenail." Yet, for all his refusal to surrender the vision he held of himself, he was not sympathetic to what his oldest son wished to become—a writer instead of a minister. He died on July 29, 1943—the day the last of his children was born, three days before the worst outbreak of rioting that Harlem had yet seen, and four days before the nineteenth birthday of the son whose choice of a career he had disputed but whose best work, a brilliant fusion of writing and sermonizing, soon earned for the family name a distinguished place in the literature of moral protest.

"On the morning of the 3rd of August," James Baldwin later wrote in one of his major essays, "we drove my father to the graveyard through a wilderness of smashed plate glass. . . . As we drove . . . the spoils of injustice, anarchy, discontent, and hatred were all around us. It seemed to me that God himself had devised, to mark my father's end, the most sustained and brutally dissonant of codas." Surveying the remains of that coda, Baldwin went on to say:

> I truly had not realized that Harlem *had* so many stores until I saw them all smashed open; the first time the word *wealth* ever entered my mind in relation to Harlem was when I saw it scattered in the streets. But one's first, incongruous impression of plenty was countered immediately by an impression of waste. None of this was doing anybody any good. It would have been better to have left the plate glass as it had been and the goods lying in the stores.
>
> It would have been better, but it would also have been intolerable, for Harlem had needed something to smash.

Notwithstanding the poetry and irony surrounding the rage that Baldwin describes, a question remained: Why had Harlem needed something to smash? At the time, there were almost as many answers as there were experts. Some argued that it was in the very nature of ghetto dwellers to smash. Others blamed the uprising on the legacy of the Depression, on social and racial oppression, on commercial exploitation, or on common thieves and criminals. Roy Wilkins, of the N.A.A.C.P., confined his answer to the incident that had sparked the riot—an incident that, in his view, reawakened indignation over the treatment of black American soldiers during wartime. He wrote in the magazine *The Crisis:*

> A soldier in uniform was shot by a policeman in Harlem. . . .
>
> Negro soldiers have been shot down by civilian police in Alexandria, La., in Little Rock, Ark., in Baltimore, Md., in Beaumont, Texas, and in a half dozen other places. They have been humiliated, manhandled, and beaten in countless instances.

Wilkins concluded, "The Harlem mob knew all this. It hated all this. It could not reach the Arkansas cop who fired a full magazine of his revolver into the prone body of a Negro sergeant, or any of the others, so it tore up Harlem."

THE Savoy Ballroom, on Lenox Avenue, was the largest dance hall in Harlem, and one of its great centers of popular style. It was opened in 1926, and occupied the second floor of a building that took up the entire block front from 140th Street to 141st. Saturday nights and Sunday nights were the liveliest of the week. On those nights, the dance floor was shared by all and sundry, including white stars of stage and screen from downtown. One of them, Lana Turner, is said to have nicknamed the Savoy the Home of the Happy Feet—a name that stuck, and that circulated far and wide. To most Harlemites, however—especially the ones who danced there every night of the week—the Savoy was the Track, the home of the Lindy Hop.

The ballroom was not open on August 1, 1943, the Sunday night when the rioters tore up Harlem. Some time earlier, the police, ill at ease with the Savoy's interracial gatherings, had closed it down temporarily. This act was assigned an excessive influence when certain social workers began their study of why the riot had occurred—a number of them concluding that the disturbance might not have taken place if the Savoy had been open. In other words, the Harlemites involved would, in all likelihood, have been out dancing instead. Silly as such a conclusion was, it did underscore the importance and popularity of the Savoy as a social institution in Harlem.

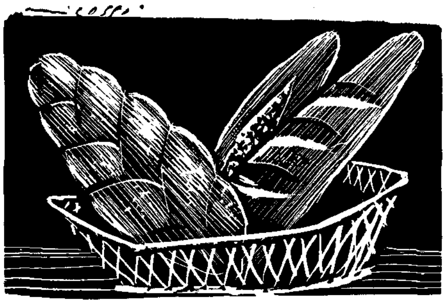
The Savoy was by no means the only well-attended dance hall uptown. But it was the greatest of them all—Harlem's shrine of the public dance, where the best of the big and swinging bands of the late twenties, the thirties, and the forties were to be heard. *Ebony* reported in 1946 that the Savoy cost about half a million dollars a year to operate, that it took in around a million dollars a year, and that in the twenty years of its existence "28 million feet stomped" there.

The Savoy was owned by Moe Gale, a white impresario, and managed by Charles Buchanan, a black Harlem businessman. Just before it opened, in March of 1926, the *Age* ran this description of it:

> When one enters the building he finds himself in a spacious lobby set off by marble staircase and cut glass chandelier. The hall itself is decorated in a color scheme of orange and blue. One half of the floor is heavily carpeted. There are tables, settees, etc., where guests may rest between dances. There is a soda fountain at one end of the hall. . . .
>
> The dance floor is about 200 feet long and about 50 feet wide. It is made of the best quality maple flooring, polished to the highest degree. Two bandstands and a disappearing stage are in the rear. Above are vari-colored spotlights. The Savoy will be open every evening. Admission: 50 cents, week nights; 75 cents, Sundays and holidays.

The hall admitted all the classes and conditions of Harlem, from top professionals to truck drivers, shoeshine boys, and domestic servants (known in the self-mocking euphemisms of Harlem as "pot wrestlers" and "kitchen mechanics"). According to *Ebony*, "Royalty from Europe and other foreign lands make the Savoy . . . a must on their lists when visiting New York," and celebrities, "a dime a dozen," included the Roosevelts, the former Prince of Wales, Marlene Dietrich, Carl Van Vechten, Lana Turner, Greta Garbo, Alice Faye, and "millionaire playboys from Park Avenue." And in 1941 Maurice Zolotow, writing for *The Saturday Evening Post*, reported:

> Sober white citizens . . . are welcome at the Savoy, and since Benny Goodman's playing of "Stompin' at the Savoy" spread its fame abroad in 1936, the Savoy has become a favorite of the tourists, along with Radio City and the Empire State Building. When Greta Garbo visits Manhattan, she spends most of her evenings at the Savoy. She has found, from experience, that it is an ideal place to go when you want to be alone.
>
> Another characteristic of the Savoyards that endears them to Hollywood stars in search of obscurity is the fact that they don't chase celebrities or hunt for autographs. To them, dancing is a serious business.



Music was just as serious a business at the Savoy. Only the best bands could hold their own there or were invited back. They included those of Jimmy Lunceford, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Tiny Bradshaw, Lucky Millinder, Duke Ellington, Bennie Moten, Earl Hines, Louis Armstrong, Chick Webb, Count Basie, Cab Calloway, Fletcher Henderson, Fess Williams, Claude Hopkins, Teddy Hill, Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton, Count Basie, and Erskine Hawkins. "The best band is the one that keeps the floor filled," Charlie Buchanan once said, and no band kept the floor filled unless it could swing. According to the trombonist Dicky Wells, "if you didn't swing, you weren't there long." In 1929, Cab Calloway and his band, newly arrived in New York, flunked their first test at the Savoy. They just didn't swing, and Buchanan was on the verge of handing them their walking papers. "I was furious with the guys in the band," Calloway later said. " 'Dammit,' I hollered, 'I tried to tell you this jive music wouldn't make it in New York. This ain't Toledo or Mendota, this is New York. You've got to come into New York swinging!' " Luckily, they were given another chance, and managed to redeem themselves.

Swinging though the better New York bands were, there began coming into the Savoy in the early thirties a group of musicians from the Southwest—especially Kansas City and Oklahoma City—who were in no way awed by what the boys in Harlem were doing. They regarded themselves as the original and authentic exponents of swing. They played with such ease, such natural drive, that their music seemed to be generated not within themselves but by the spontaneous verve of the dancers for whom they were playing—as though their styles owed less to imagination and mastered technique than to the tradition and inspiration of small-town Saturday-night dancing. That may have been why Ralph Ellison, who grew up in the Southwest, said later, "We didn't give a damn about what kind of jazz they were playing in the East, because we had swing—what we called 'stomp music.' " The jazz historian Marshall Stearns seems to agree. "The Southwestern style grew up in direct response to the everyday needs of an audience of dancers from the countryside of the deep South," he writes. "They wanted their music hot and strong." Among the musicians who brought this Southwestern style and drive into the Savoy were Bennie Moten, Walter Page, Count Basie (though he was a native of Red Bank, New Jersey), Andy Kirk, Ben Webster, Lester Young, Hot Lips Page, Mary Lou Williams, and the blues singer Jimmy Rushing.

There was at least one orchestra in Harlem that swung as "hot" and as "strong" as the Southwesterners did. That was Chick Webb's—by far the most popular of all the bands that played at the Savoy. "The only time we were bothered was when we played opposite a little guy named Chick Webb," Count Basie said in recalling his early appearances at the Savoy. Webb's group played what came to be called "the Savoy tempo." In its relationship to what the dancers did on the floor, it bore a resemblance to the bands of the Southwest. Duke Ellington later remarked that Webb's "command of his audiences" sprang from his "communication with the dancers"—with what their feet were doing.

As a result, in the big-band battles that were regularly staged at the Savoy, Webb and his boys were almost always unbeatable. "Chick Webb would just lay for other bands to come there," Dicky Wells said. "And he'd rather they came on Fridays, Saturdays, or Sundays, because then the place would be packed with dancers, and they'd say, 'Play that number you played last Tuesday, Chick. We can dance by that.' He'd play it and the house would start rocking. Lots of times the dancers more or less dictated what the bands played. Chick used to sit back looking out the window while his band played early in the evening, but when the visiting band would get rough—here he would come, and that was it!" Mary Lou Williams recalled that Webb was "the acknowledged King" of the Savoy. "Any visiting band could depend on catching hell from little Chick, for he was a crazy drummer and shrewd to boot," she said. "Chick would wait until the opposition had blown its hottest numbers and then—during a so-so set—would unexpectedly bring his band fresh to the stand and wham into a fine arrangement, like Benny Carter's 'Liza,' that was hard to beat. Few visiting bands could stand up to this." Sam Woodyard, who later played the drums in Ellington's orchestra, has said of Webb, "He was the first drummer who made sense in a big band. . . . He knew how to shade and color, and how to bring a band up and keep it there." Gene Krupa, himself an illustrious drummer, once described Webb as "the most luminous of all drum stars, the master." In 1937, Krupa was a member of the Benny Goodman band that took on Chick Webb's in one of the greatest battles ever staged at the Savoy. According to the *Age*, some five thousand dancers were in the ballroom, and outside another five thousand "battled mounted cops and patrolmen for places near enough to the Savoy to hear the music of these two great orchestras." The report continued, "It was the first time that Harlem would get an opportunity to see the Goodman aggregation which includes two Negroes [Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton] as featured musicians in action." Samuel Charters and Charles Kunstadt, two historians of the New York jazz scene, gave this account of the Webb-Goodman encounter: "Benny came into the Savoy with his greatest band, but the Savoy was jammed with Chick's loyal fans. The Goodman band played at their best, but they couldn't win the crowd away from little Chick. He finished the session with a drum solo, winning a thunderous ovation, while Goodman and his drummer, Gene Krupa, just stood there shaking their heads."

There was little in Webb's physical appearance to suggest the force and drive he generated in his orchestra. He was short, frail of build, and partly crippled—"a sickly hunchback," someone called him. Ella Fitzgerald, who was his vocalist for several years (and who inherited the leadership of the band when Webb died, in 1939), later said that he was "always in pain" but "no one ever knew it"—for "there was so much music in that man."

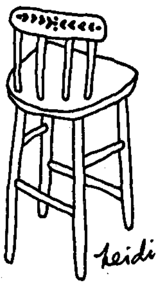
UP until the end of the nineteen-forties, at least, Harlem's "society," or social élite, was made up of two branches, an old and a new. Members of the old branch would just as soon have ignored the existence of the new, but they felt that if it had to be recognized the comparison would be no threat to them, for they considered themselves to be superior by far, the true representatives of society in Harlem. Among them were descendants of successful old New York families, while others sprang from an educated class in the South—the one that W. E. B. Du Bois described as the Talented Tenth, and to whom he assigned the task of providing enlightened black social and political leadership. Predominantly fair-skinned, they were refined in their manners and conservative in their cultural interests, and were among the first black professionals—lawyers, doctors, journalists, teachers, and seminary-trained clergymen—to settle in Harlem. But some time after they became greatly outnumbered by the black masses in Harlem, the old élite found their social influence eroding and their cultural position being challenged by a new set of achievers.

It was the distinction between themselves and the new achievers that they sought to take advantage of. In 1937, a publication sympathetic to their position—*The Vanguard*, which called itself a "Register of Those in Front"—carried a list of Harlem families that it described as "the Élite of African Descent." Included were persons of "fixed domiciles of long standing," those with a "reputation for good moral character," and those who had "achieved a measure of economic success and intellectual development." In 1926, the *Age*—whose editor, Fred R. Moore, was a member of the old branch—had used terms like "Harlem's best society" and "the real society" to describe the group it recognized as the true élite. Such a group, the paper said, was "composed of clean living and clean thinking people, some with brains and a capacity for hard work as well as for play in its proper place." They were "content to enjoy the relaxation of social intercourse," but only in the company of "their own wives," for they were not "chasers after strange women." The unmarried among them "may change their partners in the social whirl," but not after they have "settled in the choice of a partner for life."

Among those whom the *Age*, then and later, would have placed in "Harlem's best society" were Charles W. Anderson, the city's leading black Republican, who had once been the Collector of Internal Revenue for the Third District of New York; Charles H. Roberts, E. P. Roberts, Peyton F. Anderson, James Granady, and Louis T. Wright, prominent physicians; Gertrude Elise Ayer, New York's first black public-school principal; Roscoe

Conkling Bruce, son of Blanche K. Bruce, a former United States Senator from Mississippi; John E. Nail, a successful real-estate broker, and his father, John B. Nail; James Weldon Johnson and his wife, Grace, who was a daughter of John B. Nail; Edward A. Johnson, a lawyer, and the first black elected to the New York State Assembly; Hutchens C. Bishop, the rector of St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church; Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., the pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church; Ruth Logan Roberts, the wife of Dr. E. P. Roberts, and a daughter of Warren Logan, who had been a treasurer of Tuskegee Institute; Myra Logan and Arthur Logan, young physicians; Roy Wilkins, William Pickens, Walter White, and W. E. B. Du Bois, of the N.A.A.C.P.; and James Watson (a West Indian), Hubert Delaney, and Charles Toney, prominent judges. In 1941, when several of them attended a social affair in honor of Dr. E. P. Roberts, the *Age* described the gathering as representing "Harlem society in its full meaning."

In the eyes of such people, the younger branch of society was merely the smart or fast set—social celebrities and hostesses, members of café society. Its members were dismissed as fun-lovers, party-givers, fancy dressers, and conspicuous consumers, who owned and displayed themselves in expensive automobiles. Though they were not without their lawyers and doctors, few of them were thought to have serious intellectual interests. They were seen as avid sports fans, who much preferred discussing baseball statistics to reading good books. Of this group—in other cities as well as in Harlem—the black sociologist E. Franklin Frazier wrote, "Even if they did not act like 'gentlemen,' they were able to imitate white 'society' in their standards of consumption and entertainment. In fact, they tended to ridicule the so-called 'culture' and exclusiveness of the older Negro 'society.' "



This group practiced its own forms of snobbery. As Nancy Cunard observed, "There are near-white cliques, mulatto groups, dark-skinned sets who will not invite each other to their houses; some would not let a white cross their thresholds. . . . The snobbery around skin color is terrifying." Nor was there any general agreement among them concerning who did or did not belong to their society—though income was at least one qualification on which almost everybody agreed. To some members, a racketeer was perfectly acceptable as long as he lived stylishly and expensively. To others, that kind of tolerance was unthinkable. One subject of such a disagreement was the West Indian Casper Holstein, who during the nineteen-twenties was Harlem's richest numbers banker. His critics in society held the source of his income against him. His boosters thought only of how much money he had and of some of the causes and charities he financed. *The American Mercury* said of Holstein, in 1947, "He was a dignified and extraordinarily taciturn man who donated large sums to Negro causes and provided annual grants for exceptional Negro writers and artists." In literary contests that the magazine *Opportunity* sponsored during the Harlem Renaissance, one of the top prizes won annually by young black poets and story writers was the Casper Holstein Award. There was also the case of A'Lelia Walker, the cosmetics heiress. Those who rejected her claims to membership in society cited her background—she was, it was pointed out, the daughter of a former washerwoman. Others could not overlook her wealth and the glamour that surrounded her. At all events, it mattered little to her what anyone thought, for she was rich and attractive enough to lead a society of her own. According to an article in *Fortune*, in 1939, while Cab Calloway belonged to Harlem society—having been "sponsored by a Harvard-bred doctor," Duke Ellington did not. This was odd, in view of Ellington's personal elegance, brilliant gifts, and outstanding contributions to American music. Odd, indeed; unless it was a case of everyone, in an unusual example of consensus, agreeing that Ellington constituted an aristocracy in himself—"beyond category," as he said of some of the music he wrote and played. Bojangles was another who posed a problem for the new Harlem socialites. "Bill Robinson," *The New Yorker* reported in 1934, "has not been accepted by the intellectuals or by the exclusive society people of Harlem to the extent, for instance, that Fred Astaire has been accepted in corresponding circles further downtown, but on the other hand he has never sought such recognition and would not consider it in any way significant if it were offered to him."

In his 1926 novel "Nigger Heaven," Carl Van Vechten wrote, "The Negro fast set does everything the Long Island fast set does, plays bridge, keeps the bootlegger busy, drives around in Rolls-Royces, and commits adultery, but it is vastly more amusing than the Long Island set for the simple reason that it is *amused*." Members of this set turned up frequently at fashion shows, wore Paris styles, went to Reno or Mexico for their divorces, and presented their daughters at formal débutante cotillions. They were regular guests at grand costume balls and elaborate weddings. Some were light-skinned enough to pass for white, and, on occasion, did not hesitate to do so. According to Romare Bearden, "They didn't buy paintings." And E. Franklin Frazier wrote, "Although they may pretend to appreciate 'cultural' things, this class as a whole has no real appreciation of art, literature, or music. . . . The black bourgeoisie, especially the section which forms Negro 'society,' scarcely ever read books for recreation." In 1953, *Ebony* delivered an even harsher judgment. The "only bond" that united the "freshman society crowd," the magazine said, was "a profound dislike for each other and a profound respect for money, clothes, and position."

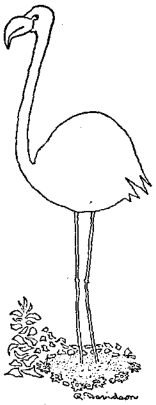
IN Harlem, the old and the new branches of the black élite shared certain residential enclaves. Some lived in privately owned brownstones or in such exclusive apartment buildings as Graham Court, the Carolyn, the Dunbar, and the Dorrance Brooks. But the heaviest concentrations of them were to be found on what had come to be known as Strivers Row and Sugar Hill. Strivers Row is the name that poorer Harlemites gave to the tree-lined blocks of 138th and 139th Streets between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. On those blocks were some of the finest town houses in Harlem. Designed by Stanford White, among other architects, for the developer David H. King, Jr., they had been built in 1891 as homes for Harlem's white well-to-do. In 1918, when the black invasion of Harlem began to send whites fleeing from 138th and 139th Streets, the houses were taken over by the Equitable Life Insurance Company. For a while, the company kept the brownstones vacant, considering them to be too good for black occupancy. By 1919, however, it had relented, and blacks began buying or renting the buildings. They were then called the Kingscourt Houses—a name so redolent of exclusiveness that the new black residents made every effort to live up to it. A Kingscourt Block Association was formed, and all owners and tenants were required to obey its written regulations.

It was around then that poorer Harlemites, watching how strenuously the black bourgeoisie tried to emulate the residential style of well-to-do whites, began using the term "Strivers Row." Thurman wrote that "the leading Babbitts . . . of Harlem" lived on Strivers Row. Babbitts or not, some of Harlem's top professional people did live there. They included the architect Vertner Tandy (he had designed St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal chapel and Madame C. J. Walker's mansion, Villa Lewaro); such prominent physicians as Louis T. Wright, Charles H. Roberts, and Wiley Wilson (a former husband of A'Lelia Walker); William Pickens; and the musicians Noble Sissle and Fletcher Henderson. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., wrote in 1945:

> Concentrated in "Strivers Row" . . . were the dowagers of Harlem's society. These queenly, sometimes portly, and nearly always light-skinned Czarinas presided over the Harlem upper class. Their protocol was more rigid than that of the Court of St. James. There was an open door for all who were light-skinned and for most of those of the professional group. The entire pattern of this society was white. Social functions were particularly successful if one or more of the guests were white. If invited Harlemites brought with them their darker-skinned friends, they were shunned and sometimes pointedly asked to leave.

Strivers Row may indeed have had its light-skinned "dowagers" and "Czarinas." But several of its residents—like the prizefighter Harry Wills, the comedian Stepin Fetchit, and the jazz pianist Eubie Blake—were self-made black-skinned people who sprang from humble roots. It is hard to imagine a man like Blake, who learned to play ragtime in some of the most infamous brothels of Baltimore, observing the protocol that Powell described.

The area called Sugar Hill (associated with the sweet and expensive life) sloped north from 145th Street to 155th Street, and lay roughly between Amsterdam Avenue, to the west, and Edgecombe Avenue, to the east. Originally part of Washington Heights, it was named Sugar Hill after certain well-to-do blacks began living there. From the top of the Hill, at 155th Street and Edgecombe, one looked down—literally and socially—on most of the Valley, as central Harlem was called. Nearly all the poorer Harlemites lived in the Valley. And nearly all the crime, overcrowding, and other social problems were down there. This is not to say that the Valley held nothing but crime and deprivation. The Valley was Harlem in all its diversity, the center of its culture. It had most of the churches, schools, community centers, night clubs, theatres, dance halls, bookstores, editorial offices, libraries, art studios, and business places. Many of Harlem's fashionable apartment houses were down there, and so, of course, was Strivers Row. The Valley also had all the funeral parlors; it was where Sugar Hillites went—or returned to—when they died.



The Hill was special. According to the writer Frank Hercules, a former resident, "Class divisions defined themselves, became manifest, when the A train pulled into 125th Street. At that point, the lower-class Negroes got off. The middle-class Negroes stayed on. Their stop was 145th or 155th." The people up there lived in splendid brownstones and high-rent apartment houses. Langston Hughes, who once lived in the area, said Sugar Hillites were "acquainted personally . . . with liberals like Pearl Buck and John Haynes Holmes," went to "civic banquets at the Astor," and lunched "with emancipated movie stars at Sardi's."

Sugar Hill became a black neighborhood some years after Strivers Row did. When blacks began settling there, during the late nineteen-twenties, Washington Heights was occupied chiefly by upper-middle-class Jewish, German, and Irish families. As the blacks moved in, these families fled, either to the suburbs or to the great apartment buildings along West End Avenue and Riverside Drive. Perhaps the Jews fled later than the rest, for as Bayard Rustin, another former resident of the Hill, has said, "Jews tend not to run as quickly from blacks as ordinary whites do." In any case, by the late nineteen-thirties Sugar Hill had become Harlem's smartest residential area.

Celebrities of all sorts—the moneyed, the talented, the socially prominent, the intellectually distinguished, the fast crowd—lived along the streets and avenues of the section. "The most exciting facet of living on Sugar Hill is knowing the big names which would stud its mailboxes and doorbells if Hill buildings only had such earthy things as mailboxes and doorbells," *Ebony* noted in 1946. "Harlem's most talked-about men and women in law, sports, civil liberties, music, medicine, painting, business and literature live on Sugar Hill." They had their exclusive tennis club, the Metropolitan, on Convent Avenue, whose members included Lester Granger, a leader of the National Urban League, and William J. Trent, an executive of the Negro College Fund. Now and then, tennis greats like Alice Marble dropped by and gave pointers to promising black youngsters, one of whom was Althea Gibson, a future Wimbledon singles champion. Restaurants like Craig's Colony Club, on St. Nicholas Place, appealed to the discriminating palates of the area. Fat Man's Bar-and-Grill, on 155th Street, attracted such celebrities, black and white, as Cab Calloway, Artie Shaw, Jimmy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Jack Teagarden, Katharine Cornell, Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Robeson, and Maxine Sullivan. A black visitor from the Valley in 1940 found that Sugar Hillites walked at a more leisurely pace than folks in lower Harlem; that their children "romped with more restraint;" that their doormen were uniformed in colors to match the canopies under which they served; that the "housewives parading up and down Edgecombe Avenue spoke in sharp Yankee accents to their pups;" and that the streets were lined with "rows of white-stoned private dwellings." The idea "fixed itself firmly" in the mind of the visitor that "this was truly the community of better than average Negroes in New York." Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., wrote in 1935, "On Sugar Hill . . . Harlem's would-be 'sassiety' goes to town. 'Midst paneled walls, parquet floors, electric refrigeration, colored tile baths, luxurious lobbies, elevators and doormen resplendent in uniforms, they cavort and disport themselves in what is called the best *ofay* manner."

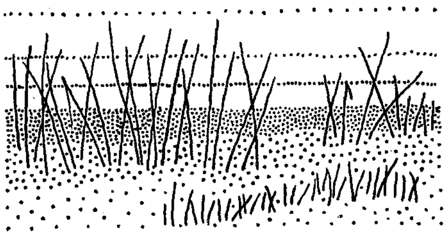
Surprising as it may sound, not all the black residents of Sugar Hill were members of Harlem "sassiety." Hundreds of working-class strivers slipped into the neighborhood in order to be seen as residents of a swanky area. Sugar Hill rents were surely beyond their means, and to pay the landlord on time many of them did up there what they were used to doing in the Valley: they took in roomers and boarders or threw Saturday-night rent parties. In some of the more expensive apartment buildings, pimps and racketeers mingled with the upper crust—though only in the inescapable democracy of the lobbies and elevators. In January of 1930, a Harlem newspaper carried this item: "Mme. Stephanie St. Clair . . . of 409 Edgecombe Avenue was arrested on Monday morning. . . . She was charged with possessing a quantity of numbers slips. . . . Her house was raided over a year ago on suspicion of her playing the policy game." No. 409 Edgecombe—the Roger Morris Apartments—was the choicest address on Sugar Hill. In August of 1934, the police raided the fashionable Park Lincoln building, on Edgecombe Avenue, looking for stolen property. In Apartment 3-P, they recovered the loot—a man's suit, a brown briefcase, a yellow locket, a string of white beads, gold coins and rings, gold earrings and breast pins, a gold necklace, and a pair of crystal earrings. Two burglars' jimmies and two handguns were also found.

It was not such tenants, however, but the people of means and solid status who set the social tone of Sugar Hill. Over the years, distinguished Sugar Hillites included George S. Schuyler (journalist); Henry and Mollie Moon (journalist and social worker); Hale Woodruff (painter); Isabel Washington (a former wife of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.); Ralph Ellison; Dan Burley (journalist); the Clifford Alexanders (whose son Clifford Alexander, Jr., became Secretary of the Army in the Carter Administration); Ferdinand Smith (a West Indian-born labor leader); Langston Hughes; Dean Dixon (conductor); Billy Strayhorn (conductor and arranger); Luckey Roberts and Teddy Wilson (jazz pianists); A'Lelia Walker; Duke Ellington and his sister, Ruth; Mercer Ellington (Duke's son); Dr. George E. Haynes (sociologist); Myra Logan (physician); Jane Bolin and Charles Toney (judges); Kenneth and Mamie Clark (psychologists); Canada Lee, Paul Robeson, Abbie Mitchell, and Jules Bledsoe.

During the thirties and forties, the tenants of the Roger Morris Apartments included W. E. B. Du Bois; William Stanley Braithwaite (poet and critic); William T. Andrews (State Assemblyman); Roy Wilkins and Walter White (officials of the N.A.A.C.P.); Charles Toney; Aaron Douglas (painter); Pearl Fisher (widow of the novelist Rudolph Fisher); Josh White (folk singer); Thurgood Marshall; William Melvin Kelly, Sr. (a former editor of the *Amsterdam News*); Mercer Ellington (musician); and Elmer Carter and Ellen Tarry (journalists). At fourteen stories high, 409 was also the tallest building on the Hill; and Walter White's apartment, on the thirteenth floor, was known as the White House of Harlem, because of the many notables from the worlds of politics, literature, and theatre who were entertained there.

Not long ago, at her home in Greenwich Village, the actress Jane White—a daughter of Walter White and a graduate of Smith College—reminisced about 409 Edgecombe Avenue and about life among Harlemites of her class in the days before Harlem and Sugar Hill declined in status and lost the grand hold they once had on the popular imagination. "We lived in a wonderful apartment, with five enormous rooms," she said. "Some time ago, I was given a book about George Gershwin, and when I looked at the apartments he lived in I was put in mind of so many of the apartments at 409. The style of decoration was the same, uptown and downtown—spare, full of wonderful art work, with all kinds of Mexican serapes and the like. There were wonderful floors in our building, hard floors. There were moldings and panels on the walls. Really sensational. I used to enjoy going with my parents down the hall to see Judge Charles Toney and his wife, Lilly. They had a great, dark apartment with massive mahogany furniture and heavy draperies. I loved to sit back in an enormous armchair and just hear them droning on. It gave me a great feeling of security. It was an enormously safe and comfortable kind of existence. And I remember a Jewish contemporary of mine telling me that her family had lived in that building when it was Jewish."

Miss White went on to say, "I began my career in the theatre while living up there. 'Strange Fruit' was my first play, and that was in 1945. My name was recommended to José Ferrer by Paul Robeson. Robeson told Ferrer that Walter White had a daughter who was comely and of the right color—because they needed a fair-skinned black girl, of sufficient dignity and whatnot. So I got the part, and always thought of it as a fluke. Through the forties and fifties, I was commuting back and forth. I did a number of Broadway and Off Broadway plays at the time. At one in the morning I would be taking the Eighth Avenue subway up, getting off at the top of the Hill. I had no fears whatsoever. It was a benign community—a gentle, warm community, where people cared about each other, with great good will and politeness.



"The parties in Daddy's and Mother's apartment were formidable. The kinds of people who were there included Wendell Willkie, William Robeson (the CBS executive), Carl Van Vechten, Clarence Darrow, and so on. We had a full-sized grand piano at one time, because almost everybody had a piano at one time. . . . George Gershwin played 'Rhapsody in Blue' on our piano soon after he wrote it. He loved to play his own things. You couldn't stop him. Another person who was there, at some of our parties, was Sergei Eisenstein, the great Russian director. He was heard to say that my mother was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. I saw Claude McKay, Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, Harold Jackman coming to our parties.

"It was only by hindsight that I realized I was moving in Harlem society. Henry and Mollie Moon, the Hubert Delaneys—I knew them well. Louis T. Wright was our family physician. People like Judge Charles Toney and Thurgood Marshall were always part of our circle. It turns out that those were some of the members of Harlem society then, but I was not aware of that. They were just people we knew, people who were just friends of ours. I grew up with Franklin Williams, who is now head of the Phelps-Stokes Fund. He lived in Brooklyn, but he was part of my crowd. Marjorie Costa, who was Carmen McRae's road manager, is now going into some kind of social-work position. There was Marion Bruce, who married Dr. Arthur Logan. She is actually a distant cousin, through my mother's side. I recently got a telephone call from the sister of a girl who shall be nameless. It was a moving telephone call, because she said, ‘Shirley has been passing all these years.’ It was strange to hear the term ‘passing.’ I hadn’t heard it for so many years. I didn’t think people *did* that anymore. It was like out of another century. It was silly, I suppose, for me to have been so astounded, because people have always ‘passed’ and will do it forever.”

Miss White continued, “The Polo Grounds”—home of the former New York Giants baseball team—“was in operation when I was growing up on Edgecombe Avenue. It was nearby. From some of the apartments on Edgecombe, you could look across and down on the Polo Grounds. I remember crisp fall afternoons when I was madly in love with three good-looking fellows, baseball fans, who used to park their cars near 409. I used to tingle all over when I walked by that parking lot. I was not a baseball fan, or a sports fan of any kind, but I remember you could always hear the loudspeaker from the Polo Grounds. I would hear the loudspeaker say, ‘Alvin Dark, shortstop.’ That was all I knew about baseball.

“James Weldon Johnson was a close friend of my parents. One thing I shall always remember about James Weldon is going up to Great Barrington to spend a summer weekend with him and his wife, Grace—in this exquisite house that has always remained as my idea of what a country house should be. It was a converted barn to which they had added a wing. It was exquisitely appointed, and off across a little stream and across a sweep of green lawn was a little cabin that Johnson did his writing in. There was a beautiful desk, with a little pot of flowers and a bowl of beautiful apples. It was just *so* elegant. In those days, I was, I suppose, on my way to a career in the theatre, so I was *terribly* pushy, and a *great* showoff. I had, you know, to be paid attention to. But Johnson was so generous, so giving a human being. There were a lot of people of his renown and position who would have said, ‘Yes, little girl, well, that’s interesting.’ But I would make dress designs for my paper dolls and cut them all out, and I would have *stacks* of them. And he would always be willing to take me on his knee and pore over these dress designs. And I’m sure it was just *killing* for him, poor thing. But he just endured it, and with such grace. To me, that was a real fellow there—to be able to put up with

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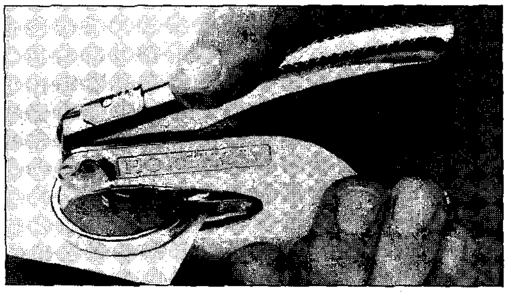

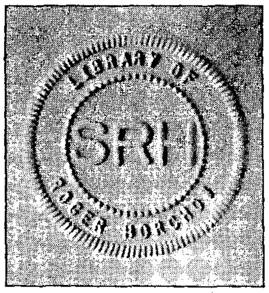

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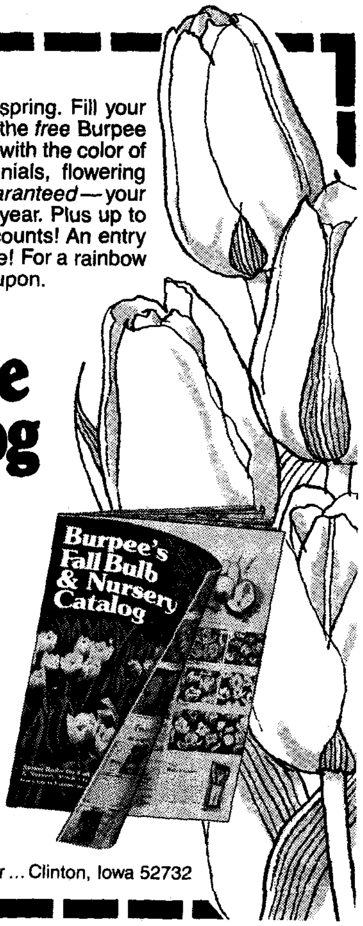
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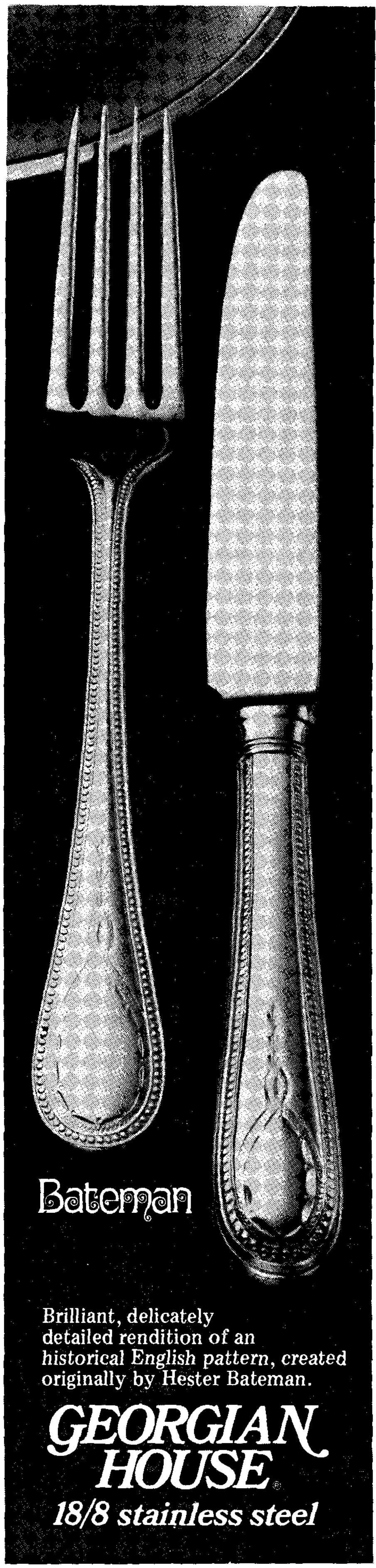
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this annoying little girl and her cutouts.

"I knew Langston Hughes more than any of the other young writers of the Harlem Renaissance. He was such a gay, living human being. I *loved* him. He was so marvellous, with a twinkle in his eyes. It was wonderful to have lived among people then. Sometimes you wonder, How was it possible? Because things were not ungrim then. Some of the years we are talking about were during the Depression. *I* never got any sense of diminished enthusiasm, diminished vigor, diminished hope. Of course, it's entirely possible that some of those lives, when I was not conscious of them, or after I knew them, came to bad ends. But I'm talking about a period when I was just an onlooker."

She summed up: "There was a wonderful vivacity and excitement. I do think that those of us who were growing up then held that view of life in the United States. There was a sense that *if* you kept your nose clean, and if you *went* to school, and you *held* a good job, and you *made* a little money, and you washed and ironed your clothes—that it was all going to turn out all right. This turned out to be a fallacy. And I think that is why a good many of us, and I don't exclude myself, have subsequently been through rather bitter times. During such times, we felt bitter about what we thought was a true investment in a wonderful future for this country—where we *would* all get along together, and allow each other breathing space. It came as a shock to me that there were barriers against my becoming one of the great stars of all time. Because I thought I'd done all the things right. But it's not that simple, is it? I'm harking back to a time before the truth became known—when there was a self-esteem, an enormous self-assuredness, an enormous optimism."

If black Harlem was once a heaven, or was seen to be one by the migrants and the commentators of the nineteen-twenties, it had ceased to be that by the beginning of the nineteen-fifties. When the early optimism had been exhausted, there remained, among the majority of the population, almost all the racial and social hardships that many had hoped would be nonexistent in the finest urban community that blacks had ever occupied in the United States.

Added to this circumstance was the fact that by 1950 many of those who helped to make Harlem the most brilliant black city in the world had died—depleting the reservoir of idealism and exemplary achievement that had nourished the community's positive sense of itself. Among those who died were Florence Mills, a blithe spirit of the musical stage (1927); Charles S. Gilpin, the first major black American actor of this century (1930); A'Lelia Walker (1931); Rudolph Fisher and Wallace Thurman (1934); Richard B. Harrison, who starred as "De Lawd" in Marc Connelly's "Green Pastures" (1935); Rose McClendon (1936); Hutchens C. Bishop, the rector of St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church (1937); Charles W. Anderson, Harlem's leading Republican politician, and James Weldon Johnson (1938); Arthur Schomburg, whose book collection became the foundation of the Schomburg Center for Research in Black History (1938); Ida L. Moore, co-owner of the *Age* and the wife of its editor (1939); Chick Webb (1939); Marcus Garvey, the ancestor of Harlem's black-nationalist movement (1940, while living in London); Fats Waller, the first of the outstanding jazz musicians to have been raised in Harlem (1943); Jules Bledsoe, the actor and concert singer (1943); Fred R. Moore, the editor of the *Age* (1943); Edward A. Johnson, the first black elected to the New York State Assembly (1944); Will Marion Cook, the pioneering ragtime and jazz composer (1944); Peyton F. Anderson, one of the earliest black physicians to settle in Harlem (1945); Mattie Fletcher Powell, the wife of Adam Clayton Powell, Sr. (1945); Frederick A. Cullen, the minister of the Salem Methodist Church (1946); Countee Cullen, the foster son of Frederick Cullen, and a leading poet of the Harlem Renaissance (1946); Jack Johnson, the first black heavyweight champion of the world (1946); John E. Nail, one of the rental agents who helped open up Harlem to black residency (1947); Jimmie Lunceford (1947); Claude McKay (1948); and Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, Harlem's great tap-dancer (1949).

By 1950, many notable residents had moved out of the community. "In the twenties, thirties, and forties, there was a concentration," Kenneth B. Clark has said. "But in the late forties and early fifties, dispersal began. As the black middle class progressed and moved away, the community lost certain kinds of stimulating people and energy." According to the historian John Henrik Clarke, who became a resident of Harlem in the early thirties, "In the years after the Second World War, Harlem became a community in decline. Many old residents, now successful enough to afford a better neighborhood, moved to Westchester, Long Island, or Connecticut." When the poet Arna Bontemps, who had lived in Harlem during the twenties, returned on a visit about twenty years later, he found it to be "another place." People he had known, some of whom had helped to bring Harlem its fame, "did not live there anymore." A national black magazine reported in 1951 that St. Albans, in Queens, was becoming the "suburban Sugar Hill." The publication ran photographs of the expensive houses that Harlem celebrities—including Count Basie, Mercer Ellington, Billie Holiday, and Ella Fitzgerald—had bought out there.

Not much remained of Harlem's once glamorous cabaret life. Since the end of Prohibition, in 1933, the district had been losing its appeal as Manhattan's late-night playground. After the riot of 1935, whites found a new reason to curtail their visits to Harlem. And following the bigger riot of 1943 only the more dauntless and devoted among them ventured uptown after dark. The Cotton Club—"The Aristocrat of Harlem"—moved downtown, to Broadway and Forty-eighth Street, in 1936. Several popular night clubs of the nineteen-twenties and thirties went out of business, though a few, like Smalls' Paradise, remained open. Stage shows were as lively and crowded as ever at the Apollo—perhaps the only place of its kind in Harlem on which stardust would continue to fall for years to come. The big bands still swung at the Savoy, but not as many as in the past, and not as spiritedly as they had in the thirties and early forties. Innovative bebop stylists like Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, and Kenny Clarke, who had been experimenting with their new sounds—their subversive revolts against the swing tradition—at Minton's Playhouse, in Harlem, began appearing more frequently downtown, especially at the jazz clubs along West Fifty-second Street. "The heyday of Negro entertainment is long gone," a Harlem newspaper columnist wrote in 1949. "Nobody comes to Harlem anymore. Nobody seems to care. . . . Only a few places offer anything approaching a show, and even so it's nothing like the days when 'Harlem jumped.' "

There remained, of course, the majority of those who had been living there for decades—those who were unable to move elsewhere, and those who, because they liked it where they were, had no desire to. Above all—the clearest sign that black Harlem, despite its decline, was not about to disappear—all the major churches were still there. In 1950, while observing Harlem's fiftieth year as a black community, the *Age* asked this question of a few residents: "Why do you live in Harlem?" A telephone operator replied, "You feel at home here. It certainly isn't the worst place in the world to live in." An ice vender said, "I know everybody in my block and I don't think I want to go anywhere else to live until I go to heaven." A waiter said, "I live in Harlem because I know of no other place to go." And an unemployed man said, "What a question! I can't find anywhere else to live, and if I could I don't think I'd want to live there. I'm originally from Daytona, Florida, but I've been in Harlem for seventeen years. I wouldn't know how I'd feel living any place else. There's something in Harlem that gets in one's blood. It gets there and stays—it never leaves."

The place may indeed have got into the blood, even into the bones, of some who went on living there, yet Harlem was no longer the social and cultural magnet it had once been. It had ceased to be the exciting metropolis to which almost all blacks once dreamed of coming—in search of refuge, opportunity, gaiety, a wider freedom, and a brighter future. The hearts of new arrivals no longer missed a beat just at being there—as when the young Duke Ellington, on seeing Harlem for the first time, likened it to scenes from "The Arabian Nights." In the South, if there were still boats that were "leaving soon for New York," not so many of the passengers were headed for Harlem. Not so many blacks down there felt—as their elders had in the buoyant and optimistic twenties—that Harlem was where they belonged.

—JERVIS ANDERSON

(*This is the fourth part of a four-part article.*)

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THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the West Chester* (*Pa.*) *Daily Local News*]

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

JESSE HELMS

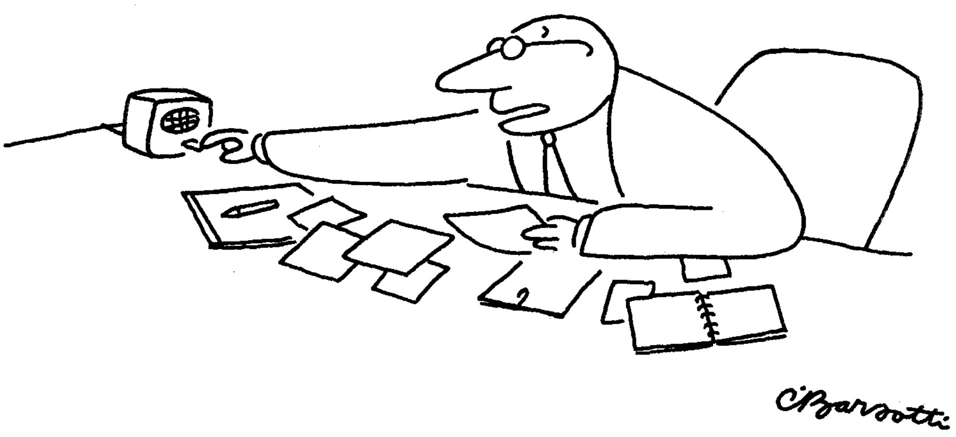
Jesse Helms, the Republican senior Senator from North Carolina, has, within a brief period of time, established himself as a power in the land by working at it doggedly, by establishing alliances with determined groups, and, most important, by inventing a new form of politics. Other senators have worked hard, but few as hard as Helms has. Other senators have established connections with outside groups and developed constituencies that reach beyond their states, but none to the extent that Helms has. And no other member of Congress has ever put together a political apparatus of the scale and nature that Helms has. His persistent efforts to determine the national agenda, and to influence the personnel and the policies of the Reagan Administration, have effect because of the power that Helms has methodically built. He is not just another senator, he is a force—and he represents a new political phenomenon. He and his extensive network of aides and allies have figured out how to tap some very old strains in American politics through a cool use of some of the most modern, sophisticated, and original political techniques.

Soon after he was first elected to the Senate, in 1972, Helms became known as someone who was constantly offering amendments on the Senate floor, and while he was being widely dismissed by his Senate colleagues as an aberration or a joke, or a nuisance, he was building something that they did not notice until it was already in place. He and his associates constructed a network of organizations—including tax-exempt foundations and Helms' own political-action committee, the second-largest raiser and spender of "independent" funds in the 1980 elections—which constitutes a revolution in politics. They made a new combination of the instruments that were lying about. Helms' persistent offering of amendments and increasingly successful efforts to define the national agenda, his position as one of the nation's most effective fund-raisers, his attempts to shape the Administration are all of a piece. The amendments help raise funds to defeat those who do not agree with the amendments (and elect those who will), and they help him build his national constituency and alliances with like-minded groups—and that helps him shape the national agenda.

Helms is an ordinary-looking man. There is nothing exceptional about his speaking style or his intellect. He is gray: tall, slightly stoop-shouldered, with graying, thinning hair, and he tends toward gray suits. His large eyes peer through horn-rimmed glasses that rest slightly low on his nose—giving an appearance that suggests he might not be too bright. (The glasses have become his signature; one of his political advisers once discouraged him from changing them.) But Helms' colleagues have come to recognize him as intelligent enough for the role that he has assumed, and as a clever and crafty man. When I asked one conservative Republican senator how shrewd Helms is, he paused and then replied, "Very—in terms of being able to plot out a given course and achieve a certain result." Says another conservative Republican, "He has an innate craftiness and cleverness that's stunning to watch. You can't box him in—he'll defang you when you get close. Anyone who sells him short is going to lose—and has. He's amazing and formidable."

Now fifty-nine years old, Helms was born in the small town of Monroe, North Carolina. He is soft-spoken, talkative, and affable. He is a grandfather: he and his wife, Dorothy, have two daughters and adopted a nine-year-old boy whom they read about in the papers around Christmastime eighteen years ago—an orphan who had cerebral palsy. "He's been a blessing to us," Helms told me. Helms leads a quiet, serious life focussed primarily on his work. He is a devout Baptist—he has served as a deacon of his church and as a Sunday-school teacher—and in his politics he has attached himself to the fundamentalist-Christian movement. He presents himself as a modest and humble man, and yet much of his adult life has been built around the power of publicity and the use of his ability to arouse, if not inflame, people on his issues. He is uncommonly polite: he will bow when greeting a woman, and leap to open a door for her; he will swoop Capitol Hill tourists into a "Senators Only" elevator with a grand gesture. A word that is often used to describe Helms is "courtly;" his is an elaborate courtliness, an exaggerated throwback to a particular Southern political style. Behind Helms' courtliness is a man who has played a very rough form of politics. His courtly, self-deprecating, easygoing style contributes to his power. The substance of his politics is also a throwback to an old streak in American political life.

Helms' first important involvement in politics was in 1950, during a famous campaign for the Democratic nomination for the Senate between Frank Graham, a former president of the University of North Carolina, who had been appointed to the Senate to fill a vacancy, and Willis Smith, a conservative lawyer. Those were the days in the South when winning the Democratic nomination for the Senate was as good as winning the election. That primary campaign stands in American political history with other Senate campaigns of that year which used the technique of smearing opponents by suggesting they were soft on blacks and Communists: between Richard Nixon and Helen Gahagan Douglas, in California; George Smathers and Claude Pepper ("Red Pepper"), in Florida; and John Marshall Butler and Millard Tydings, in Maryland. In each case, the candidate whose campaign was based on that sort of attack succeeded. The Graham-Smith campaign left a legacy of bitterness in North Carolina. Some of it is directed at Jesse Helms, who, then a radio announcer, did publicity for the Smith campaign. Graham was a symbol of racial progress in North Carolina, which at the time was considered the most enlightened of the Southern states. As president of the university, he had defended the right of anyone to speak on campus, and the right of interracial groups to meet on the campus; he had fought for labor's



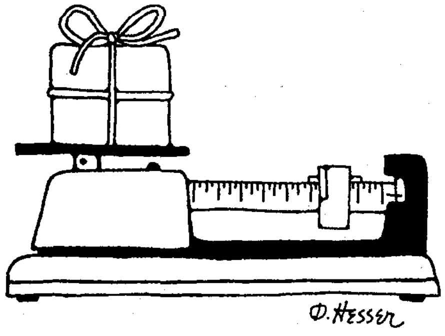
"Miss Richards, send in Rex the wonder dog, please."

right to organize and had battled efforts to forbid the teaching of evolution. In the campaign, Graham was accused of having had Communist connections. The Smith forces used handbills warning "WHITE PEOPLE WAKE UP" and asking such things as "Do you want Negroes riding beside you, your wife and your daughters in buses, cabs and trains? Negroes going to white schools and white children going to Negro schools? Negroes to occupy the same hospital rooms with you and your wife and daughters?" Newspaper ads warned: "The South Under Attack." Radio spots asked, "Do you know that twenty-eight per cent of North Carolina's population is colored?" A doctored photograph was circulated which purported to show Mrs. Graham dancing with a black. An unsigned leaflet was also circulated with a photograph of a black alternate appointee to West Point and a caption saying, "Frank Graham appointed him to West Point. No other southern Senator or Congressman has ever appointed a Negro to West Point." The appointment was the result of a competition. When Smith went to Washington as North Carolina's senator, Helms went with him as his administrative assistant.

In 1953, Helms returned to North Carolina and grew closer to influential financial circles by serving as executive director of the North Carolina Bankers Association for several years, and he served two terms on the Raleigh City Council. In 1960, he bought a part interest in a television station in the Raleigh-Durham area and became its vice-president and director of public-affairs programming. The station, which called itself "The Voice of Free Enterprise," was a highly profitable operation owned by a wealthy conservative family. Helms became the station's first on-air editorialist, and through his daily commentaries on television, and also on the station's affiliated statewide Tobacco Radio Network, he became famous throughout the state. In his commentaries, he expressed his opinions on domestic and foreign policy. A great many of the commentaries were devoted to the subject of race. "Dr. King's outfit," he said in 1963, referring to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., "is heavily laden at the top with leaders of proven records of Communism, socialism, and sex perversion." He talked of "Negro agitators." In the same year—nine years after the Supreme Court decision calling for the desegregation of public schools—he said, "In Washington, D.C., where public schools are integrated and Negro-dominated, Negro hoodlums are creating chaos." He said, "Negroes have been prompted by their agitating leaders to flout the law at every turn, to invade the rights of others, to thumb their noses at personal dignity and moral behavior." In 1964, he talked of a conversation he had had with a "young Negro mechanic." Helms said that the young Negro had said, "I sure hope that all of this fighting and fussing will stop pretty soon. . . . I don't see no sense to it." Helms said that the young man "recalled the days of his boyhood: 'We lived on this white man's place. We helped them pick their cotton, and they helped us pick ours. . . . We got along just fine for nineteen years.' " And Helms went on, "His nostalgic memories of his family's relationship with their white neighbors were a contradiction of the evil image of the South which the agitators of today constantly seek to build." He deplored "a long campaign of ridicule and distortion aimed at any sentimental view of the South or its institutions or customs," and said that such a campaign "is effectively killing such books as 'Uncle Remus' and such plays as 'Green Pastures.' " In 1965, he spoke of "evidence that the Negroes and whites participating in the march to Montgomery engaged in sex orgies of the rawest sort." Over the years, he spoke out against premarital sex, and he attacked unions, the United Nations, Medicare, the Peace Corps, the Job Corps, and the League of Women Voters. As early as 1965, he attacked any move to renegotiate the Panama Canal treaty. In 1968, he suggested that the assassination of Robert Kennedy was due to the nation's "reckless program of relaxing its immigration laws." (Sirhan Sirhan, who shot Kennedy, had emigrated from Jordan with his parents when he was twelve.) He accused Richard Nixon of "appeasing Red China." After twelve years of this, in 1972 he ran for the Senate and was elected.

Two years earlier, Helms had changed his registration from Democratic to Republican. A number of people seeking opportunities in Southern politics did this. But Helms recently told me a long story about how he happened to change his registration at the suggestion of one of his daughters, when he accompanied her to the courthouse so that she could get a marriage license. He also told me, "An item about my switching parties appeared in the paper, since I was on the air and president of the Rotary Club. That's when the pressures began for me to run for the Senate." Helms' commentaries had made him highly popular in the eastern part of North Carolina, which is traditionally conservative. Some people attributed Helms' 1972 victory to flukes: his opponent was a young liberal congressman who had upset the more moderate incumbent senator in the Democratic primary, and it was the McGovern-Nixon year. The congressman—Nick Galifianakis, a son of Greek immigrants—supported civil rights and opposed the war in Vietnam. Helms' campaign slogan was "Jesse Helms: He's One of Us," and his campaign linked his opponent with McGovern. He won the Senate seat with fifty-four per cent of the vote; Nixon carried the state by seventy-one per cent. A Republican governor was elected as well. Following the 1972 election, Helms retained the services of Richard Viguerie, a direct-mail entrepreneur who works for right-wing candidates and causes, to raise money to retire his campaign debt. From there, Helms, Viguerie, and Tom Ellis, a North Carolina attorney who is a close adviser of Helms' (Helms and Ellis met in the Graham-Smith race), built a direct-mail fund-raising apparatus, called the Congressional Club of North Carolina, that provided Helms with more than seven million dollars for his 1978 reëlection race—an astounding figure by any measure. (In 1980, the highest expenditures by Senate candidates in New York and California were roughly $2.1 and $2.7 million.) And once again Helms was fortunate to have a relatively weak opponent who had won an upset in the primary. In his 1978 campaign, Helms depicted himself as the target of the "union bosses," and his opponent—misleadingly—as having strong union backing. Helms has not practiced accommodation politics. Unlike Strom Thurmond, Republican of South Carolina, he has no blacks on his staff. But Helms has worked hard to keep his base secure; the Congressional Club machinery is kept in tune. Helms' conservatism does not prevent him from working hard for federal protection of textiles and support of tobacco farmers and peanut growers—subjects that, he told me, he brings up with President Reagan. Helms is now chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, and so is in a very good position to protect his state's interests. His wife has a tobacco allotment—a valuable permit to grow tobacco and receive federal price supports. The Reagan Administration has made no move to change the tobacco-support system. Helms has been a vigorous critic of the food-stamp program, and this year tried to go so much further than the Reagan Administration in cutting the program that he was defeated by a combination of Republicans and Democrats in his own committee as well as on the Senate floor. Helms says he is trying to make sure that only those who deserve food stamps receive them, and not "those whom so many local food-stamp administrators have characterized as parasites who have infested the food-stamp program."

WHEN Helms first got to the Senate, he did two important things: he made himself an expert on the Senate rules, and he started offering his amendments. His amendments were, like his commentaries, his opinions—in a new form, and in more socially acceptable terms. Few senators bother to master the intricacies of Senate procedures—those who have done so have tended to be Southerners—but knowledge of the rules can be very handy. Helms' arena has been the Senate floor rather than the committees or the back rooms. His interest has been in taking issues to the floor—using his knowledge of the procedures to advantage—and forcing his colleagues to go on the record on all manner of questions that they would prefer to avoid. His amendments had to do with prohibiting busing, prohibiting abortion, permitting prayer in the schools; with sex education; with cutting off aid to countries he found offensive. Often, his amendments had a surface appeal that made it difficult for senators to explain a vote against them—even though they felt them to be bad policy or bad precedent. Says one conservative senator, "When you vote against one of Jesse's amendments, it takes a page-and-a-half letter to explain why. I voted against one of Jesse's amendments on sex education and my mother called me up to complain. Jesse offers the kind of amendments that make your *mother* call you up." The amendment on sex education would have required that parents be notified and give their consent before students participated in sex-education programs in public schools. Most senators believed that this was not the business of the federal government, and the amendment was rejected, sixteen to seventy-three. Helms is often defeated, but that is not the point; he has larger purposes. His amendments gave him a kind of publicity that was useful, firmed up his relationships with a cluster of "New Right" groups, helped him raise money, and provided material with which he and his allies could try to defeat opponents. The money-raising mailings that go out from Helms' organization, as well as from its allies, stress the issues that Helms has raised, and focus the attack on certain senators who are up for reëlection. One very conservative Republican senator says, "He'll push some doggy amendment and go right over the cliff with it. But when he does that he's trying to make a point to his following, and that's very shrewd of him. They all say, 'Ah, Jesse, a man of principle.' "



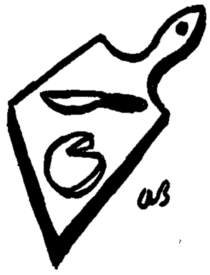
Helms has paid a certain price for the role he has chosen. Says one conservative Republican (most senators do not choose to speak about each other for the record in other than flattering terms), "If you had a piece of tough legislation and you were looking for co-sponsors to help you get it through, you wouldn't go to Jesse." Unlike, for example, Paul Laxalt, a very conservative Republican senator from Nevada, Helms, while unfailingly courteous to his colleagues, has not engaged in the purposeful camaraderie of Capitol Hill: he does not go to the Senate gym; he does not play tennis with his colleagues. He has a sense of humor, and engages in running banter with other senators. Nevertheless, a number of senators use the word "mean"—a word they do not use often in talking of each other—when they talk about Helms. One says, "He's personally charming, friendly, and amusing, but I'm not deluded by that. He's rough as hell. I'll kid around with him, but I don't think I can really talk to him about anything." He does not try to reach accommodations for the purpose of furthering legislation. An aide to a senator who is opposed to Helms says, "His certitude is such that he is in a class by himself. He's very good at what he does. He doesn't mind getting beat. He just keeps coming back." The same aide says, "In the Senate, you try to compromise with a colleague on an issue. You can't do that with Helms. He just keeps eating; he's a crocodile." Helms' amendments are, as one Republican senator put it, "automatically considered 'wing' amendments," and he added, "We respond to them automatically." He continued, "There are a number of people around here who, when they offer amendments, make you think. Jesse doesn't make you think." Helms' style on the Senate floor frequently is to wave documents that he says prove his point, which they may or may not do. But few senators bother to argue with him. One liberal Democrat says, "One day, I was amazed to see Paul Tsongas"—Democrat of Massachusetts—"arguing with him about Africa on the Senate floor." He continued, "Most of us, when Helms was offering his flat-earth stuff, would just look at the clock and wonder how long he would go on and when we would get out of there. He would stand up and drone on, and we would walk out of the chamber. We underestimated how far he could go by standing up and doing that. He isn't an impressive speaker, he isn't admired, he doesn't have many friends in the institution. He doesn't have natural leadership attributes other than being the high priest of the far right who has picked his own robes off the shelf. But what he accomplished by doing that day after day, year after year was build right-wing support that comes back to haunt the other senators."

FOR the 1980 campaign, the Congressional Club raised $7,873,974 and spent $7,212,754. The only "independent" campaign group that spent more was the National Conservative Political Action Committee (or NCPAC, pronounced "Nicpac"), which spent $8,669,850 in its campaign to help Reagan and to defeat six liberal Democratic senators. Federal law limits the amount of money that a Presidential campaign may spend, but "independent" committees may spend unlimited amounts on behalf of a Presidential candidate. The Congressional Club—the words "of North Carolina" were dropped after Helms' 1978 Senate race—spent $4,574,940 on "independent expenditures" on behalf of the 1980 Reagan campaign. Most of the remaining two and a half million dollars went for mailings on behalf of conservatives running for the Senate; only about twenty-nine thousand dollars went into direct contributions to the candidates' campaign funds. A small amount went for Republicans running for the House in North Carolina, as another way of securing Helms' base. Helms and Ellis are, in effect, building their own party in the state.

Helms has established himself as the most effective single political fund-raiser in America—with the exception, perhaps, of Ronald Reagan. And Helms' reach and his import go well beyond his own organization. Not only does his organization work with others that are in philosophical agreement but he helped found and fund some of them. Terry Dolan, the chairman of NCPAC, told me, "I don't think there's a more important person to the conservative movement in America than Jesse Helms—except, maybe, Ronald Reagan, and he helps keep Reagan valuable."

I asked Dolan how Helms' role had come about.

He replied, "He was willing to do it. Conservatives would come to him and say, 'This is a problem,' and he would say, 'Yes, you're right, we have to do something about it.' Most elected officials are more parochial." Dolan continued, "Helms for a time was on everyone's fund-raising letters, and helped establish conservative organizations—ours is one of them. Jesse Helms was the one who would endorse what we were doing in 1975, when we were trying to get established. NCPAC owes him a lot. I think he ought to be President." Dolan said, "Any conservative organization with any respectability—from 1972 on, he was signing letters for them: the Public Service Research Council, which opposes public-sector bargaining; the National Right to Work Committee, you name it." Dolan said that one way Helms was helpful was that "he was the troublemaker that got busing and other things on the agenda all the time." He continued, "It bothered the hell out of liberals by getting them to vote for busing again and again." Dolan said that the point about Helms is that "he is not a Republican-firster—he bases his decisions on whom we should support on whether he's 'our kind of person.' " Dolan also said that NCPAC and the Congressional Club had worked together closely on the "independent expenditure" campaign in 1980—that they had shared polling data and had worked together on "concepts and ads" on behalf of the Reagan campaign, the campaigns against NCPAC's targeted senators, and other specific campaigns. Among those were one in North Carolina in which Helms' protégé, John East, defeated the incumbent Democratic senator, Robert Morgan, and the campaign of Alfonse D'Amato, the new Republican Senator from New York. A New York consultant, Arthur Finkelstein—"the brightest man we have," Dolan said—worked for Helms' Senate campaigns in 1972 and 1978 and helped out in the East and D'Amato races in 1980. (Finkelstein is the man who advised Helms not to change his glasses.)



"The remarkable thing is what Helms is doing outside the Senate," Dolan said. "The fact that he raised nearly eight million dollars in 1978 and again in 1980 tells you what kind of power he has. He's been mind-bogglingly successful. He's built a political machine that is vastly ignored by the media. It reaches well beyond North Carolina; no other senator has anything like it. Others have tried, but you have to have something to sell. Howard Baker has tried, but who can get excited about moderation? Jesse says he won't moderate his views, and has built his machine. He has the largest grass-roots political following of anyone in this country, with the exception of Ronald Reagan. The Congressional Club, specifically, and the mystique of Jesse Helms make him eminently prepared to do whatever he wants and have an impact. If Jesse Helms gets exercised about a political candidate, he can have a tremendous impact simply by saying 'I want this done' and letting the smart people around him go to work. He can do things that aren't even sexy and make them sexy: he can get someone to contribute to a state candidate. We have trouble doing that. I remember a conversation I had with Helms in 1979. He said, 'People are critical of the money I raised. What they don't realize is that we're able to get two hundred thousand people ready to move on any issue we decide is important.' " While it is true that the bulk of Helms' contributions for 1978 were in small amounts from individual contributors, it is also true that he received substantial amounts from corporate political-action committees and from political-action committees of the banking, insurance, construction, and real-estate industries, and from such groups as the American Medical Association Political Action Committee, the National Rifle Association, and the Stop E.R.A. Political Action Committee. Dolan continued, "Helms' group has people ready to run as delegates to a Republican Convention, to lobby delegates to the Convention, or to lobby on legislation. What people don't realize is that Helms thinks that way."

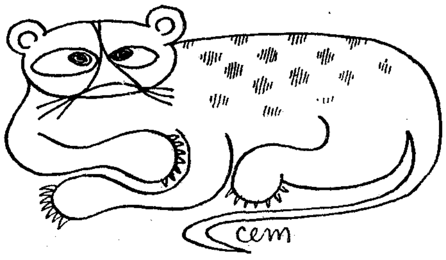
Richard Viguerie says, "Helms and Tom Ellis saw real quick what you could do with direct mail. Jesse has an organized army. If he sees something he doesn't like, he's now got nearly a half-million people he can appeal to, and they'll follow his lead. There isn't another politician in the country who has that."

Part of Helms' grass-roots strength is provided by another organization he helped to found—the Conservative Caucus. This group was established in 1975—the same year as NCPAC—by Howard Phillips, who was working with Helms at the time on the question of the Legal Services program. The Conservative Caucus, which claims some three hundred thousand contributors and an annual budget of almost three million dollars, concentrates on rallying conservative grass-roots support on certain issues. And another group, the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, founded in 1974 with the financial help of Joseph Coors, the brewer and right-wing business leader, raises money for campaigns and trains people to get involved in them. Paul Weyrich, who heads the Committee, told me, "Helms is extraordinarily important to the development of conservative politics in the Senate; he is a man of steadfast principles who is not moved by the Republican leadership in the Senate or a Republican in the White House."

Viguerie did direct mail for Weyrich's organization, NCPAC, and the Conservative Caucus as well as for Helms' Congressional Club. One of Viguerie's mailings for the Congressional Club in 1980 said, "By sending $10, you can help expose the voting record of one or more liberal Senators to forty-seven American voters." Another mailing said, "Your maximum contribution of $100, $500, $1000, or even $5000 will help defeat the anti-defense leaders of the left, like Church, McGovern and Udall." Viguerie told me, speaking of the various New Right groups, "We each have our specialty." In his book, "The New Right: We're Ready to Lead," Viguerie explains how these organizations work together, along with Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority and pro-gun and anti-abortion groups, as well as with business political-action groups. The result is an interlocking set of organizations out to change the politics of the nation. Their political leader and chief instrument is Jesse Helms.

The Congressional Club only slowly came into the consciousness of Helms' Senate colleagues, and they regard it with awe. And they have begun to understand what it can do, on its own as well as in concert with like-minded groups. They have also begun to realize that Helms is working to get a certain kind of Republican elected to the Senate—not traditional Republicans but Republicans who share his kind of politics. The New Right is not so much conservative as it is radical—a term that some of its own leaders happily endorse. Each senator that Helms helps elect changes the complexion of the Republican Party within the Senate, and adds to Helms' power. Helms now heads an informal group of far-right senators called the Steering Committee, which meets for lunch every Wednesday, with about twenty-five members in attendance. Some sixteen contribute dues to support the Committee's own staff. This bloc of senators constitutes slightly less than half of the Senate majority, and is changing the nature and the style of the Senate. Many of them are new to politics and have little interest in Senate traditions. Several of them are in important positions, having outmaneuvered their more senior, and more moderate, colleagues. Jesse Helms did a lot, within the Senate and without, to bring all this about.

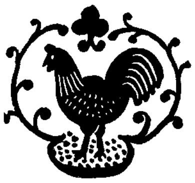
The Congressional Club's main office, in Raleigh, has about forty people on the payroll now, plus many volunteers, and its Washington office has a staff of three. During 1980, the Congressional Club had about a hundred and fifty people on its payroll. Jesse Helms is honorary chairman of the Club, Tom Ellis is its chairman, and Carter Wrenn, a young man who has been active in North Carolina politics, is its treasurer and day-to-day manager. It does its own direct mailing, besides using Viguerie's. Ellis estimates that the Club's own list now numbers some three hundred and fifty thousand people. He says that the four-and-a-half-million-dollar contribution on behalf of the 1980 Reagan campaign was partly for direct mail and print advertising, and partly for television ads and for identifying voters and getting them to the polls. Helms, along with Jerry Falwell, recruited Jeremiah Denton, famous for having been a prisoner of war in North Vietnam and for his concern with people's morals, to run for the Senate as a Republican from Alabama. The Congressional Club gave Denton quite a bit of help, and Helms campaigned for him, and he was elected.



The Congressional Club also managed John East's campaign for the Senate. East has now joined Helms as honorary co-chairman of the Club.

Following the election, Robert Morgan, whom East defeated, and who had been one of the more conservative Democrats in the Senate, submitted to the Senate a "white paper" on what had happened to him in the campaign. He said, "I found myself faced with a constant barrage of distortions and misstatements regarding my voting record." He said, "Procedural votes were taken to be substantive votes on an issue, even though in the final analysis I cast my vote directly opposite the intent of the procedural vote." The white paper documents the following: Morgan was charged with being weak on defense because he voted in 1976 for an amendment to "slash the defense budget by one billion dollars"—from one hundred and four billion to one hundred and three. Morgan was charged with having "voted against building the vitally needed B-1 bomber." Actually, he had campaigned for the bomber when he ran for the Senate in 1974, had supported it in the Armed Services Committee, and had voted against Senate floor proposals to kill the bomber. After President Carter, acting on authority Congress had given him, cancelled the bomber, Morgan voted for a recommendation by the Armed Services Committee to delete funds for it. He was joined by such supporters of large defense budgets as John Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi and then chairman of the Armed Services Committee; Harry Byrd, Independent of Virginia; Henry Jackson, Democrat of Washington; and Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia, and the proposal was approved by the Senate, fifty-nine to thirty-six. Morgan was charged with having "voted for allowing unions to use forced dues for political purposes." This referred to a vote on an amendment offered by Helms that would have prohibited union dues from being used for any politically related purpose but proposed no similar restrictions on corporate funds. Under existing law, both unions and corporations are prohibited from making direct contributions but are allowed to establish the same sorts of political-action committees. Helms' amendment was tabled by a vote of sixty-seven to twenty-five. Voting along with Morgan were such conservative Democrats as James Allen, of Alabama; James Eastland, of Mississippi; Ernest Hollings, of South Carolina; and Sam Nunn. The bill to which Helms had offered the amendment—a bill revising the Federal Election Campaign Act—was passed by the Senate by a vote of eighty-eight to one. Helms cast the one negative vote. Morgan was charged with having “voted against limiting deficit spending.” This had to do with the routine action that Congress must take each year to lift the statutory ceiling on the national debt, and Morgan voted, along with other conservative Democrats, to keep out of the resolution amendments requiring a balanced budget. Morgan was charged with having “voted to give $75 million to Communist Nicaragua.” The reference is to a request by the Carter Administration for an emergency, conditional loan to Nicaragua after the overthrow of the Somoza regime. In his white paper, Morgan said he understood that the new regime had external support from Cuba and Moscow but believed that the loan was “a calculated risk” worth taking, in order to try to ward off further dependence on the Soviet Union. The bill authorizing the loan was passed by the Senate by a vote of forty-four to thirty-five. The campaign against Morgan also featured photographs of him with George McGovern and Edward Kennedy. The Fayetteville *Observer* commented, “Anybody who has kept half an eye on Robert Morgan’s political career knows that as political horseflesh goes, the comparison between Morgan and McGovern or Kennedy is horsefeathers.” Helms told Morgan that he had nothing to do with the Congressional Club’s tactics.

Political campaigns are not minuets, of course, and Helms’ organization did not invent the practice of distorting an opponent’s record, but, what with all the resources at hand, it seems to have given it a new dimension. Moreover, senators have traditionally proceeded according to a code, an understanding, that they do not go after each other in campaigns: they may go into another state to help a member of their own party, but the code is that they largely confine such activities to helping their party’s candidates raise funds, and that they do not speak ill of their colleagues. Other members of the House and the Senate have raised campaign funds to distribute to colleagues, thus incurring their gratitude, but the amounts that Helms raises, and the lengths to which his organization goes to defeat certain of his colleagues, is something new. A number of senators, Republican as well as Democratic, are disturbed by Helms’ tactics. Alan Cranston, Democrat of California, said to me, “He’s brought a sort of mean mood to the Senate by taking on senators directly in a campaign—which is not done. There hasn’t been this kind of direct take-on since Joe McCarthy: the raising of money, the putting up of amendments he knows won’t pass just to put Democrats to the test and then have mailings sent out against them.” Many Republicans are keeping their distance from this sort of activity. One Senate Republican says, “Many Republicans—moderate, liberal, and even middling right—dislike the standard pattern of what these far-right groups, including NCPAC, the Congressional Club, the Moral Majority, are doing. They see it as harassment that they are forced to have to keep voting on busing and abortion. They’ve taken their positions, and these votes force them to have to keep explaining. Besides, almost all Republican senators, because ours is a minority party, get their support by reaching out to Democrats, labor unions, middle-of-the-road groups. They don’t like to be seen as part of a far-right group.” Says one Democrat, “This guy really does play a double-dealing game. He’ll tell you he has nothing to do with the campaign against you and then go out and slit your throat, using third parties to do it.”



When I asked Helms about the Congressional Club’s activities, he said, “I know almost nothing about the Congressional Club in terms of its day-to-day activities.” Then he added, “Tom Ellis comes up here to see me about once a week.”

I asked Helms what he wanted the Club to be.

He replied, “I want it to stand for conservative principles and to be effective in terms of our state, first of all, and other states in the country, as may be possible. I don’t want it to be headstrong or unfair. It’s been charged with being unfair, but insofar as any evidence has been presented to me, those charges are not valid. When I went into twenty-two states last fall, for the most part the Club paid my expenses. I have an understanding that I’m not going into any state and attack any senator. When I went into Idaho, I didn’t mention Frank Church’s name.”

According to Carter Wrenn, the Congressional Club has already raised between two and three million dollars this year—“maybe more.” This is about as much as or more than has been raised by the Democratic National Committee and the Democratic House and Senate Campaign Committees combined. The Congressional Club has sent out nationwide mailings and run television ads in the District of Columbia to promote Reagan’s economic program. The mailings include postcards, to be sent to House Speaker Thomas P. O’Neill and others, and ask for contributions. “Perhaps if the Lord has blessed you in a special way, you could send as much as $25 or $50 for our fight,” one letter, signed by Helms, says. It goes on to point out that “you personally could save in tax cuts at least $350-$1,000 per year.” The letter also says that “Tom Ellis has met with President Reagan and other conservative leaders to make plans for the budget showdown.”

The Congressional Club has also run ads against a gasoline tax proposed by James Hunt, the Governor of North Carolina and a popular Democrat, who may run against Helms in 1984. And it has begun to focus on the 1982 congressional elections. Recently, it sent out a mailing urging people to write or send money for a campaign to persuade Representative Bill Hefner, Democrat of North Carolina, to support Reagan’s budget. The letter contained distortions and inflammatory language. It threw in Hefner’s support of the Panama Canal treaties for good measure. (Viguerie told me that in 1979 the New Right groups made sure that members of the House had to go on record on the question of the treaties by forcing a roll-call vote on a piece of legislation regarding their implementation.) Helms sent word to Hefner that he didn’t know anything about the Congressional Club’s campaign.

Ellis has established another organization in Raleigh, called the Coalition for Freedom, which Wrenn describes as “a nonprofit educational foundation.” Viguerie has also helped raise funds for this. The purpose, Wrenn told me, “is to use it as a way to communicate, primarily on TV, issues before the public.” He explained, “For example, the balanced budget—to discuss it in an academic way and to counter what the media put out.” He said that the foundation is also “working on the fund-raising and testing of a couple of things in North Carolina now—like ads on taxing and spending limitations."

I asked him why the foundation was needed.

"It's just another vehicle," he replied. "Technically, the Congressional Club is supposed to pursue political ends, and is not supposed to get into educational projects."

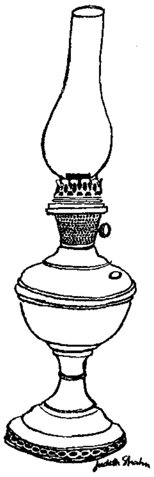
When I asked Helms about the Coalition for Freedom, he said, "You're going to have to get Tom to explain it to you. I think they figured they could be more effective in raising money if they didn't have a letter every week from the Congressional Club." And then he laughed, and said, "As a matter of fact, I didn't know about the Coalition for Freedom until I got a letter signed by John East." Helms' name is on the organization's letterhead, along with East's, as honorary co-chairman.

At the same time that Helms was mobilizing his power through his work in the Senate and his fund-raising, he was moving into the arena of Presidential politics. There, too, he used his machinery and his following to raise issues and to further build his machinery and his following—and to have an impact on national policy. In 1976, when Reagan was in trouble in the North Carolina primary, where a loss could have finished off his candidacy, Helms and Ellis put their machinery at the disposal of the Reagan campaign and helped produce a victory. When Helms turned up at the Republican National Convention in Kansas City, in 1976, hovering over the Platform Committee's deliberations and threatening to put into nomination the name of James Buckley, then a conservative Republican senator from New York, it was widely assumed that he was engaged in an attention-getting sport. But while Helms likes attention, and needs it for his purposes, this was no sporting expedition. The idea behind the Buckley move was to punish Reagan, and threaten to divide his support, because he had chosen Richard Schweiker, then a moderate senator, as his running mate, and to bring pressure on Reagan's people to go along with the Helms group on the platform. (John East was a member of the Platform Committee.) Helms and his aides, working with their own allies and the Reagan people, managed to get changes in the platform that added sections about the Panama Canal, about China policy, and one calling for military "superiority" to the Soviet Union; and on the Convention floor they succeeded in getting an amendment added, called "Morality in Foreign Policy," that essentially rejected Henry Kissinger's foreign policy. Helms seconded Reagan's nomination, and also spoke to the Convention when he withdrew his own name from consideration for Vice-President. Helms says that his nomination was the work of others. Even though he withdrew, he still received a hundred and three votes. He was becoming known nationally and establishing himself as a force within the Party.

In 1980, Helms and his aides were at the Republican Convention in Detroit, again putting his stamp on the Party platform. This time, much of the work had been done before the Convention. "We were able to work from inside," says James Lucier, Helms' chief legislative assistant. Helms was a member of the Platform Committee and Lucier served on its staff; Helms' aides tried to make sure that the correct people were assigned to draft certain sections. As a result of that, and of working in Detroit along with allied groups, like the Moral Majority, Helms was able, according to Lucier, to have the following effect on the platform: the words "with God's help" were inserted in the preamble's call to make America great again; the Party's longstanding support for the Equal Rights Amendment was eliminated, and a substitute section acknowledged "the legitimate efforts of those who support or oppose ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment;" a call for a constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion was added, along with a section expressing support for legislation protecting and defending "the traditional American family;" calls for greater protection against imports, for, in effect, a return to the gold standard, and for military "superiority" to the Soviet Union were added; sections were added about the "Marxist" activities in Central America, about the Panama Canal, and about "strengthening relations with Taiwan;" a section was added criticizing the Law of the Sea Conference and saying that "too much concern has been lavished on nations unable to carry out sea-bed mining, with insufficient attention paid to gaining early American access to it."

Once again, there was a movement to place Helms' name in nomination for Vice-President, and once again Helms demurred, saying that it was just the work of his friends. Actually, Helms had been on the ballot in the New Hampshire primary as a candidate for Vice-President. Tom Ellis told me recently, "We had an effort to push Jesse for Vice-President. The only primary ballot we could get on was New Hampshire. We carried it all the way to the Convention to see where it would lead, and then he withdrew. He did nothing to help with the effort. He let us do it if we wanted to. We wanted to try to get people to focus their minds on Jesse for Vice-President. You never know what's going to happen." Though Helms withdrew, he received fifty-four votes. Ellis is one of many of Helms' supporters who would like to see him become President. Viguerie, like Dolan, has the same thought, and a number of Helms' Senate colleagues assume that Helms has the Presidency in mind. When he is asked about it, Helms dismisses the idea. Every step in his career, as he describes it, is taken at the urging of others. Humility is one of his trademarks. Viguerie has suggested that an important part of Helms' appeal to people is the fact that he is soft-spoken and easygoing and does not appear to be seeking power. Viguerie added that in this respect there is a parallel between Helms and Reagan. A second parallel Viguerie noted is that they both delegate a great deal.

Helms used the occasion of his having been promoted for the Vice-Presidential nomination to work his way onto the Convention program and make a speech on the last night of the Convention. This was his second appearance on the program; the first was to introduce the Reverend Billy Graham before Graham gave the invocation at the beginning of one of the Convention's sessions. Having someone introduce the person who gives the invocation is unusual, but the Convention managers were willing to do unusual things to keep Helms content. Their biggest fear was that he would stir up reaction against Reagan's selection of George Bush as his running mate, or even run for the Vice-Presidential nomination himself. Helms had been making it clear to the Convention managers that he was upset at the idea that Reagan might choose either Gerald Ford or Bush, since they had not supported some of the things in the platform. It was hoped that if Helms was allowed to speak on the last night, he would go along with the ticket and keep his followers in line. The speech was largely ignored, but it was a revealing illustration of Helms' political style, and of how he attracts, holds, and makes use of his following. “During the past year, many of you here tonight, and other Americans across the country, have urged that I allow my name to be placed in nomination as a candidate for the office of Vice-President,” he said. “I have been deeply honored by these suggestions—indeed, humbled by the thought.” And then he stressed his own commitment to “principles,” and his following's commitment to principles. The Republican Party, the speech indicated, was simply the movement's vehicle, as was the Party's candidate. Helms said, “I know that those who have offered their support did so not because of personal loyalty as such but because we have a common commitment to the pro-American and pro-family principles which all of us try to articulate.” He said, “It matters not the name of the person who serves in the White House or in the office of the Vice-President—what matters are the principles that guide them, and their faithfulness to them.” He said, “The Republican Party must be a party of principles, not personalities.” He went on, “As Americans, we may give our votes to candidates and parties, but we give our loyalty only to God, family, and country. There is a new majority in America, newly emergent but believing in the traditional values of our nation. In recent years, our people have not been stirred by politics; indeed, many of them have been disillusioned in their hopes and dreams for a better America. Our party must reach out to these millions; we must search for the support of those who yearn for a reaffirmation of traditional moral values.” And then, through a series of rhetorical questions, Helms issued his manifesto: “Have we not seen these Americans striving to strengthen the family . . . concerned about a nation whose courts sanction the taking of innocent human life for social convenience . . . working to preserve the family-centered definition of women's rights in our Constitution . . . working to control the circumstances of the education of their children to preserve a God-fearing sense of moral and intellectual values?” He condemned inflation, the “use of the tax system to redistribute . . . hard-earned dollars,” and “unfair foreign competition.” He asked, “Do not all Americans want to preserve our freedom and our way of life against the international assault of socialism, Marxism, Communism, and other totalitarian ideologies?” Most Americans, he said, are “opposed to using our tax dollars and our diplomacy to support Marxist governments abroad, such as Nicaragua,” and were “outraged over the give-away of the Panama Canal to a Marxist dictator.” Americans, he said, “are now more concerned than ever about the aggressive spread of Soviet imperialism, and Soviet implementation of Marxist doctrine to subvert the world,” and “believe that our nation is a good nation, and that our national defense should be not merely equal to but superior to the military might of the Soviet Union.” Helms said, “These are not political issues. They are moral issues. They are issues of survival.” And then he referred to the platform—“a platform based upon principle”—and made it clear that the Party's nominees must remain faithful to it. And he said something unusual about, and to, Reagan: “Ronald Reagan was selected as the candidate of the primaries and of the Convention not because he is a warm and attractive leader. He was not nominated because he had a skillful campaign team. He was not nominated merely because he had a splendid record as Governor of California—there are many other good governors. Ronald Reagan was nominated because he has resolutely and unfailingly stood up for the principles of Americans who want to make our nation great again—morally, militarily, and economically. This is the coalition which has called Governor Reagan, and which has brought him the nomination of our Party.” Helms concluded his speech by saying, “Let us live each day mindful that the Lord may be giving us just one more chance to save America. With a genuine spiritual rebirth, we can do it.”



James Lucier, Helms' chief legislative assistant, explained to me the idea behind Helms' positions and his political techniques, and gave me his own view of why Helms has been so successful. Lucier, who is forty-six, was an editorial writer for the Richmond *News Leader* and worked for Strom Thurmond before he went to work for Helms. “When he began to push the issues that we started with when we opened the door in 1973—abortion, a balanced budget, family issues, sound money, a strong foreign policy—he was derided as a hopeless reactionary,” Lucier said. “Now those issues have become the mainstream issues that senators rise and fall on. He had the vision to see what the consequences would be.” Then Lucier gave the theory of Helms' politics: “The problem in our country is there is a tremendous gap between the people as a whole and the leadership groups that run the country—not just the media but also politicians, corporate executives, financial officers of major banks, and so forth. They have been trained in an intellectual tradition that is not only at variance with the way the ordinary person thinks but is contradictory to it. Helms is not right-wing. He's not even political. The issues he's involved in are pre-political. What I mean is, the intellectual training of those groups I referred to is highly rationalistic. Ever since Descartes, the emphasis has been on the mind to the exclusion of the rest of the person. That was revolutionary. Before that, the emphasis was less on the mind than on the will—virtues such as courage, bravery, and so forth. The emphasis was on acting rather than thinking. Not that the mind was ignored, but it was part of a whole complex of thinking and feeling. Once the mind is emphasized, it excludes most of the things that are important to people—the people who are selling cars and digging ditches and getting their kids on the bus to school. They aren't dealing with abstractions. There's nothing wrong with rational analysis, but when you use that to the exclusion of other things you're going to leave out a lot of things that are important to people. Politics is a modern invention. Politics doesn't apply when you get back before the Enlightenment. When you ask if Louis XIV was conservative or liberal, you really have to think. Modern politics is revolutionary because it rejects old principles and concentrates on the mind. You can draw a straight line from Descartes—'I think, therefore I am'—to Marx, though Descartes wouldn't recognize that. The right and the left are just expressions of how fast you're going to push on the accelerator. The people who stand outside the dialectic are people like Helms, and that's why he's pre-political. Abortion isn't right or left; neither is sound money; neither is standing up for your country and putting its interests first. People just think it's right-wing, because they're subjecting it to the revolutionary principles—to this notion of the intellect per se. This is the problem we have in the Republican Party. Ford and Kissinger are only the right wing of the left wing; they are the right wing of the revolution. They have adopted the revolutionary principles. They only want to go more slowly than those on the left. The principles that we're espousing are ones that have been around for thousands of years: The family as the basis of social organization, rather than the individual. Faith in a transcendent world—that God is the creator of this world that we live in, and there is a higher meaning than materialism. Property as a fundamental human right—the idea that your home is your castle and the government can't come in and take it away from you. It's a basis of economics that a person who has property has it as a right, and this means that a person who has currency should have it protected for the future, and that a government should not be based on deficit financing and economic redistribution. Another fundamental principle is loyalty to the country that you live in. Feelings that have been long suppressed are coming back to the surface, because politicians have distorted society—whether it's busing that breaks up the family or deficit financing that redistributes income. A society can absorb a little at first, but eventually these things distort the basic structure so much that it flies apart. That's what's happened in the last forty years."

Lucier continued, "What Helms has been doing is appealing to people by going around the leadership structures. The direct mail short-circuits the media and goes right into people's mailboxes. They read it or throw it away. If they read it and agree, they say, 'Gee, he's saying what I think, and I want to help him.' Even if they don't send money, they make a psychological commitment. It's a growth of that commitment that has overthrown seat after seat in the Senate and the House. The rationalist dismisses it—it's not written in terms of rationalistic debate. The person who reads that letter feels a resonance with it, and it makes him want to participate in that point of view. What Helms has done is use technology to reach people directly. I would say that, of the population at large, about fifteen per cent is committed to the rationalistic approach—that's a range of people from bank presidents to schoolteachers. We're not saying that the other eighty-five per cent are conservatives or Helms supporters. They're looking at the world in terms of what's good and bad, and 'What's good for me?' When someone like Helms or Reagan offers an ideal for a better America or belief in God, he's getting strong support even from people whose lives may not exemplify those virtues. When Helms brings up those issues that are supported by the eighty-five per cent, all the politicians say, 'Wait a minute. We agreed we wouldn't bring these into the political forum. I won't get good newspaper editorials. The churches won't support me.' What has shocked these people is that Helms can go out and pick up seven or eight million dollars and doesn't need the leadership groups. It's not the 'new right'—people are groping for a term. It's pre-political." Lucier said that while he had figured out this theory from his reading and thinking, the approach is intuitive on Helms' part.

JOHN CARBAUGH, Helms' other most important aide, described to me the concept of the political tactics that put Helms in a position to influence the direction of the Reagan Administration—its policies and its selection of personnel. Carbaugh, who is thirty-five, also worked for Thurmond, and was recruited for Helms by Lucier. Carbaugh described the process as follows: "Let's say you're an individual such as Jesse Helms and you're elected to the Senate. You're a conservative and you want to see a good man be President, so in an imperfect world you make a compromise with reality. Jesse Helms was the first United States senator to endorse Ronald Reagan. He flew to California in 1973 and endorsed him." Carbaugh went on to talk of the help that Helms gave Reagan in 1976 and 1980, then said, "The second step in the process is to make sure that 'the politically smart people,' the so-called professionals of politics, do not compromise the principles you selected the candidate for in the first place. Third, you work to get those views in the platform. Fourth, you work to get the Party locked into the platform and your candidate locked into the platform. And, fifth, you work like the dickens to get your man elected. Then, once your man is elected, you try to see that the philosophy on which you got your man elected is carried out. I reject the idea that there is a difference between the constituency that got you elected and the one that you have when you're President. Last, you work hard to make sure that the people at the centers of policy reflect to the greatest extent possible the policies that the candidate enunciated when he was nominated. That's what Helms' fight over some of the Reagan appointments was about." Carbaugh was referring to Helms' action in holding up the appointments of several high State Department officials earlier this year. Carbaugh continued, "Helms was trying to get the President himself to focus on those people and also to get those people on record as committed to the Reagan progam. You try to make sure that the policies that you believe in and that the man you supported for nomination and election said he believed in are the policies that are articulated by the Administration. You try to get those policies implemented. That's what we're fighting about now." Carbaugh went on, "It's not that Jesse Helms hasn't thought about what he's doing—he has. He's a serious man."

In 1974, Carbaugh wrote a twenty-page memorandum on how to take over a political party by writing the platform, and gave it to Lucier. He says that he also wrote a memorandum for Anita Bryant when, after her fight in 1977 to keep homosexual teachers out of public schools in Dade County, Florida, she attempted to establish a nationwide organization. The execu-

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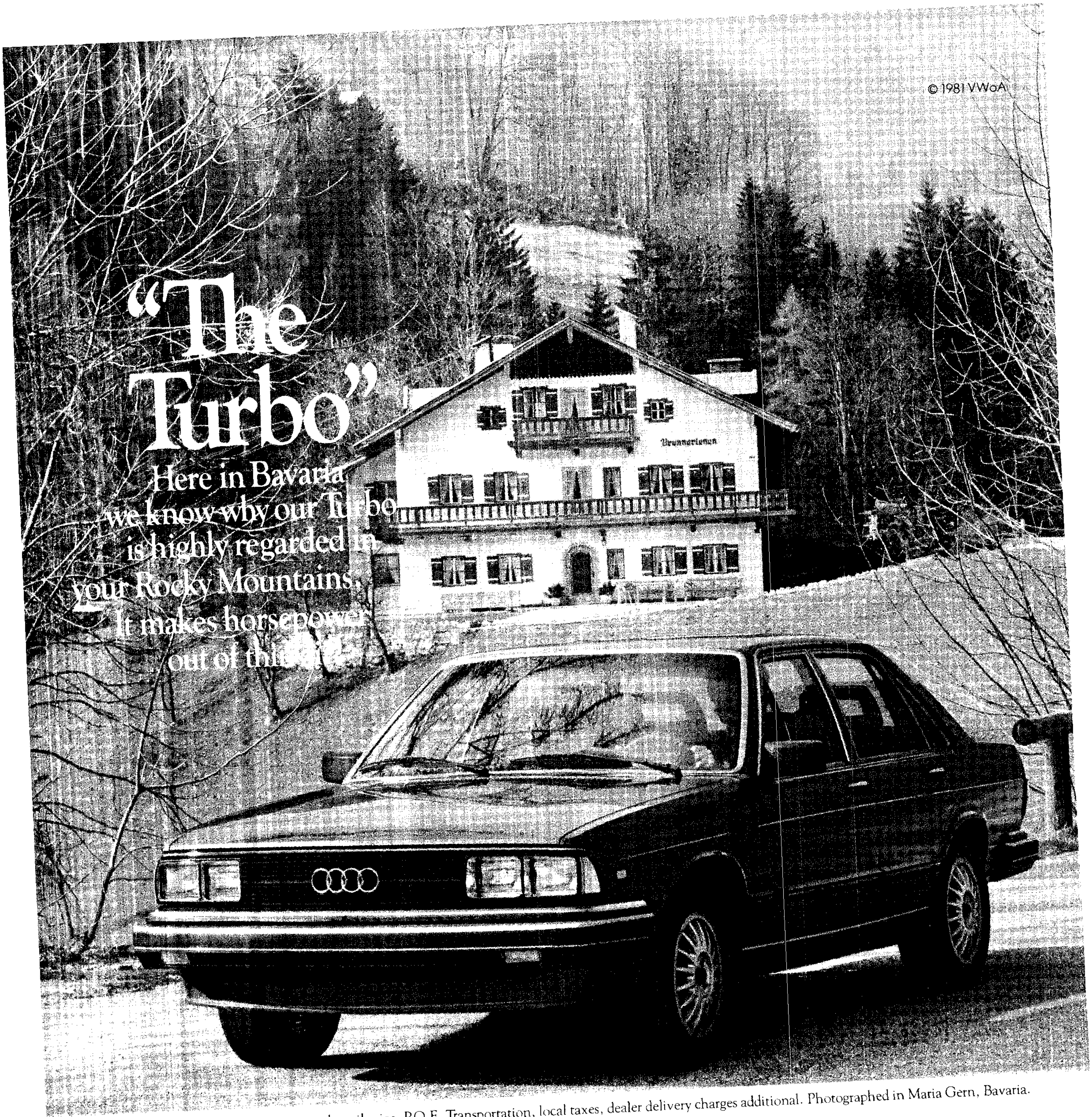
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tive director of the organization has said that Helms was very helpful in its early stages. Carbaugh says, "I tried to redirect the focus of what she was trying to do." Carbaugh advised Bryant to get away from her image as someone who was harassing homosexuals, and to spread her message about protecting the family by working through preachers across the country—sending them newsletters, and so forth. Carbaugh says, "I saw in South Carolina that the blacks worked through their churches. And the unions were organized along a certain line of interest. I didn't see why a network of people with a common, shared view couldn't be set up through the fundamentalist churches. These people have a shared religious view, and the politics flows from that. I talked to a lot of people about this, including a number of the people around Falwell. I was out there fumbling around. It was just an idea. The fundamentals of politics are organization and communication—that's what the black preachers in South Carolina showed me."

Carbaugh and Lucier are Helms' agents and enforcers, and are generally considered to have an unusually high degree of independence, even as congressional aides go. People on Capitol Hill and within the bureaucracy say that they often cannot tell when Helms' actions are of his own volition and when they are instigated by Lucier and Carbaugh—or when Lucier and Carbaugh are acting on Helms' authority and when they are free-lancing. Or whether, when a bargain has been struck with Helms or with a member of his staff, it will come undone at the hands of one or the other. Carbaugh has, in fact, cultivated a reputation as a tough—even ruthless—and powerful man. He is determined, energetic, and smart. He gets around, and uses his reputation to get things done—which underlines his reputation.

Carbaugh has a fertile mind, and he has put his inventiveness at Helms' service. "If you have a creative mind and put it to use, you can have a lot of fun in the mundane practice of politics," he says. He is pudgy, friendly, and soft-spoken, and has mastered the art of acquiring power. He understands the power of information—of gathering it and dispensing it and using it. Just before he came to work for Helms, he had been getting a law degree in Columbia, South Carolina, and also setting up a paralegal program, and he helped run Thurmond's 1971–72 reëlection campaign. He says, "Learning the ropes in Washington and operating in Washington, I found out, was just a logical extension of everything I did in Columbia, South Carolina. The difference was that Washington was a city of a few hundred thousand more people and five hundred miles away. The press is the same, the legislature is the same. What you could do in one place, you could do in the other—it's just a matter of scale." He cultivates journalists by leaking interesting information; frightens bureaucrats by making clear that he has it within his power to get some of them fired, or, at least, make their lives difficult; and affects policy by establishing a wide network within the government, even in a Democratic Administration. "Look," he said to me recently. "This town is an open book. You cannot hide what is going on in the bureaucracy from the Hill." Carbaugh has astonished people on Capitol Hill and within the bureaucracy with his knack for acquiring information—sometimes highly sensitive information. Helms' and Carbaugh's role has come to be such that people bring them information. Says a conservative Republican senator, "Jesse's network has to be the envy of just about everyone around here. He knows more about what's going on in the caverns here than almost anyone else." Carbaugh lives high: he has three red convertibles, and is known for taking people to lavish champagne lunches at Le Lion d'Or, one of Washington's most expensive restaurants. Expenses for a number of the lunches are charged to one of the several tax-exempt foundations that Carbaugh has established in Washington to carry out work related to the Helms causes.

The foundations are an extraordinary arrangement and constitute still another part of Helms' extensive network. The Institute of American Relations, which Carbaugh set up when he joined Helms' staff, in 1974, is a tax-exempt foundation that Carbaugh says is largely funded by direct-mail appeals. He says that he pioneered in this method of funding foundations. The Institute's board consists of Carbaugh, Lucier, and Dr. Victor Fediay, a Soviet émigré, who, like Carbaugh and Lucier, used to work for Strom Thurmond. It sponsors conferences—one was held in Buenos Aires in June (Lucier and Fediay attended)—and publishes reports and a biweekly newsletter. Last year, it published a report called "A Program for Military Independence," which was written by a group of some thirty congressional aides who had been organized by Carbaugh to trade information and work together on a number of issues. The institute also published a report on the 1979 elections in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. A row of some magnitude was stirred up when Carbaugh and Lucier turned up in 1979 at the Zimbabwe-Rhodesia settlement talks in London and were reported to have encouraged Ian Smith, the leader of the white minority, and his black associate, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, to remain firm: the New York *Times* reported from London that the British government complained to the State Department. Their trip was paid for by the Institute of American Relations. The Institute has also paid for foreign trips taken by Helms. Helms makes a point of not travelling abroad at government expense or following a State Department itinerary.

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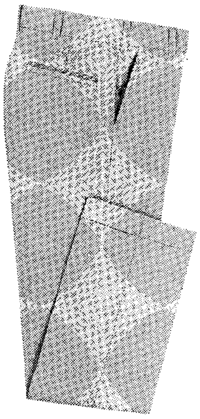
A second foundation, called the Foreign Affairs Council, was established in 1979—according to Carbaugh and Lucier, as a more overtly political adjunct of the Institute of American Relations. (Therefore, while it is tax-exempt, contributions to it are not.) Its board members are Carbaugh, Lucier, and Fediay. Among its publications is one entitled "Arms Control and U.S. Foreign Policy: Fatal Flaws of SALT II." The Foreign Affairs Council also publishes a newsletter.

In 1976, Carbaugh established a third tax-exempt foundation, the Institute on Money and Inflation. Its director is Howard Segermark, who also serves on Helms' Senate staff as an adviser on economic issues. The Institute on Money and Inflation addresses itself to the question of the gold standard (which Helms favors, and on



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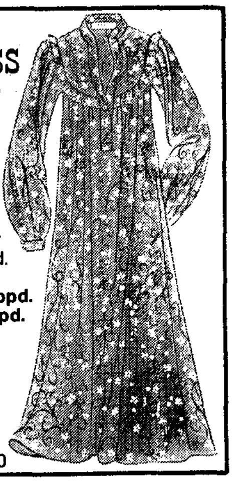

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which he has offered legislation) and the sound dollar. Still another foundation that Carbaugh helped establish is the American Family Institute. Carl Anderson, who served on Helms' staff and advised him on family issues, also served as the Family Institute's executive director. He is now counsel to the Deputy Secretary of Health and Human Services. Anderson helped draft the bill, sponsored by Helms and introduced earlier this year, to declare it a federal policy that life begins at conception. The bill seeks to overturn a 1973 Supreme Court ruling (*Roe* vs. *Wade*) that construed the meaning of "person" under the Fourteenth Amendment as not including the unborn, and that permitted abortion during the first trimester of pregnancy. The bill would thus free the states to make abortion a crime. Another provision of the bill would deny the federal courts jurisdiction over abortion cases. A Judiciary subcommittee headed by John East has already held hearings on the bill and approved it. In June, the American Family Institute sponsored a daylong symposium, at which Mother Teresa, who won the Nobel Prize for her work among the poor in Calcutta, condemned abortion. The Family Institute paid for Mother Teresa's trip to the United States. On the day after the symposium, she was President Reagan's guest for lunch at the White House.

According to Carbaugh and Lucier, the idea behind the foundations was that there was a need for more conservative-oriented foundations in Washington. They took note of the Brookings Institution, which houses a number of Democratic former officials, and of the American Enterprise Institute, which is conservatively oriented. Says Lucier, "We found the A.E.I. too academic in its approach. The materials were not that useful on the Hill. We were interested in promoting activities which, while not political, would be useful in forming political judgments later on and providing us with resource people." He says, "They aren't part of our office per se. They're working in areas we're interested in and want to have an influence on, and vice versa." Lucier explains that by sponsoring conferences and trips abroad the Institute of American Relations provides the Helms people with valuable contacts. Carbaugh and Lucier suggest that there is a parallel between the institutions they have established and other foundations that hold conferences and publish studies that have a point of view; but it is one thing to have an institution, whether it is Brookings or the conservative Hoover Institution, publish a study with a point of view and quite another to have such tax-exempt institutions so closely related to a practicing politician.

When I asked Helms about the foundations, in late June, he said he didn't know much about them. He said he was not even sure how many there were. He buzzed for Lucier (Carbaugh was out of the country), then reported, smiling, that Lucier was "at some meeting downtown." Carbaugh and Lucier are considered by detached observers, as well as by those they have opposed, to have especially conspiratorial minds. One conservative senator says, "They come in with a lot of cloak-and-dagger stuff. Jesse's more influenced by staff than most people around here." A former State Department official says, "Jesse's a very shrewd character. Some of the rocks they bring him he would be glad to throw." Helms often gives his colleagues the impression that he is using material provided by his staff without immersing himself in it; while this is not uncommon among senators, Helms seems to do it to a greater degree than many others. Helms himself often appears amused by the antics of his aides. "They're delightful young people," he said to me, chuckling.

HELMS' much-publicized holding up of various top State Department appointees earlier this year had several purposes. These things work on several levels. From all appearances, Helms and Carbaugh did not necessarily believe that they could stop the nominations from going through, but they did believe—correctly—that by holding up the nominations they could exercise leverage over the State Department on other appointments. Actually, Helms began by taking to the Senate floor on Inauguration Day to argue against the confirmation of Caspar Weinberger as Secretary of Defense. The vote to confirm Weinberger was ninety-seven to two, the two being Helms and East. Helms told me a couple of weeks later, "I voted against Weinberger not because I don't have a healthy respect for him but because I don't think he understands the problems. I wanted to send a signal to him. If you can get on record with these fellows, you can give them a very special message." Helms said he was concerned that Weinberger was using "buzzwords" suggesting that the United States might seek less than military superiority to the Soviet Union. "That was not what I felt to be in line with what I felt were Reagan's goals, so I voted against," he said. Helms fought unsuccessfully to prevent Frank Carlucci—"a careerist"—from being named Weinberger's deputy, but he takes credit for getting Fred Iklé, who had advised Reagan on the SALT II agreement and had taken a dim view of arms-control agreements, appointed as Under-Secretary of Defense for Policy, the department's third-ranking post. Helms does not mind inflating his role at times; there is good reason to believe that Iklé might have got the job without his support. Helms supported Alexander Haig's appointment as Secretary of State, apparently in the belief that this was as conservative an appointment as would be made, and, as a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he helped Haig along during his rocky nomination hearings. According to Helms and to people at the State Department, Haig assured Helms that they had no real differences over foreign policy. But Helms and Carbaugh were not reluctant to collect on Haig's debt of gratitude; nor were they reluctant to work the other side of the street, exploiting the tensions that have existed between Haig and Richard Allen, the President's national-security adviser. Allen, too, was not happy about some of the appointments that Haig was making. Helms' stated concern was that Haig was installing too many "career élitists." Most of the nominees were interviewed at length by Carbaugh and then by Helms—as a way of making it clear to the nominees what was expected of them. In some cases, the nominees were required to reply in writing to questions submitted by Helms—in one instance, a hundred and seven questions; in another, a hundred and twenty-nine.

Helms' and Carbaugh's other agenda was to get some people into the State Department and to get some others out. They were successful on both counts—less successful than Helms and Carbaugh would have one think, perhaps, but more successful than Administration officials would have one think. In June, Helms told me that he had counted up and found he had placed thirty people in the foreign-policy apparatus. He named James Nance, a retired admiral and a childhood friend from Monroe, who was made Allen's deputy at the National Security Council. He also said that he counts retired Lieutenant General Edward Rowny, who has been named chief negotiator for arms-control agreements. Rowny had opposed the SALT II agreement even while he was a member of the negotiation team; later, he quit the team and testified against the agreement. Helms had wanted Rowny to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and had exercised his prerogative to put a "hold" on the nomination of Eugene Rostow, the President's nominee, until he worked things out. "We got Rowny in place," Helms told me. "What we achieved out of that is that Rowny has access to the President, and there won't be any foofaw about it." Helms would offer no more names. "I don't want them to be persona non grata," he said. "They'd get shot in the corridor. But there are *at least* thirty people we have recommended and pushed, and have spotted around." Richard McCormack, a Helms aide who has worked with Carbaugh and Lucier, is, according to Helms' office, expected to get a high job in the State Department. One of Carbaugh's comrades in the group of Senate aides he organized has gone to work on the National Security Council staff. Some friends of Helms-Carbaugh are expected to receive ambassadorial appointments.

Any powerful senator, particularly one to whom a newly elected President owes a debt, should be able to influence appointments, and win a few for his friends. The difference here is that Helms and Carbaugh have tried to establish a government-within-a-government, and to run people out of their jobs. They have not been entirely successful in getting their selections placed, nor have they succeeded in getting rid of everyone they wanted to, but they appear to have caused more carnage in the State Department than any other single Senate office in a very long time. Several members of the Foreign Service have resigned or gone on leave or are studying Spanish at the Foreign Service Institute because they got on the wrong side of Helms and Carbaugh. Some people's names were not put forward, because it was clear that this would cause too much fuss. Helms and Carbaugh were not solely responsible in each instance; sometimes

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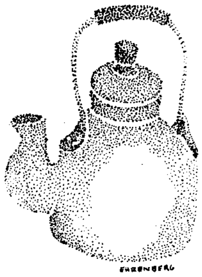
there was a coincidence of interest on the part of those at the White House who also did not wish to give good jobs to diplomats identified with Carter policies. This, of course, destroys the idea of a career Foreign Service.

Carbaugh and Helms have long kept an eye on the personnel who deal with their particular areas of interest: Central America, Southern Africa, and the Far East—in particular, Taiwan. Moreover, they did not begin to try to influence personnel just this year. Last year, Helms held up the appointment of Robert White, a career Foreign Service officer, as Ambassador to El Salvador for several weeks, and Carbaugh, by his own account, was one of the people pushing the State Department to get rid of White this year, which it did in February. Carbaugh also admits to having helped remove Lawrence Pezzullo, another career Foreign Service officer, from his job as Ambassador to Nicaragua; Pezzullo will be leaving his post in September. When asked, Carbaugh says that he was among those pushing to cut off aid to Nicaragua this year. (The aid had been temporarily suspended earlier in the year, on the ground that arms were moving through Nicaragua to El Salvador. In April, the aid was cut off, even though the State Department said that there was no "hard evidence" of the arms traffic.) And last year Helms held up Carter ambassadorial appointments to Africa. The ambassadorship to Uruguay was held up for so long that it never was confirmed, and, according to Carbaugh, this also happened with others.



Carbaugh says that an example of Helms' power in the Senate was the fate of the SALT II treaty, which, though it was approved by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the fall of 1979, was never brought up for a vote in the Senate. It is generally accepted that the uproar over the presence of Soviet troops in Cuba, and then the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, killed any chance of getting the treaty approved by the Senate. By the time these events occurred, the senators were too close to an election. In 1979, Carbaugh wrote a ten-page single-spaced memo on how to kill the SALT II treaty by delaying consideration of it until the election year. "I've been accused of building up the Cuban issue," he said to me recently. "It's true." Carbaugh helped break the story of the Cuban brigade, by bringing it to the attention of the press. "I picked it up from the President of Guatemala when I was on a visit there," he said. Carbaugh said that Helms started talking about the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan eight weeks before the Carter Administration admitted that it had occurred. "We sent a professor from a university in North Carolina to Pakistan—the Institute of American Relations did—and he came back and said they're invading. And a guy who writes for our newsletter is a former Afghan diplomat, and he said they're invading. So we began talking about it."

Part of Helms' purpose in delaying the nominations this year was to bring his grievances to the White House's attention and try to get the White House to give more scrutiny to how foreign policy was being carried out. Helms' pressure is also credited by his allies with causing the Administration to work harder to place more conservatives throughout the government. In April, Helms was called down to the White House for a meeting with Reagan's top aides, and then with Reagan, to see if he could be persuaded to release his hold on the appointments. Helms says that he now has an understanding with the White House that the "product" of the appointees will be monitored closely, to be sure that it is consonant with the Reagan foreign policy—as Helms interprets it. "I don't think there will be the slightest problem, because of the monitoring that is going on," Helms told me recently. "The policy so far is working out fine." But when I asked him about China policy he conceded that he was not entirely happy with that. Haig had just been to China and announced that the United States would consider selling it lethal weapons, and then had said that he saw "no urgency" in dealing with the sale of advanced jet fighters to Taiwan. Helms had already been on the phone to his contacts within the government about that. He said to me, "I don't think it would take but one telephone call from Moscow to Peking to straighten things out between them. I think we've got to look at the long-range consequences of these things." He continued, "I'm not convinced that the exclusion of Taiwan as an ally is either wise or moral. On the other hand, I'm a devotee of Taiwan." People who have worked in the government say they are under the impression that Taipei conveys its views about American policy and personnel directly to Helms. Helms himself told me that when he was serving on the 1980 Convention Platform Committee and was pushing a certain provision related to Taiwan, "I got a message from Taipei that maybe it would be better if we didn't push that." He added, "Dick Allen assured me that it wouldn't be necessary." Helms has placed a hold on a treaty concerning consular relations with China, which had been sent to the Senate floor. Carbaugh says that the hold will continue until "the Senator sees what the arms sales to China and the arms sales to Taiwan are going to be."

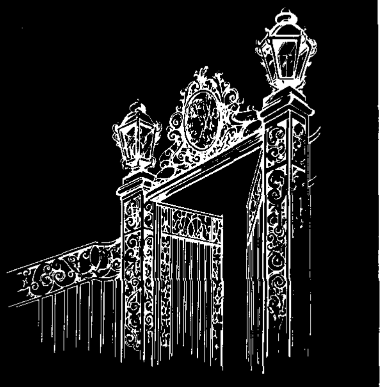
Helms has very definite opinions on foreign policy. "I am not an expert, but there are certain things you cannot overlook," he told me. "One is a systematized derogation of our friends by the previous Administration, and imposing on them impossible standards. For example, Chile, Nicaragua, Argentina. None of these are anywhere near the atrocious standards of the Soviet Union and China. I believe we're overplaying the China card. Here's a country that slaughtered over sixty million people. That's a pile of folks. And all of a sudden we're toasting them and going to sell them weapons. At the same time, we're saying to Chile and Argentina, 'Sorry about that.' But the Reagan Administration is going to change that. Somoza may not have been our cup of tea, but he was better than what was in second place—the Sandinistas. It doesn't take much expertise to see that. I'd always felt that in the case of Batista and Somoza if we had said, 'Look, we're not going to publish anything, but you stop that,' we could have turned things around. But we're turning country after country over to terrorists. You take South Africa. The same thing is true. And with Rhodesia, as with Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay. I dealt with Muzorewa many times—he came over here several times at my invitation. I invited him because he couldn't get an invitation from the government." Helms also told me that he instigated a trip to the United States made by Ian Smith in 1978. "Muzorewa would have been a stout ally of this country. You watch Robert Mugabe. You look at the rest of the African states and the kind of human rights they practice. What we're doing is running the risk of ending up with nobody as our friend. The test of our foreign policy is what we do to be helpful and coöperative with the friends of freedom in these emerging Marxist countries that might reverse that tide."

Helms told me that it was at his instigation that the newly appointed President of Argentina, Roberto Viola, was invited to Washington to see Reagan even before Viola was sworn in. Viola was Reagan's fourth foreign visitor. "We recommended that very strongly," Helms said. "I talked to Haig, I talked to the President." On the subject of Chile, he said, "I want us to stop kicking Chile in the shins. I've gone to South America twice—at my own expense." (Actually, his expenses for one trip—to Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay—were paid by the Institute of American Relations. His other trip, to Brazil, was paid for by a business group there.) He continued, "Allende was a Marxist and was opposed to us. I've talked to businessmen and all sorts of people there."

I asked Helms about his relationship with Haig.

He replied, "I can't think of a thing we differ on except maybe the policy in Peking. When we talk, we are each preaching to the choir. It's a friendly relationship. Frequently, I call him and say 'What about so-and-so?' and I can't recall a time when he said, 'Well, no, we can't do that.' " In the midst of all the difficulty over the appointments that Helms was holding up, Haig offered Carbaugh the ambassadorship to Paraguay. Unsurprisingly, Carbaugh turned it down.

Helms is just as determined to push his social issues as he is to defend what he interprets to be Reagan's foreign policy. Some of the President's advisers feel that the social issues could divide the constituency that Reagan put together for the last election, but the argument between Helms and Howard Baker, the Senate Majority Leader, has been simply over when the issues will be considered, not whether they will be. Baker and other Senate leaders knew that there was no holding them off forever. Helms was undeterred by Baker's plea that such issues be postponed until the President's economic program was enacted. The Senate has already approved a Helms amendment that would further tighten the restrictions on federal aid to the poor for abortions: the amendment would remove aid in cases of rape and incest, allowing it only in cases where the life of the mother was considered



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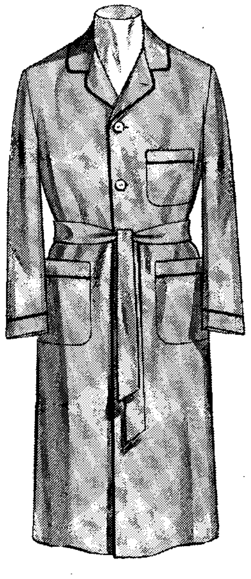

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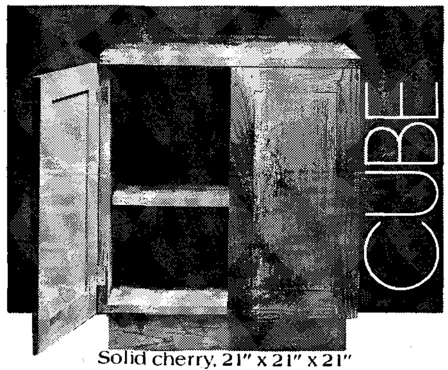

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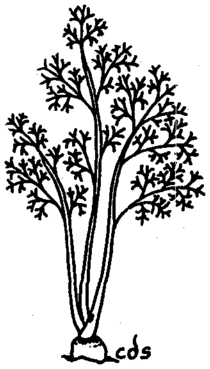
at stake. Robert Packwood, Republican of Oregon and a moderate, who has opposed Helms all along on abortion, said that what Helms was doing represented "Cotton Mather" politics. Helms told me that, because of the pressures on the Senate calendar, floor action on his bill to declare that life begins at conception will not be pushed until next year. He has switched tactics on his social issues: rather than seek constitutional amendments, which are difficult to get enacted and ratified by a sufficient number of states, he and some of his colleagues are sponsoring bills to simply strip the federal courts of authority over such questions as abortion, school prayer, and busing.

This approach is, of course, highly controversial. Dale Bumpers, Democrat of Arkansas, calls it "a dangerous broadside attack on the Constitution." He says, "Helms is not a lawyer. I don't think he understands what a democratic society is built on. He and his crowd know they could not get a constitutional amendment on these things, so they go another route. This crowd is out to change the Constitution by whim or caprice. They're trying to take away constitutional safeguards, starting with popular issues. Once the precedent is established, the same thing could be done on anything else." Even some of Reagan's advisers—those who are of a libertarian bent—are upset by what they see as Helms' and his allies' moves to interfere with personal freedom. Yet when I asked one of Reagan's most important aides what the President would do when these issues came up, he said that the President would say that he agreed with Helms and his allies on the social issues, and he added, "We'll muddle through."



Helms says he is unperturbed by the criticism. When I asked him about the criticism that in his abortion proposals he was interfering with people's privacy, he replied, "That depends on whose privacy you're talking about. I'm protecting the privacy of millions of unborn." He said he was certain that if one of his daughters was raped she would want to have the baby. When I cited the criticism of his court-stripping bills, he said, smiling, "I'll be able to answer by citing some pretty good constitutional authorities who say the opposite." At the same time, he indicated that he had got word that some "holdovers" in the Justice Department might recommend against his approach, and he was trying to reach the Attorney General, William French Smith. "I don't want it to appear that the Administration is undercutting me on this issue," he said. One conservative senator says, of Helms' preoccupation with the social issues, "I think he just feels these are issues of great concern to a lot of people who thirst for simplicity and something clear in their lives."

There is a cost, of course, to being the leader of a movement. The leader of a movement can end up being pushed by his followers. It can be a frazzling occupation. At the request of some of his allied groups, Helms asked Howard Baker for a meeting on the question of block grants; Orrin Hatch, Republican of Utah and a conservative, had struck a compromise with the Democrats and moderate Republicans on his Labor and Human Resources Committee which watered down the President's proposals to put a large number of federal programs into a block grant, and the groups were upset. (And Hatch had fallen from their favor.) The groups seek to have certain programs, especially the Legal Services program, ended by putting them into a block grant, as a way of "defunding the left." When I asked Helms what approach he planned to finally take on school prayer, he replied, "I'm sort of going to follow the lead of my folks on that, and do whatever they want me to do."

One recent afternoon, when Helms was talking to me about the social issues, he got uncharacteristically worked up. "People talk about 'the rights of the majority,'" he said. "Take prayer in the schools. What about the majority, when the majority wants something that is less harmful, to put it mildly? How about the child who's denied his right to go to the school closest to his home? I've got on my side of the argument the million and a half babies that are terminated each year. You look at the venereal-disease statistics. A person can look at all that's happened to our society and can sit back and say sanctimoniously, 'Oh, we can't get involved—that's an intrusion on the lives of people who want to live in a different kind of society.' Well, we become part of what we condone." He went on, "There's not a book burner in the Senate—that's what's thrown at us. They say academic freedom's going down the drain. But just because some yo-yo publishes a book and calls it sex education, that doesn't mean it doesn't need a look. That's all some of us are saying. Somewhere, we've gone awry with the morals of this country, and there's a permissiveness, and we've lost all contact with the standards that ought to be maintained in this country."

I asked Helms how far he thought the federal government should go in getting involved in these questions.

He replied, "I would prefer that people handle it themselves, but I think we've got to have standards. I'm not prepared to state precisely what the standards should be. But that is the purpose of offering legislation—to debate and consider the answer to that question. I think there's an innate streak of decency out there. I think they're looking to us for leadership on it. Look, I don't consider myself a bluenose. I'm no Elmer Gantry. I've been in the Navy. I've heard it all and seen it all. But a person becomes part of that with which he is surrounded. I think we ought to confront these issues now."

Helms intends to hold Reagan to the program he helped shape, and has his troops at the ready. When I suggested to Helms that Reagan owed him a great deal, he said, "I don't look at it that way. He doesn't owe it to me—he owes it to the country to do what he said he'd do in the campaign. In all fairness to him, I think that's what he wants to do, but my apprehension is that he may get sidetracked by someone who thinks something may be more expedient. When I think that, that's when I call him. And he says, 'I'll hang in there.'" What else Helms may want to do with his power even he may not know. But if further duties are pressed upon him he will no doubt be ready to accept them.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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The cast is studded with the well-known names of Celeste Holm, Edward Herrmann, Christopher Reeve, Maria Tucci, Carrie Nye, and other stalwarts of stage and screen, but, as is usual with Williamstown productions, the blend is paramount to all, and last night the blend was awesome. There can be no recitation of actors' names and how they did individually—some did a little better than others; none did worse.—*Milton R. Bass in the Pittsfield (Mass.) Berkshire Eagle.*

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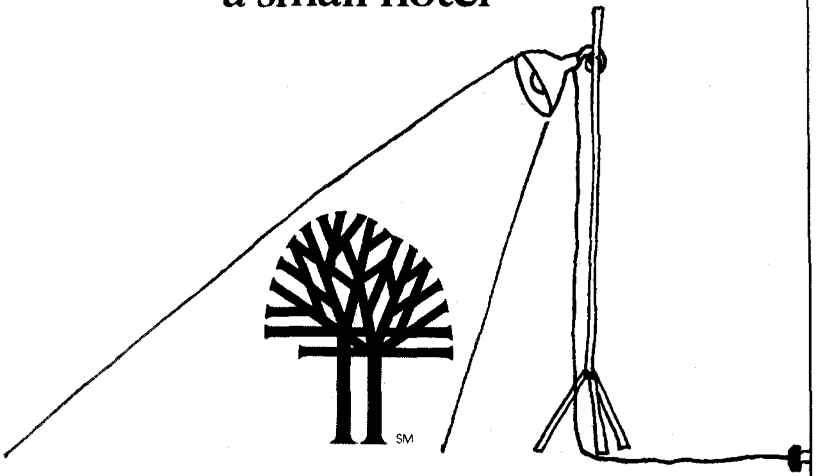

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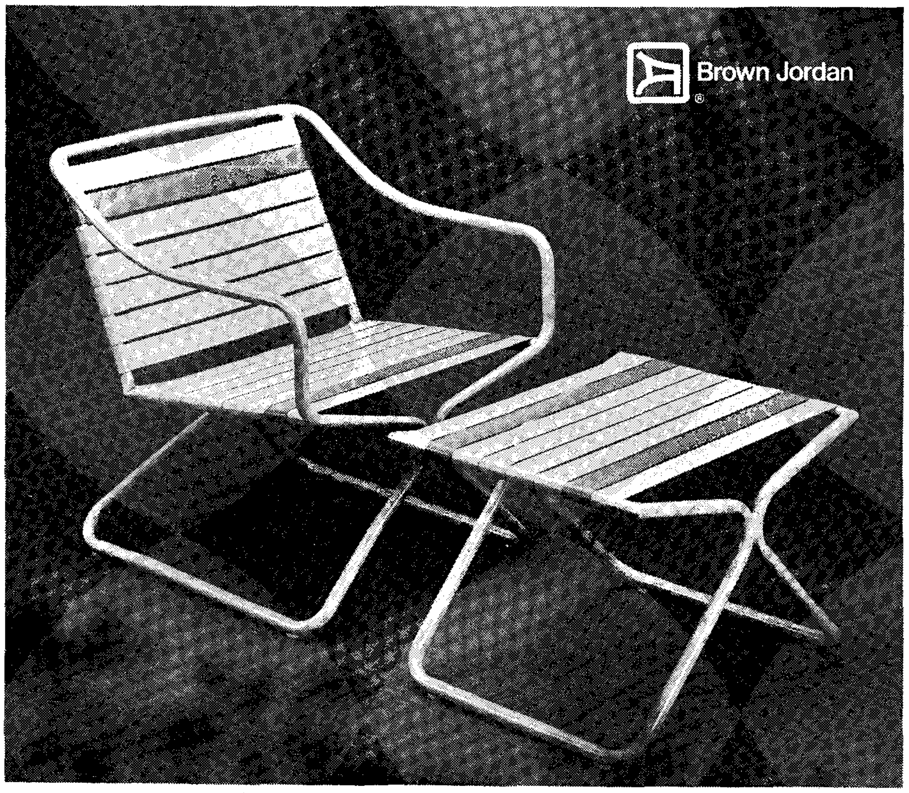

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THE SPORTING SCENE

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AN afternoon in mid-May, and we are waiting for the game to begin. We are in shadow, and the sunlit field before us is a thick, springy green—an old diamond, beautifully kept up. The grass continues beyond the low chain-link fence that encloses the outfield, extending itself on the right-field side into a rougher, featureless sward that terminates in a low line of distant trees, still showing a pale, early-summer green. We are almost in the country. Our seats are in the seventh row of the grandstand, on the home side of the diamond, about halfway between third base and home plate. The seats themselves are more comforting to spirit than to body, being a surviving variant example of the pure late-Doric Polo Grounds mode: the backs made of a continuous running row of wood slats, divided off by pairs of narrow cast-iron arms, within which are slatted let-down seats, grown arthritic with rust and countless layers of gray paint. The rows are stacked so closely upon each other (one discovers) that a happening on the field of sufficient interest to warrant a rise or half-rise to one's feet is often made more memorable by a sharp crack to the kneecaps delivered by the backs of the seats just forward; in time, one finds that a dandruff of gray paint flakes from the same source has fallen on one's lap and scorecard. None of this matters, for this view and these stands and this park—it is Yale Field, in New Haven—are renowned for their felicity. The grandstand is a low, penumbrous steel-post shed that holds the infield in a pleasant horseshoe-curved embrace. The back wall of the grandstand, behind the uppermost row of seats, is broken by an arcade of open arches, admitting a soft back light that silhouettes the upper audience and also discloses an overhead bonework of struts and beams supporting the roof—the pigeonland of all the ballparks of our youth. The game we are waiting for—Yale vs. St. John's University—is a considerable event, for it is part of the National Collegiate Athletic Association's northeast regional tournament, the winner of which will qualify for a berth at the national collegiate championships in Omaha in June, the World Series of college baseball. Another pair of teams, Maine and Central Michigan—the Black Bears and the Chippewas—have just finished their game here, the first of a doubleheader. Maine won it, 10–2, but the ultimate winner will not be picked here for three more days, when the four teams will have completed a difficult double-elimination tournament. Good, hard competition, but the stands at Yale Field are half empty today. Call them half full, because everyone on hand—some twenty-five hundred fans—must know something about the quality of the teams here, or at least enough to qualify either as a partisan or as an expert, which would explain the hum of talk and expectation that runs through the grandstand even while the Yale team, in pin-striped home whites, is still taking infield practice.

I am seated in a little sector of senior New Haven men—Townies rather than Old Elis. One of them a couple of rows in front of me says, "They used to fill this place in the old days, before there was all the baseball on TV."

His neighbor, a small man in a tweed cap, says, "The biggest crowd I ever saw in here—the biggest ever, I bet—was for a high-school game. Shelton and Naugatuck, about twenty years ago."

An old gent with a cane, seated just to my left, says, "They filled it up that day the Yankees came here, with Ruth and Gehrig and the rest of them. An exhibition game."

A fan just beyond the old gentleman—a good-looking man in his sixties, with an open, friendly face, a large smile, and a thick stand of gray hair—leans toward my neighbor and says, "When *was* that game, Joe? 1930? 1932?"

"Oh, I can't remember," the old man says. "Somewhere in there. My youngest son was mascot for the Yankees that day, so I could figure it out, I suppose." He is not much interested. His eyes are on the field. "Say, look at these fellows throw!" he says. "Did you see that outfielder peg in the ball?"

d. ehrenberg

"That was the day Babe Ruth said this was about the best-looking ballpark he'd ever ever seen," the man beyond says. "You remember that."

"I can remember long before this park was built," the old man says. "It was already the Yale ballfield when I got here, but they put in these stands later— Who is this shortstop? He's a hefty-looking bird."

"How many Yale games do you think you've seen, Joe?" the smiling man asks.

"Oh, I couldn't begin to count them. But I haven't seen a Yale team play in— I don't know how long. Not for years. These fellows today, they play in the Cape Cod League in the summers. They let the freshmen play here now, too. They recruit them more, I suppose. They're athletes—you can see that."

The Yale team finishes its warmup ritual, and St. John's—light-gray uniforms with scarlet cap bills and scarlet socks—replaces it on the field.

"St. John's has always had a good club," the old man tells me. "Even back when my sons were playing ball, it was a good ball team. But not as good as this one. Oh, my! Did you see this catcher throw down to second? Did you see that! I bet you in all the years I was here I didn't have twenty fellows who could throw."

"Your sons played here?" I ask him. "For Yale?"

"My son Joe was captain in '41," he says. "He was a pitcher. He pitched against my son Steve here one day. Steve was pitching for Colgate, and my other son, Bob—my youngest—was on the same Colgate team. A good little left-handed first baseman."

I am about to ask how that game turned out, but the old man has taken out a small gold pocket watch, with a hunting case, which he snaps open. Three-fourteen. "Can't they get this *started*?" he says impatiently.

I say something admiring about the watch, and he hands it to me carefully. "I've had that watch for sixty-eight years," he says. "I always carried it in my vest pocket, back when we wore vests."

The little watch has a considerable heft to it: a weight of authority. I turn

"I think the universe expands one day, shrinks the next, remains static for a week, and then it begins all over again."

• •

it over and find an inscription on the back. It is in script and a bit worn, but I can still make it out:

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TO BOSTON IN 1912.

"Who was A. E. Smith, Mr. Wood?" I ask.

"He was a manufacturer."

I know the rest. Joe Wood, the old gentleman on my left, was the baseball coach at Yale for twenty years—from 1923 to 1942. Before that, he was a sometime outfielder for the Cleveland Indians, who batted .366 in 1921. Before *that*, he was a celebrated right-handed pitcher for the Boston Red Sox—Smokey Joe Wood, who won thirty-four games for the Bosox in 1912, when he finished up with a record of 34–5, pitching ten shutouts and sixteen consecutive victories along the way. In the World Series that fall—one of the two or three finest ever played—he won three of the four games he pitched, including the famous finale: the game of Hooper's catch and Snodgrass's muff and Tris Speaker's killing tenth-inning single. Next to Walter Johnson, Smokey Joe Wood was the most famous fastballer of his era. Still is, no doubt, in the minds of the few surviving fans who saw him at his best. He is ninety-one years old.

None of this, I should explain—neither my presence at the game nor my companions in the stands—was an accident. I had been a fervent admirer of Smokey Joe Wood ever since I read his account of his baseball beginnings and his subsequent career in Lawrence Ritter's "The Glory of Their Times," a cherished, classic volume of oral history of the early days of the pastime. Mr. Wood was in his seventies when that book was published, in 1966, and I was startled and pleased a few weeks ago when I ran across an article by Joan Whaley, in *Baseball Digest*, which informed me that he was still hale and still talking baseball in stimulating fashion. He was living with a married daughter in New Haven, and my first impulse was to jump in my car and drive up to press a call. But something held me back; it did not seem quite right to present myself uninvited at his door, even as a pilgrim. Then Ron Darling and Frank Viola gave me my chance. Darling, who was a junior at Yale this past year, is the best pitcher ever to take the mound for the Blue. He is better than Johnny Broaca, who went on to pitch for the Yankees and the Indians for five seasons in the mid-nineteen-thirties; he is better than Frank Quinn, who compiled a 1.57 career earned-run average at Yale in 1946, '47, and '48. (He is also a better all-around ballplayer than George Bush, who played first base and captained the Elis in 1948, and then somehow drifted off into politics instead of baseball.) Darling, a right-handed fastball thrower, won eleven games and lost two as a sophomore, with an earned-run average of 1.31, and this year he was 9–3 and 2.42, with eighty-nine strikeouts in his ninety-three innings of work—the finest college pitcher in the Northeast, according to major-league scouts, with the possible exception of Frank Viola, a junior left-handed curveball ace at St. John's, who was undefeated this year, 9–0, and had a neat earned-run average of 1.00. St. John's, a Catholic university in Queens, is almost a baseball powerhouse—not quite in the same class, perhaps, as such perennial national champions or challengers as Arizona, Arizona State, U.C.L.A., and Southern California, whose teams play Sun Belt schedules of close to sixty games, but good enough to have gone as the Northeast's representative to the national tournament in Omaha in 1980, where Viola defeated the eventual winner, Arizona, in the first round. St. John's, by the way, does not recruit high-school stars from faraway states, as do most of these rival college powers; all but one player on this year's thirty-three-man Redmen squad grew up and went to school in New York City or in nearby suburbs. This 1981 St. John's team ran off an awesome 31–2 record, capturing the Eastern College Metro (Greater New York, that is) elimination, while Yale, winning its last nine games in a row, concluded its regular season with a record of 24–12–1, which was good enough to win its first Eastern Intercollegiate League championship since 1956. (That tie in Yale's record was a game against the University of Central Florida, played during the Elis' spring-training tour in March, and was called because of darkness after seven innings, with the score tied at 21–21. Darling did not pitch that day.) The two teams, along with Central Michigan (Mid-America Conference) and Maine (New England Conference), qualified for the tournament at New Haven, and the luck of the draw pitted Yale (and Darling) against St. John's (and Viola) in the second game of the opening doubleheader. Perfect. Darling, by the way, had indicated that he might be willing to turn professional this summer if

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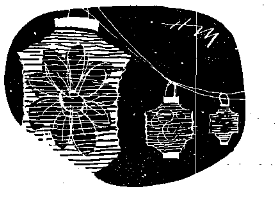
he were to be picked in an early round of the annual amateur draft conducted by the major leagues in mid-June, and Viola had been talked about as a potential big-leaguer ever since his freshman year, so their matchup suddenly became an obligatory reunion for every front-rank baseball scout east of the Ohio River. (About fifty of them turned up, with their speed-guns and clipboards, and their glowing reports of the game, I learned later, altered the draft priorities of several clubs.)

Perfect, but who would get in touch with Mr. Wood and persuade him to come out to Yale Field with me for the game? Why, Dick Lee would—Dick Lee, *of course*. Richard C. Lee (he was the smiling man sitting just beyond Smokey Joe in our row) is a former Democratic mayor of New Haven, an extremely popular (eight consecutive terms, sixteen years in office), innovative officeholder who, among other things, presided over the widely admired urban renewal of his city during the nineteen-sixties and, before that, thought up and pushed through the first Operation Head Start program (for minority-group preschoolers) in the country. Dick Lee knows everybody in New Haven, including Smokey Joe Wood and several friends of mine there, one of whom provided me with his telephone number. I called Lee at his office (he is assistant to the chairman of the Union Trust Company, in New Haven) and proposed our party. "Wonderful!" he cried at once. "You have come to the right man. I'll bring Joe. Count on me!" Even over the telephone, I could see him smiling.



Dick Lee did not play baseball for Yale, but the nature of his partisanship became clear in the very early moments of the Yale-St. John's game. "Yay!" he shouted in a stentorian baritone as Ron Darling set down three St. John's batters in order in the first. "Yay, Ron *baby!*" he boomed out as Darling dismissed three more batters in the second, fanning the last two. "Now *c'mon*, Yale! Let's get something started, gang! Yay!" Lee had told me that he pitched for some lesser-known New Haven teams—the Dixwell Community House sandlot team and the Jewish Home for Children nine (the Utopians), among others—while he was growing up in the ivyless New Hallville neighborhood. Some years later, having passed up college altogether, he went to work for Yale as its public-relations officer. By the time he became mayor, in 1953, the university was his own—another precinct to be worried about and looked after. A born politician, he appears to draw on some inner deep-water reservoir of concern that enables him to preside effortlessly and affectionately over each encounter of his day; he was the host at our game, and at intervals he primed Joe Wood with questions about his baseball past, which he seemed to know almost by heart.

"Yes, that's right, I did play for the Bloomer Girls a few games," Mr. Wood said in response to one such cue. "I was about sixteen, and I was pitching for our town team in Ness City, Kansas. The Bloomer Girls were a barnstorming team, but they used to pick up a few young local fellows on the sly to play along with them if they needed to fill out their lineup. I was one of those. I never wore a wig, though—I wouldn't have done that. I guess I looked young enough to pass for a girl anyway. Bill Stern, the old radio broadcaster, must have used that story about forty times, but he always got it wrong about the wig."

There was a yell around us, and an instantly ensuing groan, as Yale's big freshman catcher, Tony Paterno, leading off the bottom of the second, lined sharply to the St. John's shortstop, who made a fine play on the ball. Joe Wood peered intently out at the field through his thickish horn-rimmed spectacles. He shook his head a little. "You know, I can't hardly follow the damned ball now," he said. "It's better for me if I'm someplace where I can get up high behind the plate. I was up to Fenway Park for two games last year, and they let me sit in the press box there at that beautiful park. I could see it all from there. The grounds keeper has got that field just like a living room."

I asked him if he still rooted for the Red Sox.

"Oh, yes," he said. "All my life. A couple of years ago, when they had that big lead in the middle of the summer, they asked me if I'd come up and throw out the first ball at one of their World Series games or playoff games. But then they dropped out of it, of course. Now it looks like it'll never happen."

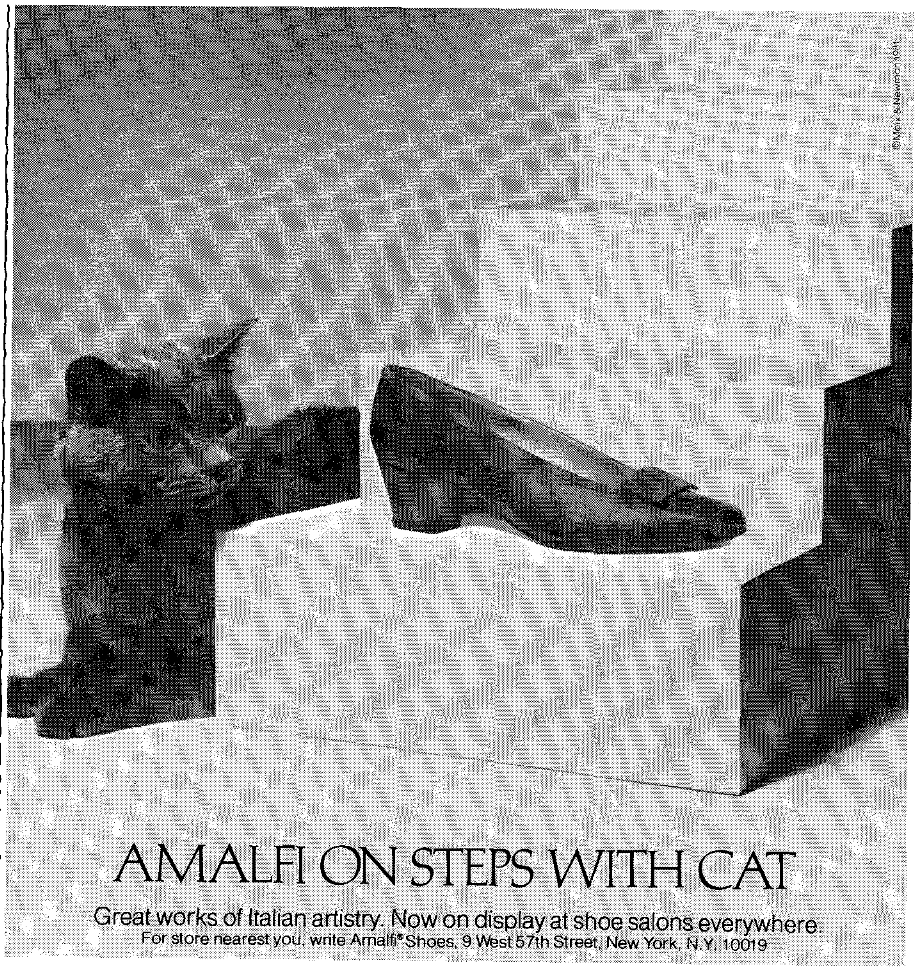
He spoke in a quiet, almost measured tone, but there was no tinge of disappointment or self-pity in it. It was the voice of age. He was wearing a blue windbreaker over a buttoned-up plaid shirt, made formal with a small dark-red bow tie. There was a brown straw hat on his bald head. The years had imparted a delicate thinness to the skin on his cheeks and neck, but his face had a determined look to it, with a strong chin and a broad, unsmiling mouth. Watching him, I recalled one of the pictures in "The Glory of Their Times"—a team photograph taken in 1906, in which he is sitting cross-legged down in front of a row of men in baggy baseball pants and lace-up, collared baseball shirts with "Ness City" across the front in block letters. The men are standing in attitudes of cheerful assurance, with their arms folded, and their mushy little baseball gloves are hanging from their belts. Joe Wood, the smallest player in the picture, is wearing a dark warmup shirt, with the sleeves rolled halfway up his forearms, and his striped baseball cap is pushed back a little, revealing a part in the middle of his hair. There is an intent, unsmiling look on his boyish face—the same grave demeanor you can spot in a subsequent photograph, taken in 1912, in which he is standing beside his Red Sox manager, Jake Stahl, and wearing a heavy woollen three-button suit, a stiff collar, a narrow necktie with a stickpin, and a stylish black porkpie hat pulled low over his handsome, famous face: Smokey Joe Wood at twenty-two. (The moniker, by the way, was given him by Paul Shannon, a sportswriter for the Boston *Post;* before that, he was sometimes called Ozone Wood—"ozone" for the air cleaved by the hapless batters who faced him.) The young man in the photographs and the old man beside me at the ballpark had the same broad, sloping shoulders, but there was nothing burly or physically imposing about him then or now.

"What kind of a pitcher were you, Mr. Wood?" I asked him.

"I had a curve and a fastball," he said. "That's all. I didn't even have brains enough to slow up on the batters. The fastball had a hop on it. You had to be *fast* to have that happen to the ball."

I said that I vividly recalled Sandy Koufax's fastball, which sometimes seemed to jump so violently as it crossed the plate that his catcher had to shoot up his mitt to intercept it.

"Mine didn't go up that far. Just



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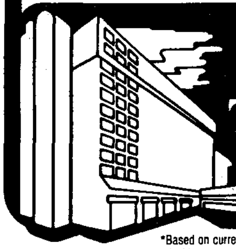

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enough for them to miss it." He half turned to me as he said this, and gave me a little glance and an infinitesimal smile. A twinkle. "I don't know where my speed came from," he went on. "I wasn't any bigger or stronger-looking then than I am now. I always could throw hard, and once I saw I was able to get batters out, I figured I was crazy enough to play ball for a living. My father was a criminal lawyer in Kansas, and before that out in Ouray, Colorado, where I first played ball, and my brother went to law school and got a degree, but I didn't even graduate from high school. I ate and slept baseball all my life."

THE flow of recollection from Joe Wood was perhaps not as smooth and rivery as I have suggested here. For one thing, he spoke slowly and with care—not unlike the way he walked to the grandstand at Yale Field from the parking lot beyond left field, making his way along the grass firmly enough but looking where he was going, too, and helping himself a bit with his cane. Nothing infirm about him, but nothing hurrying or sprightly, either. For another, the game was well in progress by now, and its principals and sudden events kept interrupting our colloquy. Ron Darling, a poised, impressive figure on the mound, alternated his popping fastballs with just enough down-breaking sliders and an occasional curveball to keep the St. John's batters unhappy. Everything was thrown with heat—his strikeout pitch is a Seaver-high fastball—but without any signs of strain or anxiety. He threw over the top, smoothly driving his front (left) shoulder at the batter in picture-book style, and by the third or fourth inning he had imposed his will and his pace on the game. He was rolling. He is a dark-haired, olive-skinned young man (he lives in Millbury, Massachusetts, near Worcester, but he was born in Hawaii; his mother is Chinese-Hawaiian by birth) with long, powerful legs, but his pitcher-like proportions tend to conceal, rather than emphasize, his six feet two inches and his hundred and ninety-five pounds. He also swings the bat well enough (.331 this year) to play right field for Yale when he isn't pitching; in our game he was the designated hitter as well as the pitcher for the Elis.

"That's a nice build for a pitcher, isn't it?" Joe Wood murmured during the St. John's fifth. Almost as he spoke, Darling executed a twisting dive to his right to snaffle a hard-hit grounder up the middle by Brian Miller, the St. John's shortstop, and threw him out at first. ("Hey-*hey!*" Dick Lee cried. "Yay, Ronnie!") "*And* he's an athlete out there," Wood added. "The scouts like that, you know. Oh, this fellow's a lot better than Broaca ever was."

Frank Viola, for his part, was as imperturbable as Darling on the mound, if not quite as awesome. A lanky, sharp-shouldered lefty, he threw an assortment of speeds and spins, mostly sinkers and down-darting sliders, that had the Yale batters swinging from their shoe tops and, for the most part, hammering the ball into the dirt. He had the stuff and poise of a veteran relief pitcher, and the St. John's infield—especially Brian Miller and a stubby, ebullient second baseman named Steve Scafa—performed behind him with the swift, almost haughty confidence that imparts an elegance and calm and sense of ease to baseball at its best. It was a scoreless game after five, and a beauty.

"What was the score of that game you beat Walter Johnson in, in your big year?" Dick Lee asked our guest between innings.

We all knew the answer, I think. In September of 1912, Walter Johnson came to Fenway Park (it was brand-new that year) with the Senators and pitched against young Joe Wood, who then had a string of thirteen consecutive victories to his credit. That summer, Johnson had established a league record of sixteen straight wins, so the matchup was not merely an overflow, sellout affair but perhaps the most anticipated, most discussed non-championship game in the American League up to that time.

"We won it, 1–0," Joe Wood said quietly, "but it wasn't his fault I beat him that day. If he'd had the team behind him that I did, he'd have set every kind of record in baseball. You have to remember that Walter Johnson played for a second-division team almost all through his career. All those years, and he had to work from the bottom every time he pitched."

"Were you faster than he was?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't think there was ever anybody faster than Walter," he murmured.

"But Johnson said just the opposite!" Dick Lee cried. "He said no one was faster than *you.*"

"He was just that kind of fellow, to say something like that," Wood said.

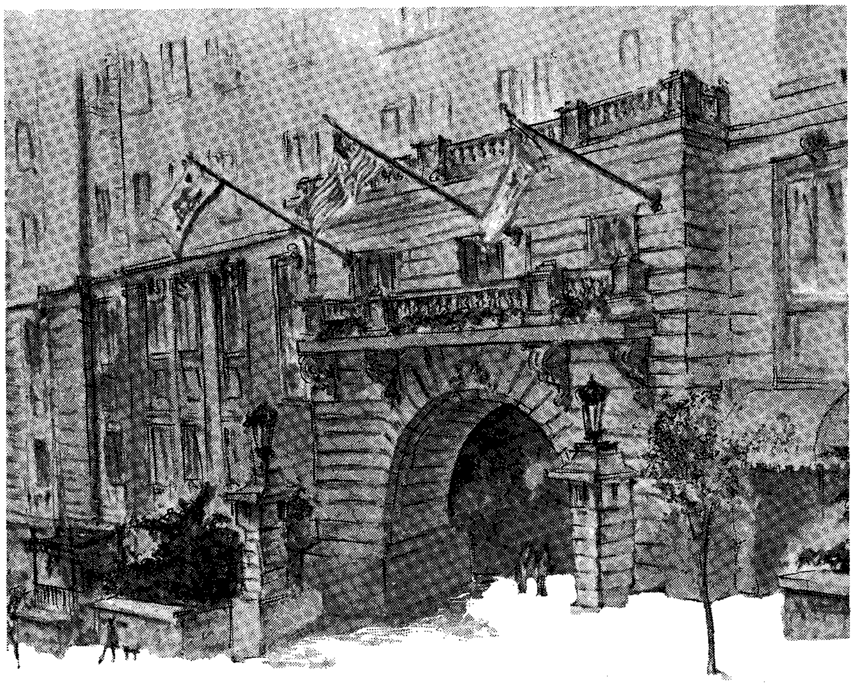
"That was just like the man. Walter Johnson was a great big sort of a pitcher, with hands that came clear down to his knees. Why, the way he threw the ball, the only reason anybody ever got even a foul off him was because everybody in the league knew he'd never come inside to a batter. Walter Johnson was a prince of men—a gentleman first, last, and always."

It came to me that this was the first time I had ever heard anybody use the phrase "a prince of men" in a non-satiric fashion. In any case, the Johnson-Wood argument did not really need settling, then or now. Smokey Joe went on to tie Johnson with sixteen straight victories that season—an American League record, subsequently tied by Lefty Grove and Schoolboy Rowe. (Over in the National League that year, Rube Marquard won *nineteen* straight for the Giants—a single-season mark first set by Tim Keefe of the Giants in 1888 and untouched as yet by anyone else.) Johnson and Wood pretty well divided up the A.L. mound honors that summer, when Johnson won thirty-two games and lost twelve, posting the best earned-run average (1.39) and the most strikeouts (three hundred and three), while Wood won the most games and established the best winning percentage with his 34–5 mark (not including his three World Series wins, of course).

These last figures are firmly emplaced in the baseball crannies of my mind, and in the minds of most students of the game, because, it turned out, they represent the autumn of Joe Wood's pitching career as well as its first full flowering. Early in the spring of 1913, he was injured in a fielding play, and he was never near to being the same pitcher again. One of the game's sad speculations over the years has been what Joe Wood's status in the pantheon of great pitchers would be if he had remained sound. I did not need any reminder of his accident, but I had been given one just the same when Dick Lee introduced me to him, shortly before the game. We had stopped to pick up Mr. Wood at his small, red-shuttered white house on Marvel Road, and when he came down the concrete path to join us I got out of Lee's Cadillac to shake the hand that once shook the baseball world.

"Mr. Wood," I said, "this is a great honor."

"Ow—*ow!*" he cried, cringing be-



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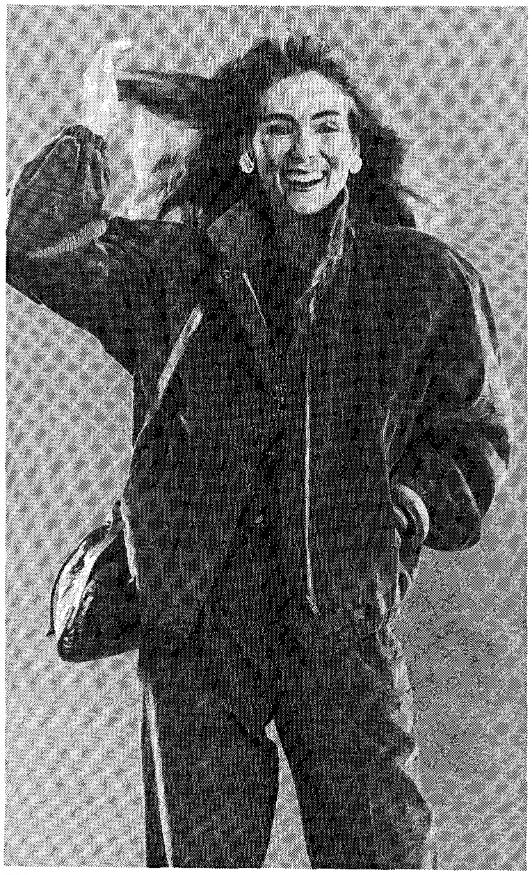

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fore me and attempting to extricate his paw.

"Oh, oh . . . I'm *terribly* sorry," I said, appalled. "Is it—is this because of your fall off the roof?" Three years ago, at the age of eighty-eight, he had fallen off a ladder while investigating a leak, and had cracked several ribs.

"Hell, no!" he said indignantly. "This is the arm I threw out in 1913!"

I felt awful. I had touched history—and almost brought it to its knees.

Now, at the game, he told me how it all happened. "I can't remember now if it was on the road or at Fenway Park," he said. "Anyway, it was against Detroit. There was a swinging bunt down the line, and I went to field it and slipped on the wet grass and went down and landed on my hand. I broke it right here." He pointed to a spot just below his wrist, on the back of his freckled, slightly gnarled right hand. "It's what they call a subperiosteal fracture. They put it in a cast, and I had to sit out awhile. Well, this was in 1913, right after we'd won the championship, and every team was out to get us, of course. So as soon as the cast came off, the manager would come up to me every now and then and want to know how soon I was going to get back to pitching. Well, maybe I got back to it too soon and maybe I didn't, but the arm never felt right again. The shoulder went bad. I still went on pitching, but the fastball had lost that hop. I never threw a day after that when I wasn't in pain. Most of the time, I'd pitch and then it would hurt so bad that I wasn't able to raise my hand again for days afterward. So I was about a half-time pitcher after that. You have to understand that in those days if you didn't work you didn't get paid. Now they lay out as long as they need to and get a shot of that cortisone. But we had to play, ready or not. I was a married man, just starting a family, and in order to get my check I had to be in there. So I pitched."

He pitched less, but not much less well. In 1915, he was 15–5 for the Red Sox, with an earned-run average of 1.49, which was the best in the league. But the pain was so persistent that he sat out the entire 1916 season, on his farm, near Shohola, Pennsylvania, hoping that the rest would restore his arm. It did not. He pitched in eight more games after that—all of them for the Cleveland Indians, to whom he was sold in 1917—but he never won again.

"Did you become a different kind of pitcher after you hurt your arm?" I asked. "More off-speed stuff, I mean?"

"No, I still pitched the fastball."

"But all that pain—"

"I tried not to think about that." He gave me the same small smile and bright glance. "I just loved to be out there," he said. "It was as simple as that."

OUR afternoon slid by in a distraction of baseball and memory, and I almost felt myself at some dreamlike doubleheader involving the then and the now—the semi-anonymous strong young men waging their close, marvellous game on the sunlit green field before us while bygone players and heroes of baseball history—long gone now, most of them—replayed their vivid, famous innings for me in the words and recollections of my companion. Yale kept putting men aboard against Viola and failing to move them along; Rich Diana, the husky center fielder (he is also an All-Ivy League halfback), whacked a long double to left but then died on second—the sixth stranded Eli base runner in five innings. Darling appeared to be struggling a little, walking two successive batters in the sixth, but he saved himself with a whirling pickoff to second base—a timed play brilliantly completed by his shortstop, Bob Brooke—and then struck out St. John's big first baseman, Karl Komyathy, for the last out. St. John's had yet to manage a hit against him.

In the home half of the sixth, Yale put its lead-off batter aboard with a single but could not bunt him along. Joe Wood was distressed. "I could teach these fellows to bunt in one minute," he said. "Nobody can't hardly bunt anymore. You've got to get your weight more forward than he did, so you're not reaching for the ball. And he should have his right hand higher up on the bat."

The inning ended, and we reversed directions once again. "Ty Cobb was the greatest bat-handler you ever saw," Wood said. "He used to go out to the ballpark early in the morning with a pitcher and work on hitting the ball to all fields, over and over. He batted that strange way, with his fists apart, you know, but he could have hit just as well no matter how he held it. He just knew what to do with a bat in hand. And baserunning—why, I saw him get on base and steal second, steal third, and then steal home. *The*

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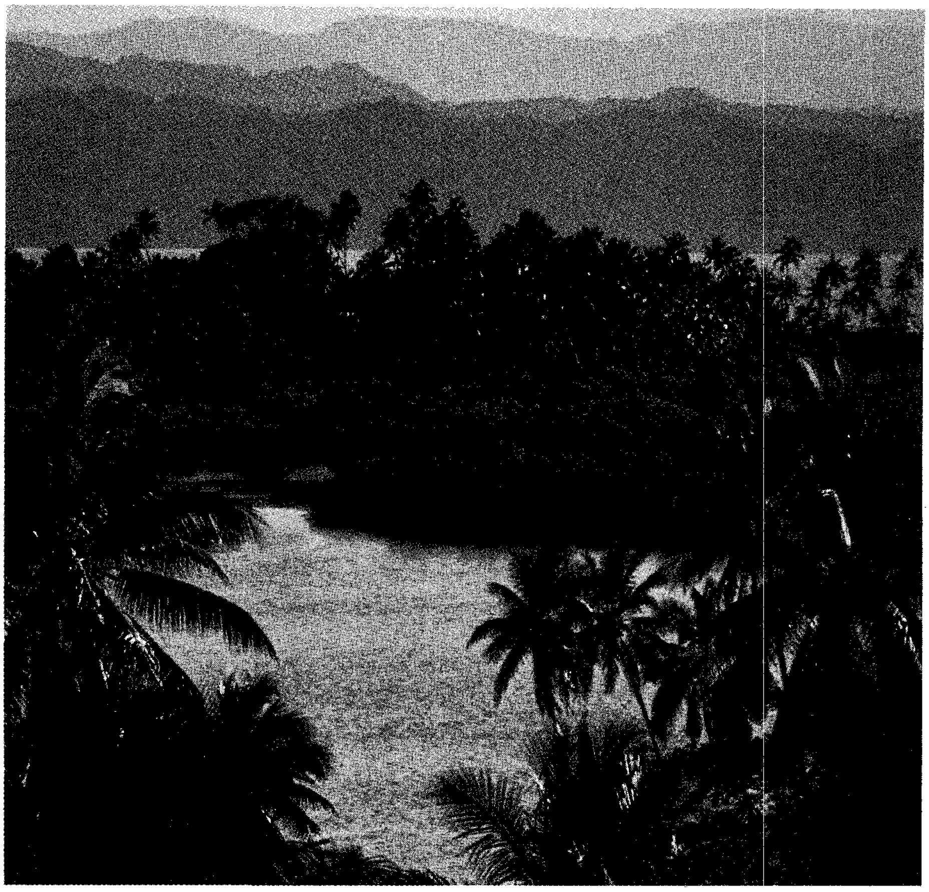

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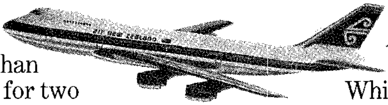

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*Land rate per person double occupancy. Airfare not included. Price subject to change without notice. (ITITEIDT7201) best. A lot of fellows in my time shortened up on the bat when they had to—that's what the St. John's boys should try against this good pitcher. Next to Cobb, Shoeless Joe Jackson was the best left-handed hitter I ever saw, and he was always down at the end of the bat until there were two strikes on him. Then he'd shorten up a little, to give himself a better chance."

Dick Lee said, "That's what you've been telling Charlie Polka, isn't it, Joe?"

"Yes, sir, and it's helped him," Wood said. "He's tried it, and now he knows that all you have to do is make contact and the ball will fly a long way."

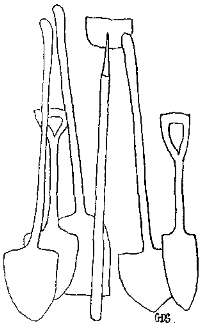
Both men saw my look of bewilderment, and they laughed together.

"Charlie Polka is a Little League player," Dick Lee explained. "He's about eleven years old."

"He lives right across the street from me," Wood said. "He plays for the 500 Blake team—that's named for a restaurant here in town. I've got him shortened up on the bat, and now he's a hitter. Charlie Polka is a natural."

"Is that how you batted?" I asked.

"Not at first," he said. "But after I went over to Cleveland in 1917 to join my old roommate, Tris Speaker, I started to play the outfield, and I began to take up on the bat, because I knew I'd have to hit a little better if I was going to make the team. I never was any wonder at the plate, but I was good enough to last six more years, playing with Spoke."



Tris Speaker (Wood had called him by his old nickname, Spoke) was the Joe DiMaggio or Willie Mays of the first two decades of this century—the nonpareil center fielder of his day. "He had a beautiful left-handed arm," Joe Wood said. "He always played very shallow in center—you could do that in those days, because of the dead ball. I saw him make a lot of plays to second base from there—pick up what looked like a clean single and fire the ball to second in time to force the base runner coming down from first. Or he could throw the ball behind a runner and pick him off that way. And just as fine a man as he was a ballplayer. He was a Southern gentleman—well, he was from Hubbard, Texas. Back in the early days, when we were living together on the beach at Winthrop during the season, out beyond Revere, Spoke would sometimes cook up a mess of fried chicken in the evening. He'd cook, and then I'd do the dishes."

Listening to this, I sensed the web of baseball about me. Tris Speaker had driven in the tying run in the tenth inning of the last game of the 1912 World Series, at Fenway Park, after Fred Merkle and Chief Meyers, of the Giants, had let his easy foul pop fall untouched between them. A moment or two later, Joe Wood had won his third game of the Series and the Red Sox were champions. My father saw that game—he was at Harvard Law School at the time, and got a ticket somehow—and he told me about it many times. He was terrifically excited to be there, but I think my mother must have relished the famous victory even more. She grew up in Boston and was a true Red Sox fan, even though young women didn't go to many games then. My father grew up in Cleveland, so he was an Indians rooter, of course. In 1915, my parents got married and went to live in Cleveland, where my father began to practice law. Tris Speaker was traded to the Indians in 1916—a terrible shock to Red Sox fans—and Joe Wood came out of his brief retirement to join him on the club a year later. My parents' first child, my older sister, was born in Cleveland late in 1916, and the next year my father went off to Europe—off to the war. My mother once told me that in the summer afternoons of 1917 she would often push a baby carriage past League Park, the Indians' home field, out on Linwood Avenue, which was a block or two away from my parents' house. Sometimes there was a game going on, and if she heard a roar of pleasure from the fans inside she would tell herself that probably Tris Speaker had just done something special. She was lonely in Cleveland, she told me, and it made her feel good to know that Tris Speaker was there in the same town with her. "Tris Speaker and I were traded to Cleveland in the same year," she said.

A yell and an explosion of cheering brought me back to Yale Field. We were in the top of the seventh, and the Yale second baseman and captain, Gerry Harrington, had just leaped high to snatch down a burning line drive—the force of it almost knocked him over backward in midair. Then he flipped the ball to second to double off a St. John's base runner and end

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the inning. “These fellows came to *play!*” Dick Lee said.

Most no-hitters produce at least one such heaven-sent gift somewhere along the line, and I began to believe that Ron Darling, who was still untouched on the mound, might be pitching the game of his young life. I turned to ask Mr. Wood how many no-hitters he recalled—he had seen Mathewson and Marquard and Babe Ruth (Ruth, the pitcher, that is) and Coveleski and the rest of them, after all—but he seemed transfixed by something on the field. “Look at *that!*” he said, in a harsh, disbelieving way. “This Yale coach has his own coaches out there on the lines, by God! They're professionals—not just players, the way I always had it when I was here. The coach has his own coaches . . . I never knew that.”

“Did you have special coaches when you were coming up with the Red Sox?” I said, hoping to change his mood. “A pitching coach, I mean, or a batting coach?”

He didn't catch the question, and I repeated it.

“No, no,” he said, a little impatiently. “We talked about the other players and the pitchers among ourselves in those days. We players. We didn't need anybody to help us.”

He was staring straight ahead at the field. I thought he looked a bit chilly. It was well past five o'clock now, and a skim of clouds had covered the sun.

Dick Lee stole a glance at him, too. “Hey, Joe, doesn't this Darling remind you a little of Carl Hubbell on the mound?” he said in a cheerful, distracting sort of voice. “The way he picks up his front leg, I mean. You remember how Hubbell would go way up on the stretch and then drop his hands down by his ankles before he threw the ball?”

“Hubbell?” Joe Wood said. He shook his head, making an effort. “Well, to me this pitcher's a little like that fellow Eckersley,” he said slowly. “The way he moves forward there.”

He was right. Ron Darling had exactly the same float and glide that the Red Sox' Dennis Eckersley conveys when he is pitching well.

“How do today's players compare with the men you played with, Mr. Wood?” I asked.

“I'd rather not answer that question,” he said. He had taken out his watch again. He studied it and then tucked it away carefully, and then he glanced over at me, perhaps wondering if he had been impolite. “That Pete Rose plays hard,” he added. “Him and a few more. I don't *like* Pete Rose, exactly, but he looks like he plays the game the way we did. He'd play for the fun of it if he had to.”

He resumed his study of the field, and now and then I saw him stare again at the heavyset Yale third-base coach on our side of the diamond. Scoreless games make for a long day at the ballpark, and Joe Wood's day had probably been longer than ours. More than once, I had seen him struggle to his feet to catch some exciting play or moment on the field, only to have it end before he was quite up. Then he would sit down again, leaning on his cane while he lowered himself. I had more questions for Mr. Wood, but now I tried to put them out of my mind. Earlier in the afternoon, he had remarked that several old Yale players had dropped in at his house before the game to say hello and to talk about the old days. “People come by and see me all the time,” he had said. “People I don't even know, from as far away as Colorado. Why, I had a fellow come in all the way from Canada the other day, who just wanted to talk about the old days. They all want that, somehow. It's gone on too long.”

It had gone on for him, I realized, for as long as most lifetimes. He had played ball for fourteen years, all told, and people had been asking him to talk about it for nearly sixty years. For him, the last juice and sweetness must have been squeezed out of these ancient games years ago, but he was still expected to respond to our amateur expertise, our insatiable vicariousness. Old men are patronized in much the same fashion as athletes; because we take pride in them, we expect their intimacy in return. I had intruded after all.

WE were in the eighth now . . . and then in the ninth. Still no score, and each new batter, each pitch was greeted with clappings and deepening cries of encouragement and anxiety from the stands and the players alike. The close-packed rows hummed with ceaseless, nervous sounds of conversation and speculation—an impatience for the dénouement, and a fear of it, too. All around me in our section I could see the same look of resignation and boredom and pleasure that now showed on my own face, I knew—the look of longtime fans who understand that one can never leave a very long close game, no matter how much inconvenience and exasperation it imposes on us. The difficulty of baseball is imperious.

"Yay! Yay!" Dick Lee cried when Yale left fielder Joe Dufek led off the eighth with a single. "Now come *on*, you guys! I gotta get home for dinner." But the next Yale batter bunted into a force play at second, and the chance was gone. "Well, all right—for *breakfast!*" Lee said, slumping back in his seat.

The two pitchers held us—each as intent and calm and purposeful as the other. Ron Darling, never deviating from the purity of his stylish body-lean and leg-crook and his riding, downthrusting delivery, poured fastballs through the diminishing daylight. He looked as fast as ever now, or faster, and in both the ninth and the tenth he dismissed the side in order and with four more strikeouts. Viola was dominant in his own fashion, also setting down the Yale hitters one, two, three in the ninth and tenth, with a handful of pitches. His rhythm—the constant variety of speeds and location on his pitches—had the enemy batters leaning and swaying with his motion, and, as antistrophe, was almost as exciting to watch as Darling's flair and flame. With two out in the top of the eleventh, a St. John's batter nudged a soft little roller up the first-base line—such an easy, waiting, schoolboy sort of chance that the Yale first baseman, O'Connor, allowed the ball to carom off his mitt: a miserable little butchery, except that the second baseman, seeing his pitcher sprinting for the bag, now snatched up the ball and flipped it toward him almost despairingly. Darling took the toss while diving full-length at the bag and, rolling in the dirt, beat the runner by a hair.

"Oh, my!" said Joe Wood. "Oh, my, oh, my!"

Then in the bottom of the inning Yale suddenly loaded the bases—a hit, a walk, another walk (Viola was just missing the corners now)—and we all came to our feet, yelling and pleading. The tilted stands and the low roof deepened the cheers and sent them rolling across the field. There were two out, and the Yale batter, Dan Costello, swung at the first pitch and bounced it gently to short, for a force that ended the rally. Somehow, I think, we knew that we had seen Yale's last chance.

"I would have taken that pitch," I said, entering the out in my scorecard. "To keep the pressure on him."

"I don't know," Joe Wood said at once. "He's just walked two. You

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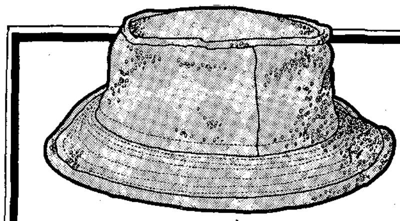

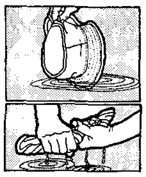

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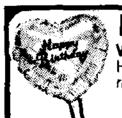

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might get the cripple on the first pitch and then see nothing but hooks. Hit away."

He was back in the game.

Steve Scafa, leading off the twelfth, got a little piece of Darling's first pitch on the handle of his bat, and the ball looped softly over the shortstop's head and into left: a hit. The loudspeakers told us that Ron Darling's eleven innings of no-hit pitching had set a new N.C.A.A. tournament record. Everyone at Yale Field stood up—the St. John's players, too, coming off their bench and out onto the field—and applauded Darling's masterpiece. We were scarcely seated again before Scafa stole second as the Yale catcher, Paterno, bobbled the pitch. Scafa, who is blurrily quick, had stolen thirty-five bases during the season. Now he stole third as well. With one out and runners at the corners (the other St. John's man had reached first on an error), Darling ran the count to three and two and fanned the next batter—his fifteenth strikeout of the game. Two out. Darling sighed and stared in, and then stepped off the mound while the St. John's coach put in a pinch-runner at first—who took off for second on the very next pitch. Paterno fired the ball quickly this time, and Darling, staggering off the mound with his follow-through, did not cut it off. Scafa came ten feet down the third-base line and stopped there, while the pinch-runner suddenly jammed on the brakes, stranding himself between first and second: a play, clearly—an inserted crisis. The Yale second baseman glanced twice at Scafa, freezing him, and then made a little run at the hung-up base runner to his left and threw to first. With that, Scafa instantly broke for the plate. Lured by the vision of the third out just a few feet away from him on the base path, the Yale first baseman hesitated, fractionally and fatally, before he spun and threw home, where Scafa slid past the tag and came up, leaping and clapping, into the arms of his teammates. That was the game. Darling struck out his last man, but a new St. John's pitcher, a right-handed fireballer named Eric Stampfl, walked on and blew the Elis away in their half.

"Well, that's a shame," Joe Wood said, getting up for the last time. It was close to six-thirty, but he looked fine now. "If that man scores before the third out, it counts, you know," he said. "That's why it worked. I never saw a better-played game anyplace—

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college or big-league. That's a swell ballgame."

SEVERAL things happened afterward. Neither Yale nor St. John's qualified for the college World Series, it turned out; the University of Maine defeated St. John's in the final game of the playoffs at New Haven (neither Viola nor Darling was sufficiently recovered from his ordeal to pitch again) and made the trip to Omaha, where it, too, was eliminated. Arizona State won the national title. On June 9th, Ron Darling was selected by the Texas Rangers at the major-league amateur-player draft in New York. He was the ninth player in the country to be chosen. Frank Viola, the thirty-seventh pick, went to the Minnesota Twins. (The Seattle Mariners, who had the first pick this year, had been ready to take Darling, which would have made him the coveted No. 1 selection in the draft, but the club backed off at the last moment because of Darling's considerable salary demands. As it was, he signed with the Rangers for a hundred-thousand-dollar bonus.) On June 12th, the major-league players unanimously struck the twenty-six big-league teams. The strike has brought major-league ball to a halt, and no one can predict when play will resume. Because of this sudden silence, the St. John's-Yale struggle has become the best and most vivid game of the year for me, so far. It may stay that way even after the strike ends. "I think that game will always be on my mind," Ron Darling said after it was over. I feel the same way. I think I will remember it all my life. So will Joe Wood. Somebody will probably tell Ron Darling that Smokey Joe Wood was at the game that afternoon and saw him pitch eleven scoreless no-hit innings against St. John's, and someday—perhaps years from now, when he, too, may possibly be a celebrated major-league strikeout artist—it may occur to him that his heartbreaking 0–1 loss in May, 1981, and Walter Johnson's 0–1 loss at Fenway Park in September, 1912, are now woven together into the fabric of baseball. Pitch by pitch, inning by inning, Ron Darling had made that happen. He stitched us together.

—ROGER ANGELL

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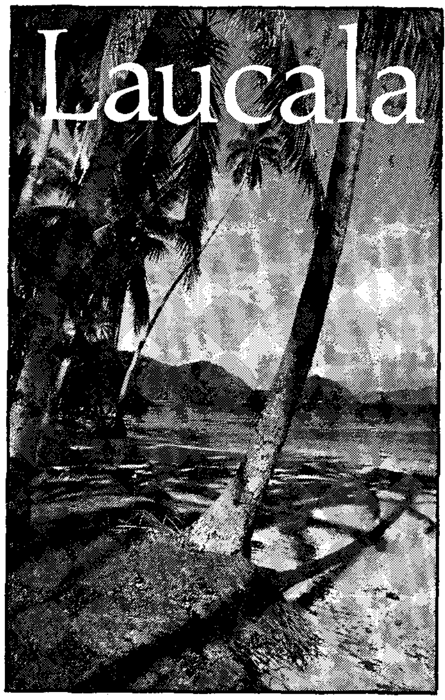

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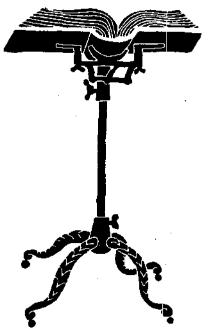
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RIDDLEY WALKER, by Russell Hoban (Summit; $12.95). "On my naming day when I come 12 I gone front spear and kilt a wyld boar he parbly ben the las wyld pig on the Bundel Downs any how there hadnt ben none for a long time befor him nor I aint looking to see none agen." So begins an astonishing fable set in an England whose landscape is as blasted and as broken as its language, several thousand years after a nuclear cataclysm. The natives, who live in crude forts that protect them from packs of wild dogs, keep alive their sense of history by means of a sort of Punch-and-Judy show, full of rhymes and riddles interpreted by a few inspired "connexion men." At the root of this tradition is the story of the "Bad Time," when the "counting clevverness" of an élite clan equipped with "puters" (computers), centered in "Cambry" (Canterbury), and descended from "Eusa" (St. Eustace) led them to calculate "The No. of the Master Chaynjis. . . . They put in the 1 Big 1 and woosht it roun there come a flash of lite then bigger nor the woal worl and it ternt the nite to day. . . . Finely there come day agen then nite and day regler but never like it ben befor." Riddley Walker, a twelve-year-old "connexion man," tells of his quest for the few surviving "Eusa folk;" he hopes, at first, that they can collaborate to get the "woal worl" out of its rut, but he soon finds instead the prospect of recurrent catastrophe. The connection between nuclear weapons and St. Eustace is somewhat strained (a version of the saint's life seems to hold the key to the lost sciences of "chemistery and fizzics"), but the story is nonetheless stunning in its daring and its depth.



GENERAL

JEFFERSON AND HIS TIME—VOLUME VI: THE SAGE OF MONTICELLO, by Dumas Malone (Little, Brown; $19.95). The final volume of Malone's definitive life covers the years from 1809, when Jefferson retired to Monticello, after his second term as President, to 1826, when he died. Jefferson's so-called retirement allows us to appreciate his multifariousness. His opinions and advice were sought on all political questions, whether local or international—Monroe consulted him during the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine—and his immense correspondence (carried on without secretarial help) occupied hours daily. He established flower and vegetable gardens for pleasure, and managed his extensive properties for (unattainable) profit. Jefferson's labors in creating the University of Virginia were a career in themselves, and his by-the-bye doings included the translation of "A Treatise on Political Economy," by the French thinker Destutt de Tracy. He read, he wrote, he collected scientific data, and he exchanged plants with other country people. The hospitality at Monticello attracted old friends and promising newcomers; Jefferson's surviving daughter, Martha, her husband, and their unmarried children lived there as well. Dumas Malone goes at exactly the right pace, his mastery of the material allowing us to follow the shape of Jefferson's days. He is frank about Jefferson's occasional theoretical vagaries while vividly showing us his enduring inspirational qualities—his unswerving belief in the rights of man, his faith in human nature, and his optimism, which was an admirable mixture of firmness and cheerfulness.

COVERING ISLAM, by Edward W. Said (Pantheon; $10.95 cloth, $3.95 paper). The author is a Jerusalem-born American scholar and critic with an impressive number of academic achievements behind him. His argument here, expanding on that of his critically acclaimed book "Orientalism," is that the people who give us information on the convulsive events in the Middle East and Asia—academic experts, government spokesmen, media reporters—deal in simplifications and generalities about the region, its people, and their religion that are false and patronizing. The media especially, he says, have created a kind of monster image, called "Islam," which is used to support all kinds of nonsense about the Muslim world—like sweeping statements about the Muslim incapacity for rational discussion and "the Shi'a penchant for martyrdom"—and which is seen as a devilish, inscrutable, unchanging, and fanatical abstraction that rules the minds of eight hundred million people. Mr. Said gives us a thoroughgoing analysis of the hostage crisis of 1979-81, and demonstrates how ignorance and prejudice led the press and the networks into an orgy of propaganda that was mostly one-sided, beside the point, and dangerously self-delusive.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BOGMAIL, by Patrick McGinley (Ticknor & Fields; $9.95). In this first novel, Mr. McGinley, an Irishman now living in London, writes of his native Donegal: of a village publican, with a taste for the Britannica and the music of Schumann, who murders (and buries deep in a bog) an idle wencher who has deflowered his daughter; of a visiting English engineer prospecting for barite, whom the publican suspects of having discovered the wencher's body and writing a blackmail (or bogmail) letter; of the local canon's winsome housekeeper; of the local policeman, eager for crimes worth his skill; and of a rich assortment of drinking men who frequent the publican's cozy pub. The suspense is provided by the aftermath of the murder, but suspense is the least of Mr. McGinley's artistries. His forlorn little village, the vigorous conversation of its drinkers, the anxieties of Roarty the publican (" 'Victorian man feared the workhouse,' he said to himself. 'But modern man fears the madhouse' "), the Englishman's sympathetic attempts to understand his Irish drinking companions, the quality of Mr. McGinley's writing and of his imagination—all these are accomplishments of the highest order.

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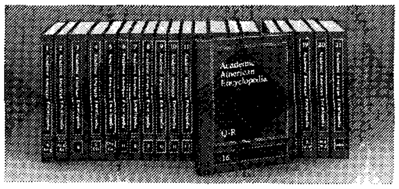

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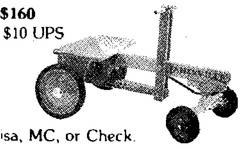

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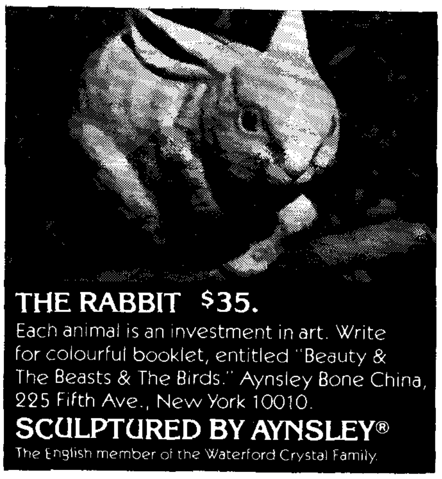

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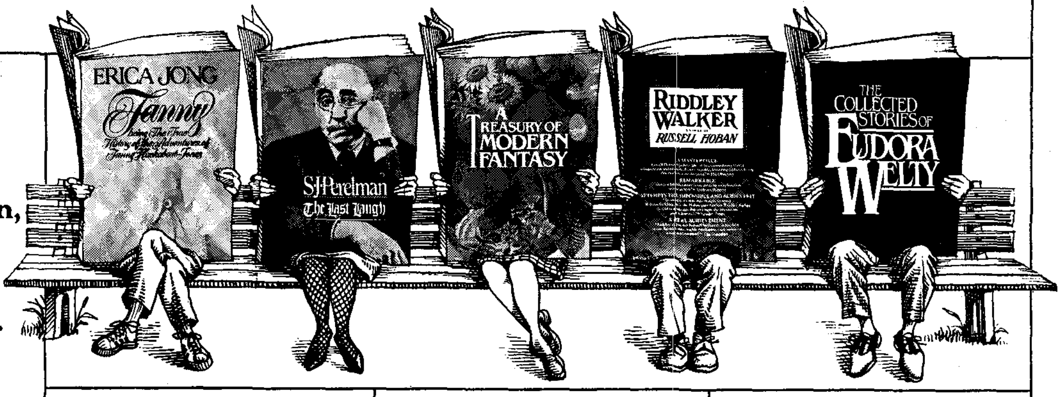

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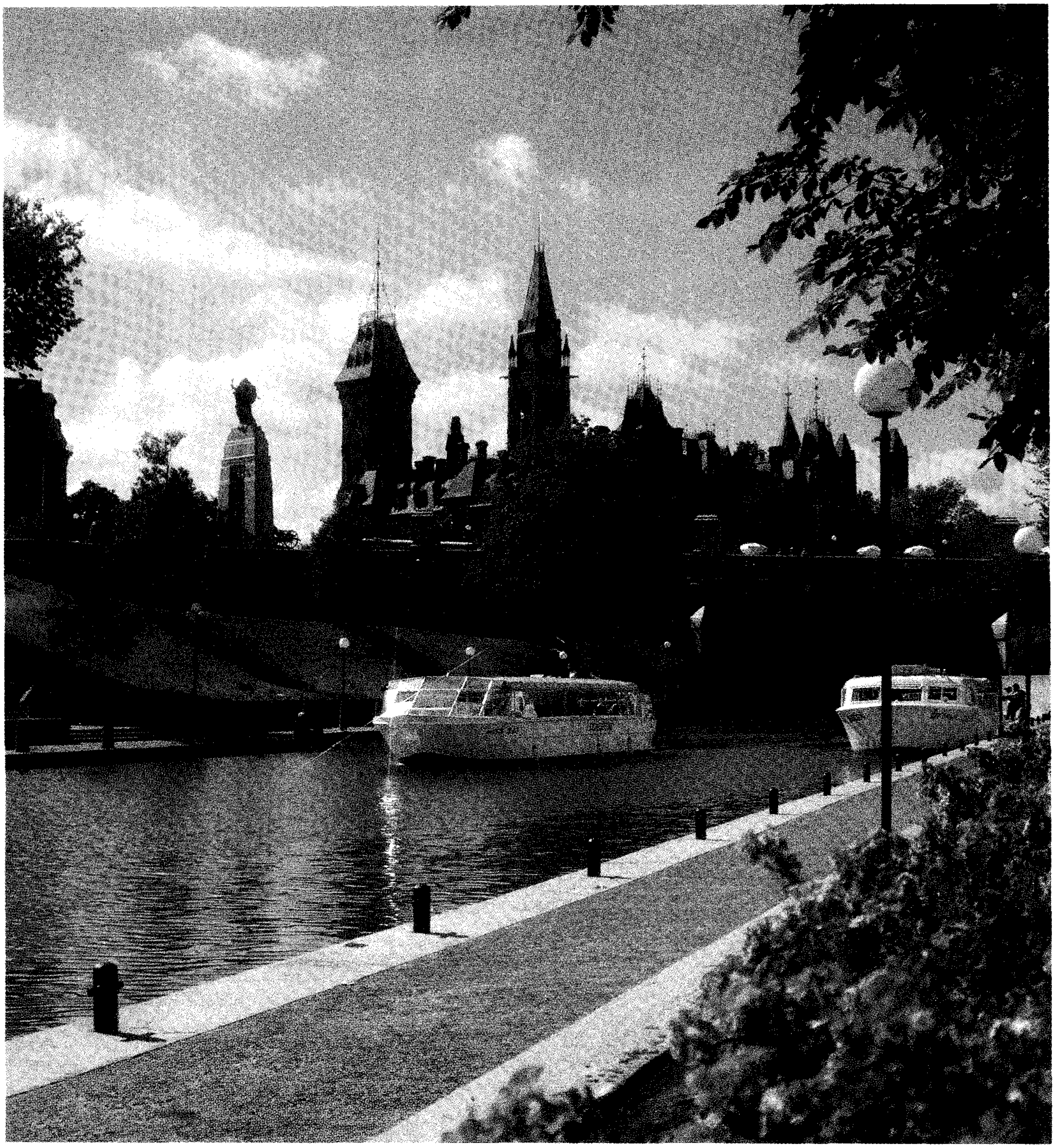

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